

Winter/Spring 1989

FESTIVAL *Quarterly*

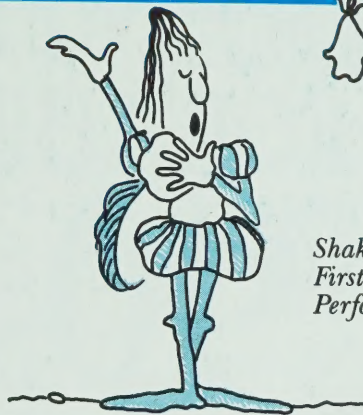
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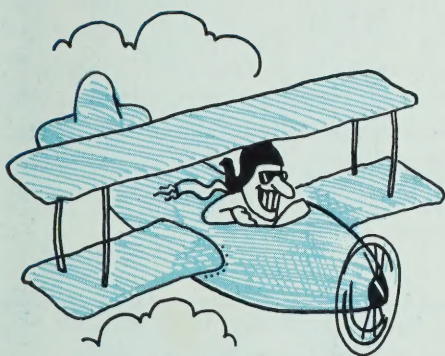
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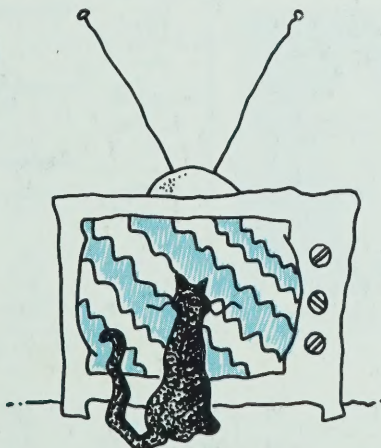
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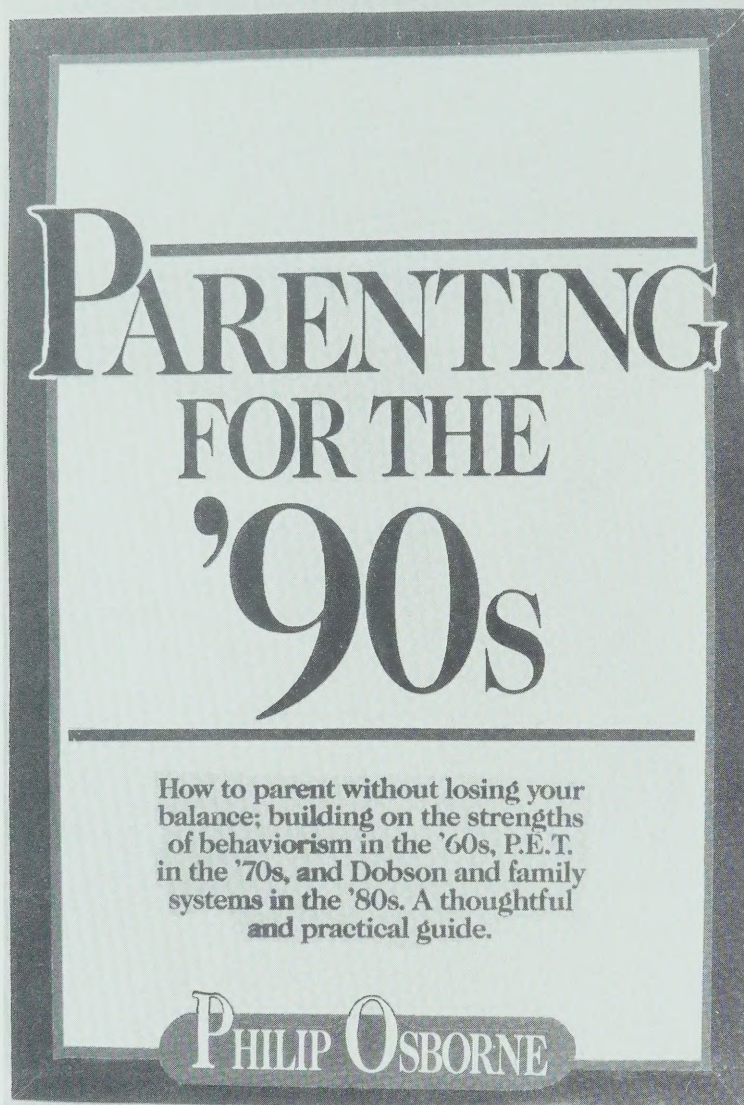
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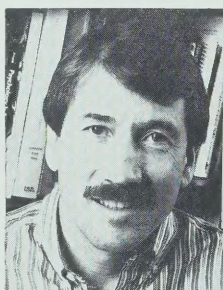
C. BENNETT

Every Parent Should Read It!



Parenting for the '90s, by Philip Osborne
322 pages, Trade Paperback, \$9.95 (\$13.95 Canadian)

Philip Osborne has taught in the Psychology department of Hesston College since 1971 and has served there as Associate Academic Dean since 1978. His academic reputation as a teacher is strong, resulting consistently in some of the highest class enrollments on campus. During the last 15 years Osborne has been active in various community educational and mental health services. His Ph.D., received from George Peabody College in 1974, is in Psychology. Osborne is a native of Hesston, Kansas. He and his wife Lorna are the parents of three young adult children.



Author Phil Osborne

This book is for parents everywhere who want to balance the many voices of child-rearing advice. Hesston College Professor Osborne looks at prominent parenting approaches including P.E.T., Dobson, behaviorism and family systems—and offers a model which draws on the strengths of each.

“Phil Osborne has done it. He’s put the fractured world of ‘How to Parent’ back together with a wonderful balance of common sense and clinical savvy. He’s mapped out a way for parents to keep their balance between tough love, tender love, and love in action, to raise healthy kids. Neither parents nor children lose their equilibrium. Both grow in self-esteem and centered values.

“As Osborne so clearly shows, the usual ways to effective parenting taught in the last two decades lean to one side or the other, or evade the central question. Osborne brings these poles together into a vision for parenting that parents can visualize, a model for parent-child growth that will help both parent and child grow freely and responsibly.”

—David Augsburger

This is a delightful book, thoughtful, readable, full of stories. And Osborne does not hedge about his concern for religious values—he openly discusses the role of faith and values.

This book is designed for both the religious and nonreligious reader. Why not share it with all of the parents you know!

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or directly from the publisher.

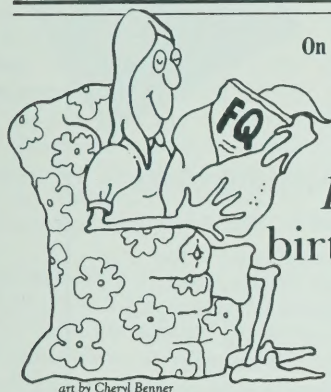
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Quarterly

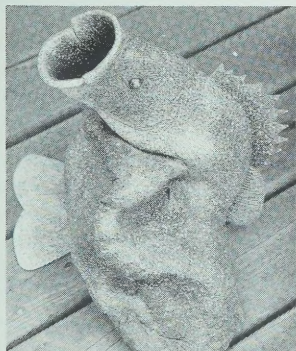


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Festival Quarterly celebrates its 15th birthday with a special double-length issue.



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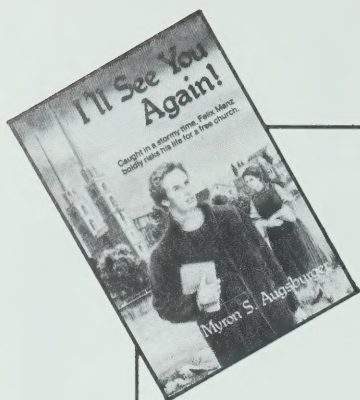
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by Myron S. Augsburger

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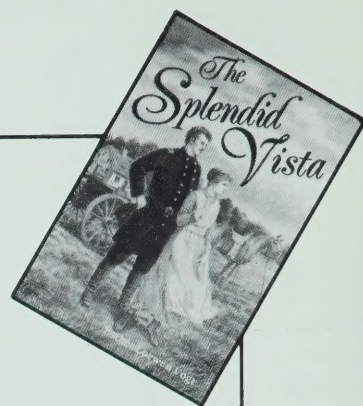


The Least One

by Maureen Hay Read

Ten years after her first book, *Like a Watered Garden*, Maureen Hay Read wrote this sequel about her busy family. *The Least One* is the account of the Read family's quest for another adopted daughter and the arrival of Anne Marie from Korea.

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A sequel to *Ellie*, *Rebecca* is the story of Ellie's daughter. Rebecca appreciated her Amish heritage, but questioned some of its traditions. Her growing relationship with James, a young Mennonite, causes resentment on the part of some people in the Amish community.

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by Mary Christner Borntrager

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by Theron F. Schlabach

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FESTIVAL

Quarterly

Festival Quarterly (USPS 406-090, ISSN 8750-3530) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the art, faith and culture of various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and the arts are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live.

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good

Fifteen Years Old!

Because **Festival Quarterly** received such a strong vote of affirmation from its readers during the last few months, we decided it was only fair to give the magazine more primary attention.

Never orphaned but occasionally slighted, **Festival Quarterly** is moving to the top of Assistant Editor David Graybill's list.

Beginning with the Summer 1989 issue, Dave will become Managing Editor of **FQ**. That means he will set writing deadlines and production schedules. That

means he may bark at whomever is delaying those plans. He will add his eyes and ears to Merle's and mine in looking out for issues deserving attention and writers who can meet the challenge. We welcome his alert attention and editing skills.

To celebrate **Festival Quarterly's** 15 years, we give you this double issue. Thank you again for your expressions of confidence in **FQ**. We need your continued support and we value your suggestions for **Festival Quarterly**.—PPG

Drifts of Grace

I grew up in Ohio, not somewhere in the tropics, but you'd never know it by my attitude toward winter. As the days grow short in November, my mood begins to sink. Christmas carries me through December, but January and February are bleak months when my nose runs, my hands crack and I watch the weather reports with a sense of dread. The opening of baseball's spring training brings the first sign of hope, followed by the long-awaited equinox and the change to Daylight Savings Time. Glorious spring appears, followed by even more delightful summer. I am careful to limit my complaining during the sultry days of July and August; I know too well what lies ahead.

For me, a snowstorm—unless it comes on December 24—is as welcome as filling out tax forms. And a snowstorm in March is like an IRS audit.

So I was not overjoyed when rain this past March 6 turned to sleet and then to six inches of snow. It was hardly a huge storm by Pennsylvania standards, a mere dusting to people from Minnesota or almost anywhere in Canada. Still, it was enough to close schools and businesses and even postpone a visit to Lancaster County by President Bush, who was to address high school students about drug abuse and make a courtesy call on local Amish and Old Order Mennonite leaders. (The trip and meeting—thought to be the first ever between a sitting president and Old Order members—took place two weeks later.)

While I bear the President no ill will (okay, just a little—I voted for Dukakis), his change in plans helped me to finally see some good in snowstorms.

Along with the risks snow brings, sub-

stantial accumulations have the virtue of encouraging people to slow down, both on the roads and in their lives. Meetings are canceled or rescheduled; people stay home or take walks; a brief spirit of celebration prevails.

Snowstorms remind us that our schedules are arbitrary, our plans flimsy. No matter how important we are (or think we are), no matter how rich or powerful or sophisticated, we are at the mercy of little flakes falling from the sky. Snow points out the triviality of many of our concerns; how much frantic effort do we put into projects that will be erased as quickly as the footprints we leave in the drifting particles of white?

Snow is a relatively gentle reminder of our own place in the universe. There are far harsher ones—hurricanes, earthquakes and tornadoes, as well as the environmental messes we cause ourselves, from the diminishing of the ozone layer to the greenhouse effect to floods caused by deforestation.

For all the trouble snow causes—indeed, because it is disruptive—it offers us a chance to reflect on our tendency to make ourselves God and our smallest problems matters of ultimate concern. In addition, snow brings a sense of wonder in the midst of earth's desperation. Like a sign of grace, it interrupts the weary monotony of pollution and poverty and corruption and war, creating a landscape that is momentarily transformed, made new.

I will never be persuaded to welcome winter, but perhaps an occasional snowstorm, like a sign of Easter, can help me to find calm in the midst of uproar and life in a season of death.—DG

Whether to support **Festival Quarterly** is not the question. The point of debate is how much support can we give to this powerful and useful instrument of communication. The answer is decided. It will be three subscriptions to residents in USA and one to whomever you choose abroad. It seems to me those who read **FQ** abroad are among the most faithful and dedicated contemporary Anabaptists in the world. They have perspective on life's realities that most of us only imagine. When they return to their affluent homeland, home church and close kin, they have a spiritually therapeutic message. God bless them, and bless you for having conceived, nurtured and struggled to keep **FQ** alive to serve the present and coming generations.

*Marguerite and Winfield Fretz,
North Newton, Kansas*

I can appreciate the struggle you folks have had producing a publication like **Festival Quarterly**. You've done an outstanding job and we thoroughly enjoy the magazine.

I have one suggestion that might help you with your Canadian subscriptions. It is a great nuisance to have to buy an international cheque or to go to the Post Office and wait in line to buy a money order so that one can pay for a subscription to **FQ**.

Would it not be possible for you to arrange to have a Canadian mail drop to collect subscriptions from here, and then have only one person make the transfer into U.S. currency? If we could simply write cheques from here as we do with other payments, it would be a simple matter to subscribe. But it isn't possible to do that any longer, unless one is prepared to pay exorbitant charges.

I think if you could make some arrangement to facilitate payments, you would help yourselves a great deal. For what it's worth.

*Harold Jantz,
Winnipeg, Manitoba*

I really appreciate your efforts and ministry via **FQ**. We as a staff read the **FQ** and after we're done we put copies on display in our reading room . . . We know many of our guests are exposed to your good work.

*Keep up the ministry.
Lakewood Retreat Center,
Brooksville, Florida*

We continue to enjoy **FQ** and are happy for its survival. You folks are performing a fine service for the Mennonite community and to like-minded Christians. You seem to have the gift of finding an excellent balance between what is biblical

and what is cultural and not debasing either, for whatever is good, lovely, etc., ultimately emanates from God.

*George and Adelaide Epp
Chilliwack, British Columbia*

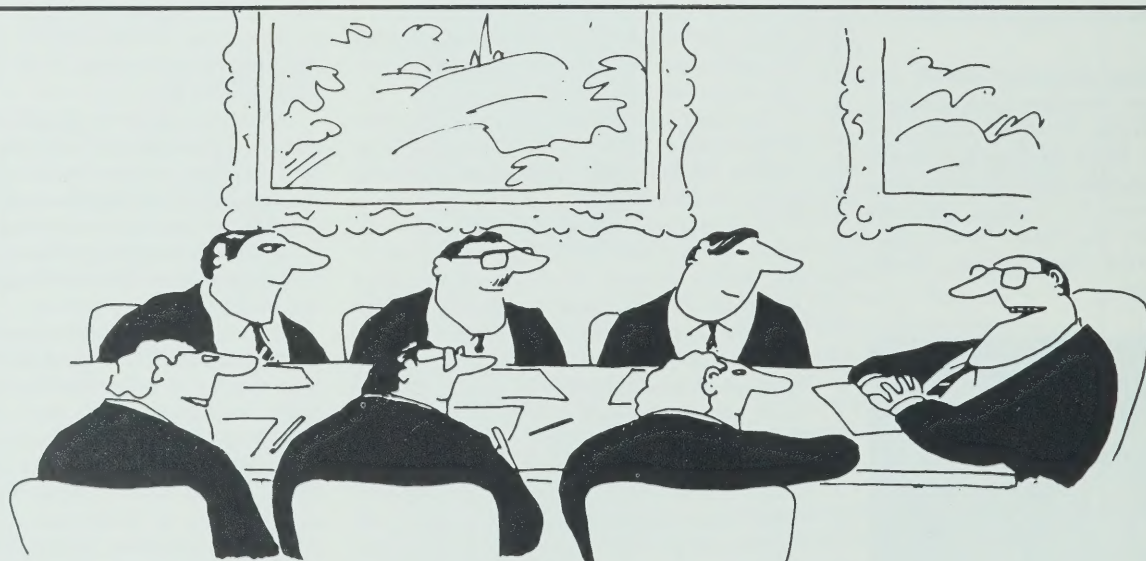
We don't want **FQ** to die. It's a magazine we read from front to back. It has a broader readership than some Mennonite publications, and we eat it up!

*Eli and Martha Helmuth,
LaGrange, Indiana*

We want you to know that your work in providing such a publication as the **Festival Quarterly** is one of the finest coming to us. We do pray that your work can continue and that you can feel that your efforts are divinely blessed. We are renewing our subscription.

*Harold and Roberta Kreider
Sellersville, Pennsylvania*

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.



"Well, gentlemen, we've got a stunning new logo and a marvelous publicity campaign ready. We just need to come up with a product."

Cluff/Punch/London

FESTIVAL

Quarterly

Should They Leave? Should They Stay?



Editor's Note: During the first eight months of 1988, some 3,000 Mennonites left the Soviet Union for West Germany. The exodus shows no signs of abating. What accounts for this comparatively large emigration? Is it the lure of the West and its promise of prosperity? Is it a move to shore up spiritual faithfulness? Is it prompted by a desire for family unity?

And what of the spiritual welfare of those who remain? Should the worldwide Mennonite fellowship support or question this growing migration?

Festival Quarterly has gathered commentary from a variety of sources: Paul Kraybill, Executive Secretary of Mennonite World Conference; Ray Hacker, who has family connections in the country; Walter Sawatsky, presently director of East/West Concerns for Mennonite Central Committee (MCC); Anthony J. Ugolnik, who grew up in the Russian Eastern Orthodox Church and is Associate Professor of English at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and Art Montoya, who lived and worked in Nicaragua and is now Director of Peace Education and Draft Counseling for MCC.

Church Faces Painful Adjustments

Glasnost and perestroika (openness and restructuring) offer Soviet Christians unprecedented freedom for outreach to unbelievers thirsting for the gospel.

Ironically, the same changes in Soviet society are making possible an exodus that may be calling into question the very survival of the Mennonite churches in that nation.

These were some of the impressions shared by Mennonite World Conference (MWC) Executive Secretary Paul N. Kraybill after a four-member MWC delegation concluded its October 24-November 4, 1988, visit to the Soviet Union.

Everywhere, "Perestroika is abundantly obvious," reports Kraybill. "New and dramatic stories of public church services, open air or in public buildings, are heard. Many congregations have experienced an influx of unbelievers; sometimes special services have drawn thousands; sometimes believers remain in the basement or outside so unbelievers can fill the church. . . . Evangelistic opportunities abound. . . . There's a hunger and a search for Scriptures."

As *glasnost* opens the door
to emigration,
Soviet Mennonites ponder
their future.



FQ/Kenneth Pellman

The tumultuous change has caught the Christian church unprepared, notes Kraybill. Operating for years in a survival mode, the churches developed sheltered, pietistic communities with rigid hierarchies:

"There was evangelism, but the absorption rate was slow enough that the highly structured pattern was undisturbed. . . . Now the walls are breaking down, the survival mode is obsolete, the public is knocking at the door."

Just as the larger Soviet society must make difficult adjustments, so too the churches will need to change their structures in the face of new realities.

Yet, for many Mennonites in the U.S.S.R. the internal changes in the country are not as significant as the fact that the spirit of "openness" has also opened the door wider than ever for emigration. For the German-speaking Mennonites, there seems to be little difficulty in getting permission to leave. The exodus may well take on a magnitude of historic dimensions in the long tale of Mennonite migrations.

"I don't think there has ever been such a large-scale peacetime migration of Mennonites in history," said Kraybill. "They're leaving by the planeloads."

During the first eight months of 1988 alone, about 3,000



MCC photo by James Helm

Mennonites left the U.S.S.R. for West Germany, and the exodus shows no signs of abating.

For the Soviet Mennonite churches, "Needless to say this is a traumatic experience, and it is extremely difficult to plan or project the future in light of the dynamics of this 'avalanche' as it has been termed by some. . . . There is very little evidence that it will be stopped until a large portion of the German-speaking Mennonites will have migrated to Germany."

In some places congregations are closing. Others are left leaderless. Choirs are breaking apart. Where Mennonites have

massive influx."

In the meantime, however, tens of thousands of Mennonites do remain in the Soviet Union.

Excerpted from Mennonite World Conference News release.

Exodus Should Not Be Lamented

by Ray K. Hacker

My wife, Agnes (Rosenfeld), and I had the good fortune of visiting the Soviet Union for three weeks this past summer to visit Agnes' relatives in Karaganda, Kazakhstan. Here we became acutely aware that life for them and their neighbors was difficult and the territory harsh. Their home in a state farm village had electricity but few appliances, no running water, no central heating and no indoor toilet facilities.

Their source for water was a common faucet along the village street. The village streets had more potholes than level surface, no sewage system and numerous farm animals roaming at will. The standard of living throughout the Soviet Union is far from what we enjoy in North America. (We toured in five Soviet republics.)

Mennonite people during the last 70 years have endured suffering, persecution and fear beyond the comprehension of most of us. Thankfully, due to *glasnost* the churches are now experiencing greater freedoms.

However, the years of suppression, fear and uncertainty cannot be easily ignored or forgotten. The Mennonite people in the U.S.S.R. have a strong desire for freedom and a right to their suspicions that government regulations may once again exert undue pressures on the church.

The point I wish to make is that we and MWC should not lament the fact that the Mennonites are leaving by the plane-loads nor that their exodus "calls into question the very survival of the Mennonite churches in that nation."

These people have suffered enough. Many of our Mennonite forebears had the good fortune of leaving in the 1870s (18,000), the 1920s (25,000) and in the 1940s (12,000)—at least 55,000 in total.

Frank Epp in *Mennonite Exodus* says in retrospect that the fact that not all Mennonites left in the 1870s is known as the "historical error." Now that the opportunity to leave is once again an option for them we need to be supportive of their desires and provide whatever assistance and encouragement is required.

For many this is a difficult choice. Is it better to be reunited with family in West Germany, or should they remain with family in the U.S.S.R.? We North Americans have no right to make them feel guilty for leaving a possible "mission field." Perhaps there are those among us who will accept the challenge to resettle in the U.S.S.R. to keep the Mennonite church alive there?

The tumultuous change
has caught the
Christian church unprepared . . .
"The question may well be asked
if the Mennonite church
in the U.S.S.R.
will survive."

worshiped together with other believers, churches see gaping holes in their community.

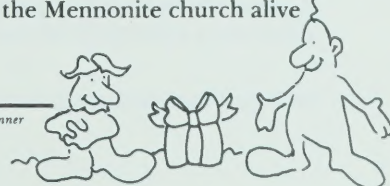
Jake Pauls, a Canadian member of the delegation, reflected, "While my heart wanted to rejoice with those who could leave, I soon realized another side of this issue. Pastors and Church Superintendents (Baptist and Mennonite) were openly lamenting this movement and grieving the loss of many active church members. Some reported the loss of one-third, one-half or even more of their membership due to this phenomenon.

"What such a migration of people out of Russia could mean was made clear to me in a small Kirchliche church in Alma Ata. Noticing the many musical instruments in the back of the sanctuary, I inquired about their orchestra. 'Those are all instruments left here by those who have left the country,' the minister explained. 'Now we hardly have a choir at all.' I wondered what being a pastor here must be like! What would the will of God be, if I was a church member there?"

Ultimately, feels Kraybill, "The question may well be asked if the Mennonite church in the U.S.S.R. will survive."

Furthermore, "There is little point in outsiders protesting or objecting. We can't really empathize with the depth of suffering during the last 70 years. We can only hope and pray that the church in Germany has the resources and strength to receive and minister to the enormous challenge of such a

cartoons by Cheryl Benner



Incidentally, this is not the first large-scale peacetime migration of Mennonites in history, as Paul Kraybill asserts. The initial migration to the Ukraine from 1788 and 1835 was not because of war, although military conscription in Prussia was indeed one of those issues. The migration from 1874 to 1884 to North America of 18,000 people was also a peacetime migration.

The Mennonite people and congregations in the Soviet Union are much in need of our prayers and encouragement. Let us not let them down.

Why Are They Emigrating?

by Walter Sawatsky

Since February 1987, a new wave of immigration has brought more than 14,000 Soviet Germans to West Germany within the first 12 months. The pace continues. Among them were more than 2,000 Mennonites.

Again we need to ask the question: Why are they emigrating? Now that there are dramatic changes taking place in Soviet society, when they are gradually beginning to acknowledge the dark spots in Soviet history, why would Mennonites still choose to leave?

As I listened to Soviet Mennonites talk about the subject earlier this spring—and everyone was thinking about it—I began listing various reasons cited for emigration.

Of course the official reason is that people want to reunite with families. But every time a family, separated for 45 years by now, is reunited, it means separation from other family members in the Soviet Union. How meaningful is such a reunification?

We also heard some other reasons for leaving. One leader was disappointed to be losing choir members, deacons and other stalwarts of the church and could not understand why they wanted to leave now when things were so good. He kept pointing to the delicacies on the table as an indication of how well-to-do they had become. Even the pressures on the church were easing. He concluded that they were emigrating because they wanted to become richer. They had heard about the cars, fancy furniture and other luxuries of their *Umsiedler* relatives in West Germany and they wanted it too.

Our group travelled with a young couple in a Central Asian city who were awaiting each day's post to see whether their permit to emigrate had arrived. When asked why they wished to emigrate the husband pointed to a picture on the dashboard and talked about his brother in West Germany. The most striking thing about the picture was not the brother, but a BMW car that flashed invitingly.

Still others told us they had long ago found a way to survive in this society, but they were concerned for their children. They saw how so many children were lost to the faith. Even if there was an easing of atheistic propaganda, there was still



FQ/Kenneth Fellman

much to pressure young people interested in careers to leave the church. They did not know, but perhaps it would be better in West Germany.

One night in Krigisia I heard a rather interesting explanation for emigration, varieties of which reappeared in other places. They had been reading the prophecy of Ezekiel, especially chapters 37 to 39. These passages talk about the end times and signs of the end, so they wanted to know from us the correct biblical teaching on eschatology. Would the church be raptured before the time of tribulation, or would that happen in the middle of the seven-year period of tribulation as some Bible teachers were claiming? Might the church suffer through the whole period of tribulation before being raptured to be with the Lord (post-tribulation view)?

Then I understood. If you are pre-tribulation, then it does not really matter where you live when the Lord returns. If either of the other two versions are true, however, then you are eager to get out from the land of Antichrist (does not Gog refer to the Soviet Union they ask?) before the time of desolation sets in. This explanation for emigration is not discussed publicly, but apparently keeps coming up when two or three people get together to talk.

Why are they emigrating? The most consistent answer had to do with fears for the future. There had been other times of thaw when their condition as Christians and as Germans in the Soviet Union had improved. But then came new difficulties. Most people we talked to favored perestroika even though the actual changes were often not yet visible in their region, in their factory or in local politics. But they were unsure the new policy would last. If they did not get out now, they might live to regret it later.

But why were they always asking us to give an opinion about emigration? When government authorities and journalists asked the questions we sensed that speaking against emigration

would be helpful propaganda to get the Germans to be less feverish about immigrating. We of course tried to be neutral since deciding to emigrate is something only those involved can really do. They are the ones who need to live with the consequences and to live with their consciences.

Since most of them knew that, why were they as believers asking us about emigration? Sometimes we sensed they wanted an authoritative word that might finally put all the agonizing discussion to rest. Perhaps in their society formerly, a central leadership existed that could issue final statements. But that is not the Mennonite way.

Most of the time, it seemed that question was merely an excuse to start talking about what was uppermost in their minds. They wanted to share their innermost anxieties. They wanted to let us know the decision to leave was often made with great difficulty and many second thoughts. Most poignant was an incident on a Sunday morning in Alma Ata when two women came forward to announce this was their last Sunday before leaving. The pastor led the congregation in a prayer of dedication for them, bidding them Godspeed. There was much weeping all around.

A Russian Orthodox Viewpoint

by Anthony Ugolnik

My ethnic origin is Byelorussian. Since Byelorussia is a much neglected republic in the U.S.S.R., virtually unknown to most Americans, I can empathize with the apparent invisibility of the German-Mennonites in the U.S.S.R. I am, however, an American. Freedom of religion is my birthright. My own Orthodox faith is much neglected in our own country, but I have not experienced religious persecution in any form. I can judge no person who chooses to leave his or her country in order to guarantee against it. In fact, I experience much ambiguity in my mind on this issue.

Jewish emigration, Pentecostal emigration, and now Mennonite emigration to the West has been greeted with much approval by my American brothers and sisters. And indeed, past religious policy in the U.S.S.R. has been restrictive, even brutal in its constraints. It would be most ungenerous of me, in fact sinful, to question the rights or motives of those who wish to escape the possibility that such constraints will one day return.

I have, then, examined my conscience many times when I feel a resentment toward American attentions to such emigres. And I find, in my inmost heart, that not all such feelings are unjustified. I do not resent the fact that such people choose to leave—I resent instead the conclusions that many of my fellow believers in the U.S. draw from their leaving.

I am one in faith with the 50 to 70 million people who embrace the orthodox faith in the U.S.S.R. These believers count themselves as *Russian Orthodox*—that is, they are one with their people. They are organic to that Russian nation now

experiencing the first stirrings of a vast religious revival. They are the primary "Gospel-bearers" for the Russian people.

These Orthodox Christians are not among the current emigres—nor, indeed, from my own many contacts with these Christians, do they choose to be. Such veterans of KGB harassment and imprisonment as Gleb Yakunin, Vladimir Poresh and Dmitri Dudko have said, in fact, that their land has been blessed in its trials. No Christian can have spent any time in the U.S.S.R. without knowing that the Gospel is alive there in a special, vital way. Russian young people are hungry for the gospel. I can point to so unexpected an evidence of that hunger as heavy rock lyrics, sung by the current hit group "*Cherniye Kofe*" ("Black Coffee"). "See the wooden churches of Russia," they sing with the heavy metal twang of guitar. "See their warped and ancient walls . . . in their timbers beats a heart, lives a faith."



Photo by Kenneth Pellman

It is, then, unfortunate that so many Westerners conclude that believing emigres engage in this new exodus because Russia renders a lived faith impossible. If the Jews, the Pentecostals, the Mennonites who leave the U.S.S.R. do so because they wish to sunder themselves from a nation in which they live as exiles—if they believe that through such a separation they can live the faith of their religious forebears more richly, more fully, and thus serve their God—then I commend them and support them, as I should. But in doing so, they should never forget the millions of witnessing believers whom they leave behind. For those believers have the fullest, the richest task of all. Russia is ripe for the Spirit; the Gospel is coming to a new awakening for all the world there in that incubation of its past suffering. It is to those who remain, and not to those who leave, that we owe the greatest debt.

I am familiar with the suspicion that the motive for coming to the West is primarily material. Indeed, for some emigres that goal is openly acknowledged—and it certainly is a natural

enough motive. But none of us, living in the richness of the West, should be too quick to condemn on those grounds alone. The first Mennonites to come to Russia, after all, were lured in part by the promise of rich lands to till. Germany or Israel or the U.S.A. may indeed offer the good life, or at least its promise. But I am pained when I see emigres, assisted by generous help and contributions from Western believers, come to judgment against those in the West who live in poverty. All the poor among us, after all, have not had the same assistance or sympathy offered them.

But the final illusion and most dangerous one, fostered by the attention to such emigration, is this one: that a Christian can live a more virtuous life here in the West. For our riches give no assurance of a Christian life, nor, in fact, do our laws. Emigres come to a new home, but they leave an old one. That old home may be shabby or crude or even dangerous but it nurtures a powerful Christian life.

I once said to a Soviet friend, one of the best I will know in this life, that I deeply regretted his trials and that I would pray for him. "And I," he said in return with a smile, "regret your trials. I will pray for you. For us, the alternatives are clearer and the way of the gospel is easy. But you in the West, so inundated in the materialism around you, sometimes confuse your faith with your riches." This is, we must admit, our dilemma. And in the last analysis, this is the exchange which any emigre makes for his or her former life, however hard. We must welcome, then, the emigres, but realize that we welcome them to a new and perhaps greater trial.

To Leave or Stay in Central America?

by Art Montoya

From 1984 to 1986 I worked in Nicaragua with the Mennonite churches, helping in community development and refugee relief.

In October of 1988, as a Mennonite part of a larger delegation, I visited the Soviet Union. We came to celebrate with our Soviet brothers and sisters the Millennium of Christianity of the Russian Orthodox Church. I had to ask myself why so many Mennonites are leaving during this time of openness and social change in Soviet society. What will this mean for those church members who stay behind? The Mennonite churches in Central America have also experienced the emigration of many of their people.

Historically, Mennonites in the Soviet Union have known much suffering and injustice. For most of its recent history Central America has faced social unrest, economic injustice, war and several natural disasters, costing the lives of thousands. In this soil of injustice, poverty and struggle for a better day, the Central American Mennonite churches are still thriving. That stands in contrast to the Mennonite churches in the Soviet Union, where one-third to one-half of their membership has left as the result of glasnost. Today, in Central America there are over 7,000 Mennonites. Difficulty has created an op-



FQ/Kenneth Pellman

portunity to spread the good news of peace and to serve others as the new community of Christ that stands with those who are suffering.

Like the Soviet Union, Nicaragua, along with Honduras and El Salvador, demands compulsory military service of its young men. When the Nicaraguan army in 1984 began active recruitment of its youth, the Mennonite Church in Nicaragua was faced with a serious dilemma. Some left the country to avoid being drafted. Others stayed, like Vincente who was called up but refused to put on the military uniform or carry a gun. "Because according to the law, the penalty for not complying was jail, I was ready to spend the next two years of my life in jail. I will not take a gun and fight," said Vincente.

Jose Duran, who works in pastoral ministries with the churches in Nicaragua, remembers the impact the military draft and Contra war issue had on the church. "Until now, the biggest problem facing us has been helping the churches

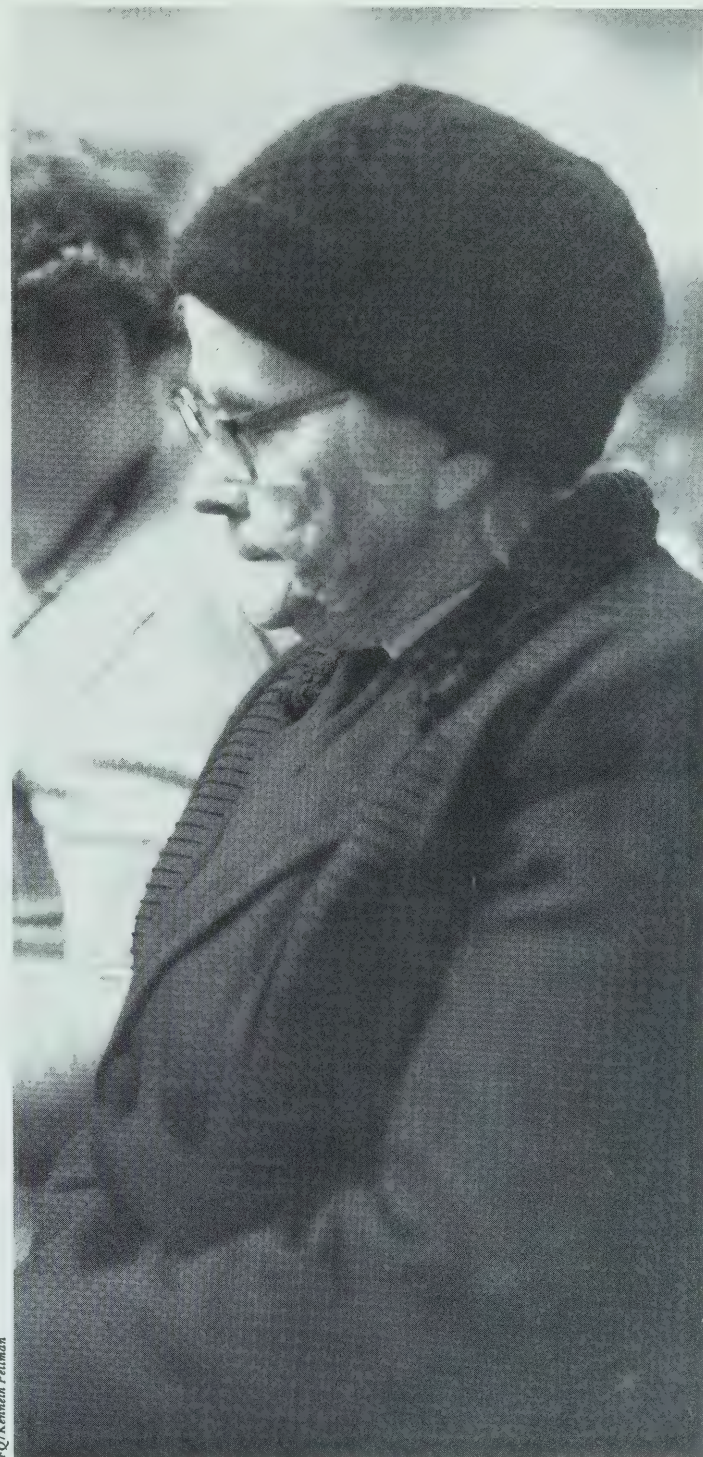
The church in Central America thrives despite poverty, war and natural disasters.

understand that our responsibility as Christian disciples is not simply refusing to take up arms, but rather to get involved in productive work that contributes to the healing of our country's needs and in this way to convince the authorities that we're willing to do our part."

Last year while I was visiting in Nicaragua, I asked Nicolas, a Mennonite pastor in Managua, why he hadn't left Nicaragua despite thousands who are leaving every week for the United States. "I am a pastor of a church with over 100 members, and if I left I would not feel good about myself. I am reminded by the words of Jesus in John 10, where he tells the parable of the good shepherd to his disciples. The good shepherd is willing to give his life for his sheep.

"He does not abandon them when times get tough. I could never abandon this church. I feel a strong responsibility to them."

In these difficult times the Mennonites in Central America are finding a deeper understanding and practice of the Anabaptist concern for evangelism, peacemaking and service. Despite the thousands that have left, the church has experienced some growth in recent years. I believe that the Mennonite church in the Soviet Union and the Mennonites in Central America can learn from each other as they struggle to be faithful to God.



FQ/Kenneth Pellman

Herb Weaver: Plumb Full of Ideas

by David Graybill



Imagine ducks that emerge from toilet fixtures, woodburning stoves that are made of wood, a fish that leaps out of a rock or a tea set in the shape of Tennessee.

Welcome to the world of Herb Weaver, humorist and ceramic sculptor, demanding teacher and down-home Southern boy.

A Virginia native who lives in Owensboro, Kentucky, Weaver wears blue jeans, speaks in a drawl and likes country music. But beneath his puns and aw-shucks manner is a thoughtful, ambitious artist who, like his work, has more to offer than meets the casual eye.

An indifferent student growing up, Weaver got involved in art almost by accident, during his senior year at Eastern Mennonite High School. At his mother's request, he took an art class from sculptor Esther Augsburg, who taught at the Harrisonburg, Virginia, school.

The course was not Weaver's favorite at first. ("I really hated ceramics," he says.) But he came to enjoy it as a break from his other schoolwork.

After his graduation in 1975, Weaver found himself confronted with a choice: get a job or go to college. "I didn't want to work," he recalls. So he enrolled at Eastern Mennonite College as an art major.

At the encouragement of Augsburg and others who thought he could relate well to students, he switched his major to art education. ("You can see how dedicated I was," he says with a laugh.)

Weaver married his high school sweetheart, Anita Hunsberger, in 1978. He

graduated from EMC in 1979 and taught at Warren County High School in Front Royal, Virginia, for a year.

He returned to EMHS as a teacher in 1980, when Augsburg moved with her husband, Myron, to Washington, D.C.

Unsure that he wanted to make teaching a career, Weaver entered a master of fine arts program in ceramics at James Madison University. He continued to teach a nearly full load, went to school full time and worked as a graduate assistant.

As if that weren't enough, he and Anita were building a house and doing all the work—including plumbing and wiring—themselves.

"It was stupid," he says. "But I learned to work efficiently."

As a response to the pressure he was under, he began making "stress pots"—ceramic pots being pulled apart by clamps and braces. Other works from this period include a self-portrait of himself as an automobile battery (with the terminals in his mouth to show that he could "take the shock") and a ceramic matchbook with all but one of the matches burned out.

But perhaps his most memorable piece from graduate school was a woodburning stove made out of pine. At the end of his thesis exhibition, Weaver took the piece outside, loaded it with logs and ceremoniously burned it in front of more than a hundred people.

"I had reservations because I had spent so much time making it," Weaver says.

"But the crowd—it was like I had scored the winning basket at a game."

Weaver later made a duplicate of the piece and gave it to his faculty adviser.

Weaver received his M.F.A. in 1985. He and his wife rented out their house—which had just been completed a year earlier—and moved to Tennessee, where Herb became a member of the art faculty at Bryan College.

"It was the only job offer I had," he says, explaining that he wrote letters to 500 colleges and junior colleges in trying to find a position.

Bryan is located in the town where the Scopes "monkey trial" was held, and it didn't take Weaver long to discover that he was out of step with the fundamentalist tilt of the school.

"But I learned a lot," he says. "I learned how to defend my Anabaptist principles," such as peace. "I found myself really digging into scripture and saying, 'This is why I believe what I do.'"

Brescia College in Kentucky, where Weaver became assistant professor in 1987, has offered the chance to learn from a very different group—Catholics. Weaver admits that he was "a little apprehensive" when he came, but says he has developed an appreciation for his colleagues, many of whom are nuns.

The people that he works with are "interested in the Mennonites," he says, adding that he finds parallels between Catholic sisters and Mennonite women who

struggle for more respect and a larger role in the church.

Although he enjoys the environment of Brescia, Weaver dreams of someday working in art full time. "As much as I like teaching, it's still a job," he says. "Art is recreation."

At the same time, he recognizes that full-time artists must create work that sells, rather than simply what interests them. For ceramic artists in particular, this often means repeating popular pieces.

"I'm afraid I might get bored doing the same thing over and over," he says.

For the time being, Weaver is content to teach, care for his two young daughters and practice art part-time. One of his goals since graduate school has been to participate in four shows a year—a goal he met even when he was teaching six courses a semester in Tennessee.

Harder to measure, but equally important to him, are his other aims: to be an interesting teacher, to encourage students to do their best work and to create distinctive, thought-provoking pieces himself.

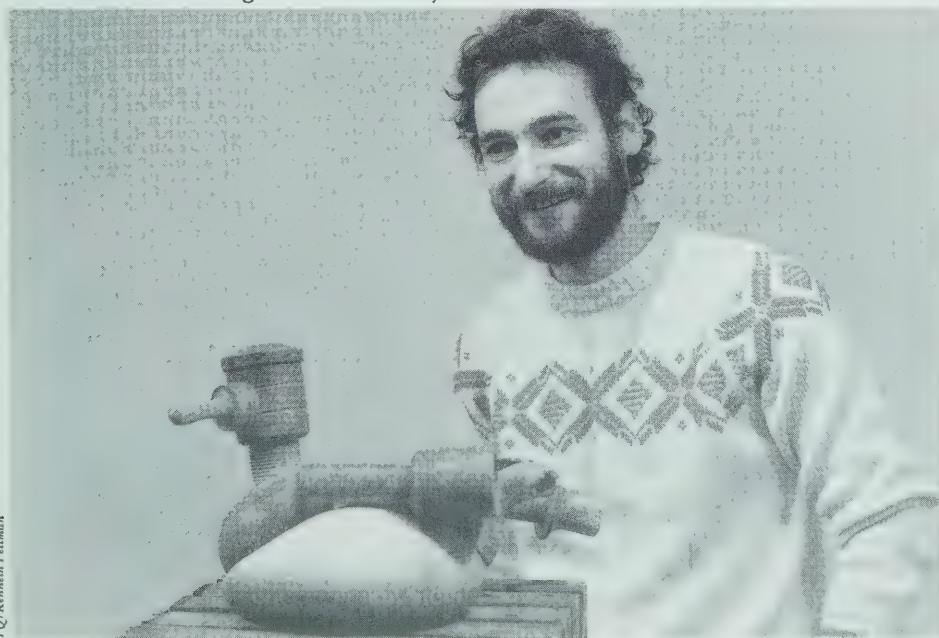
Often, he says, people are misled by his easygoing style. Students assume "until midterm" that it doesn't matter how or when they do their projects; other artists think he's "too funny, not serious enough."

Weaver responds that each of his works offers surprises to people willing to look closely. His "Mallard" series, for example, can be appreciated for its depiction of ducks, for the individual toilet parts that comprise it (all made of ceramics) or for the relationships among the pieces.

Other works have details that illustrate a serious theme. The tic-tac-toe markings and band-aid on "Nuked" depict Weaver's frustration, respectively, with "the games that the higher-ups are playing with us" and the ineffectual efforts being made to stop the arms race.

Humor, Weaver says, is a way of drawing people into a piece. It's also a way of encouraging people to see their everyday surroundings in new ways.

"I take things that seem silly or simple and make them into something interesting," he says. "I never run out of ideas, really."



LET PREACHING BE WINSOME

by J. Nelson Kraybill

The first sign of good preaching is that the topic really matters to the preacher.

Ever since Eutychus dozed off during one of Paul's sermons and fell three stories from an open window (Acts 20:7-12), preachers have been alert to the hazards of mediocre preaching. In fairness to the Apostle, we should note that Paul was preaching at midnight—an hour when Garrison Keillor himself would have trouble keeping many people awake.

If Paul could blame his homiletic casualties on long midnight services, I have no such easy excuse. Most of my sermons fill the 11 a.m. slot and run less than 30 minutes. If congregants nod off while I'm in the pulpit, I have no one to blame but myself.

Frankly, I aspire to do more than keep people awake, or to entertain them. I want to tell a Story, and tell it with such conviction and imagination that congregants forget it's me preaching. I want to sing out the cadences of a Song, a tune so old yet so wonderful that even children and grandparents dance along.

The Story and the Song are about an ages-old yearning of God and humans to know each other as friends. The words are part poetry, part history and all about the deepest spiritual needs we mortals know. The characters are Abraham, Job, Elizabeth and innumerable other men and women who earnestly sought God. More recent cast members include Felix Manz, Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Desmond Tutu. Jesus of Nazareth plays such a pivotal role that persons who hear the Story cannot remain neutral in their response to what he has done. At least some people in the congregation suddenly will find themselves dancing, singing or playing a part in the unfolding drama.

To all of this I aspire when I preach, though plenty of people can tell you that my own sermons fall short of the mark. Good preaching is hard work, a discipline others model better than I. But I believe winsome preaching is indispensable to the health and growth of the church, and I recognize good preaching when it happens.

After a decade or more of being downplayed in Mennonite congregations and seminaries, preaching is back. Preachers are back in the pulpit now with seminary education, a mixed blessing. I'm still putting in time as a seminary student, and certainly value education. But seminary students spend years listening to lectures, not sermons.



If preachers lecture when they get in the pulpit, they will be a dismal flop.

Recently I heard of a congregation that included in the job description for its new minister that he or she "not know Greek, and never have been to the Holy Land." That congregation simply was tired of well-crafted sermons full of esoteric data and dispassionate conclusions. People don't go to church to hear a lecture. They go to church to hear a familiar Story told in a fresh and life-giving way.

The first sign of good preaching is that the topic really matters to the preacher. There must be some signal early on that the speaker urgently wants to share what he or she has found hopeful, sobering or life-giving. The objective is not primarily to dispense information, but skillfully to draw new relationships and analogies to the Story people already know. If the preacher has not been changed by the message, the sermon will lack conviction and the congregation will answer with a unanimous, silent "so what?"

Revival meetings have gone the way of linoleum floors in most Mennonite churches, replaced by something softer, quieter and more comfortable. I don't miss the guilt and emotional manipulation that revival meetings inflicted upon me as a child. Yet I do miss the sense of urgency and immediacy that some preachers brought to those old-time meetings. The sermon called for life-changing response, the preacher gave very concrete examples of how the message could affect our lives, and an air of drama filled the room.

A second mark of good preaching is its solid footing in the faith tradition. For Christians that surely means a thorough use of the Book that records the 1500-year history of a faith community's experience of God. The Bible covers the full range of possible human responses to the divine, from doubt and guilt to freedom and joy. It is scandalous how little many of us know about the Bible today. Many sermons do not help us with our ignorance, since the preacher simply reads a passage of scripture and uses it as

a springboard to develop a line of thought only vaguely related to the passage in question.

Awareness of psychology, sociology and other disciplines can make preaching more effective, but these perspectives cannot replace the spiritual strength of a sermon that brings the scriptures to life. Preaching cut off from biblical roots is like an oak tree rotten in the trunk. It may be stately to behold, but it will not withstand much of a storm.

The Bible first took shape as oral tradition, as faith stories were retold because they were fun to hear and had enduring spiritual significance. The preacher must learn to retell the old stories, to get caught up in the drama of Moses facing down Pharaoh or disciples racing to the empty tomb. The teller must let the story carry its own weight for a while before jumping to theological conclusions.

A third trait of winsome preaching is the ability to draw meaningful analogy between theology and the listeners' present situation. Even children will sit up and listen when the preacher tells a modern parable drawn from everyday observation. A hundred stories are available each week, taken from current events, personal experience and literature.

Only the least imaginative speaker will resort to the insipid stuff canned in books with titles like *1001 Sermon Illustrations*. The congregation would rather hear real accounts of how the preacher experiences God in the mundane activities of daily life. The preacher will help listeners see the forgiveness of God in the embrace of a child, or the call to service in caring for an aging parent.

The effective preacher knows the congregation well enough to sense the fears, hopes and joys of many members. These spiritual and emotional issues provide the "raw material" for sermon agenda. It is possible to preach to the needs of people feeling anger, guilt or despair without breaking confidence or in any way identifying sufferers.

Perhaps the greatest requirement for winsome sermons is that preachers

themselves be pilgrims earnestly seeking God. I would rather hear about sailing from someone who just soloed across the Atlantic than from a landlubber who graduated from sailing school. I would rather hear about the preacher's own "dark night of the soul" than get a synopsis of Karl Barth's theology.

Let the Story be told with vivid images and real characters. Instead of jokes, let the congregation see the humor of our human foibles and laugh along with the grace of God. Let the Story tie into the lives of ordinary people experiencing the joy of new love or the weight of mid-life crisis. Let the sermon address real questions that people in the congregation are asking, not paper tigers that the preacher can easily dispatch.

Perhaps the conclusion we should draw from the Eutychus story is that Paul was such a winsome preacher that people wanted to stay up until midnight to hear him. Paul preached from his heart, on questions of immediate significance to himself and his listeners. "I came to you in weakness and fear, and with much trembling," Paul once wrote. "My message and my preaching were not with wise and persuasive words, but with a demonstration of the Spirit's power" (I Cor. 2:3,4).

It was not Paul's technique or erudition that made his preaching winsome. Rather, it was his ability to put into fresh words the Story of God's love in Jesus Christ (Rom. 5:6-8), his vulnerability in telling his own encounter with God (II Cor. 12:1-10), his passion for applying the gospel to urgent needs of his listeners (Acts 16:29-34). If our preachers bring the same qualities to the 11 a.m. slot on Sunday, even Eutychus will stay awake.

J. Nelson Kraybill pastored for five years at Taftsville Chapel Mennonite Fellowship in Vermont, and now is a doctoral student in Biblical Studies at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia.





Ten Things American Mennonites Should Understand About Canadian Mennonites

by Rodney J. Sawatsky

Those of us Canadian Mennonites who have lived and studied in the United States, who are students of North America and have written about American Mennonites, are perhaps duty bound to attempt explanations of our similarities and our differences to American and Canadian Mennonites alike. (The very rare American Mennonites who have lived and studied in Canada surely have the same task!)

Discussions of this kind can readily become nationalistic and patriotic romanticism. I am a Canadian and am committed to do my small part for the well-being of this society, yet I believe that it is rarely helpful to build up by tearing down. Besides, I am too fond of much that is American to be simplistically jingoistic! The characteristic friendliness of small-town American waitresses and the almost unequalled creativity of privately-funded American colleges and universities are just two examples of American culture that I appreciate, which could be multiplied many times over. Besides, I have many close friends who are Americans!

My emphasis will be on our differ-

ences as Canadians and Americans, rather than our similarities. Our commonalities as human beings and even as Mennonites can be assumed; our differences resulting from our respective histories and cultures demand our attention here.

We Mennonites of Dutch-Russian extraction, who are divided roughly equally between the United States and Canada, have long been aware of the kinds of dynamics I will address, even if that consciousness lacks formulation. Mennonites with a Swiss-South German heritage are primarily located in the U.S. with only a comparatively small number in Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta. For you this kind of discussion may seem both new and strange. Let me assure you that it is neither novel nor idiosyncratic, and furthermore, that its relevance is not only for our common structures and institutions but also for our common theology and ethics.

1. Canadian Mennonites do not believe that the Canadian-American border is of no importance to Mennonites. The negative tone of this statement is intentional.

American Mennonites tend to believe that our national identities are of no importance to us, or, at least if we were true Anabaptists, ought not to have any significance for us. Canadian Mennonites tend not to agree. In fact, we might argue that when American Mennonites regard Canada as little more than the 51st state, they are evidencing imperialism or, at least, the myopia of the powerful. In the realm of theology it may not be by accident that the de-emphasis of the importance of national boundaries comes primarily from American theologians.

Americans, for the most part, know very little about Canada and need to know very little. Canada shares the longest unguarded border in the world with the U.S. and is the U.S.'s largest trading partner, yet is of limited importance in shaping American culture and society. The reason is obvious when we compare some figures. While Canada is slightly larger than the U.S.A. in land mass, the American population is almost 10 times the Canadian, and the American GNP considerably more than 10 times the Canadian.

	<u>Canada</u>
Land Mass	3,851,790 sq. miles
Population	25,900,000
GNP	\$335 billion (1985)
	<u>USA</u>
Land Mass	3,615,105 sq. miles
Population	243,800,000
GNP	\$4,201 billion (1980)

Canada's identity, by contrast, is shaped primarily in relation to and frequently over against the U.S. Our media is flooded with U.S. news, our entertainment is imported primarily from the U.S., and, consequently, our culture struggles constantly to maintain a small glimmer of differentiation.

This was one of the major issues in the recent free trade debate in Canada. Most American Mennonites assume that Canadian Mennonites would rejoice in this reduction in the significance of the border. But many Canadian Mennonites are at least fearful, if not strongly opposed to this new arrangement. Why so?

Concern that Canada maintain at least a small media, publishing and entertainment industry to foster a unique Canadian cultural identity is only one concern.

Some Canadian businesses will find it difficult to survive. Because Canada offers higher minimum wages and free medicare for all, individuals and businesses pay higher taxes. Furthermore, it is costlier to do business in the north, given the climate and our relatively small population spread over a large expanse.

Under free trade, in order to be competitive, it is likely that some businesses will seek lower taxes by either moving south or by trying to force the government to change its policies. Jobs may be lost; the social welfare system may be undone. A further fear is that increased economic integration with the U.S. will even further undermine Canada's ability to pursue unique policies in international relations.

Does this fear have any basis? Tender fruit farming in the Niagara peninsula, which includes many Mennonite farmers, may be seriously undermined. They

cannot compete with American farmers because all their production costs are higher. The grain subsidies to U.S. farmers mean that Canadian farmers suffer. (Even before free trade, Canada could not provide the same subsidies.) Kansas Mennonite farmers can smile while Saskatchewan Mennonite farmers struggle to survive. Egg and chicken prices in the U.S. are much lower; what will this do to Canadian poultry farmers? Who knows? What we do know is that the border is significant to our culture and our very livelihood.

Even if we recognize these economic realities, should Mennonites in Canada not separate themselves from cultural and social policy issues? Our unity in the church worldwide should surely be stronger than our national differences. True, but this can only be realized if all of us recognize the way we are shaped by our own cultures. Only then can we be freed from the limitations of our particular culture; only then are we able to live our theology and ethics in and through the particularities of culture and society. Canadian Mennonites must be faithful in "incarnating" in Canada, even as American Mennonites must be faithful in America, and even as Zairean Mennonites must be faithful in Zaire. We will do it differently; we must do it differently, for only then can we be faithful. Our theology is incarnational — not only in individuals, but also in groups and organizations. Our theology and ethics are profoundly related to our cultural and social variations.

At the risk of being labelled "nationalistic," let me say that to be Canadian, almost by definition, requires that the mouse differentiate itself from the elephant.

2. Canada is a conservative society in contrast to America, which is essentially a liberal society. America resulted from a revolution based on the Enlightenment principle of natural rights. Canada emerged as a *counter-revolutionary* society in both its English and French sectors. Canada, for a considerable period of time, sought to say no to both the Revolution and its Enlightenment

roots. The Roman Catholic Church in Quebec and the Anglican Church in Ontario and the Maritimes joined forces with political leaders to maintain a society in which the monarchy, established churches and traditionalism retained considerable power well into the nineteenth century, and in some ways still today.

Separation of church and state came to Canada only later in the nineteenth century and then never completely. The vast majority of church members in Canada are Roman Catholic or Anglican, or belong to more mainline churches like the Presbyterian and United Church of Canada. The more sectarian believers' church or evangelical community is proportionately much smaller in Canada than in the U.S. Furthermore, the state continues to fund certain religious organizations such as the Roman Catholic separate school system in Ontario. All denominational seminaries and colleges in Ontario that are affiliated with a provincial university, including Conrad Grebel College, receive public funding.

Canada's social welfare system is based on this same conservatism. Even the New Democratic Party, Canada's socialist party, to which a good number of Mennonites belong, is essentially conservative. By conservative I mean that the well-being of the total community takes precedence over individual needs and wants.

But this is changing! The emphasis on natural rights, as found in the American Bill of Rights, recently was enshrined in Canada in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Community and tradition are now becoming subservient to the individual and his or her natural rights. The courts in turn are becoming much more powerful.

It is this mood of individualism which was prepared to sacrifice elements of the traditional Canadian community and turn Canada towards free trade with the United States. All the Canadian political parties, even those against free trade, are now tending to argue for their social programs on the basis of the rights of *in-*

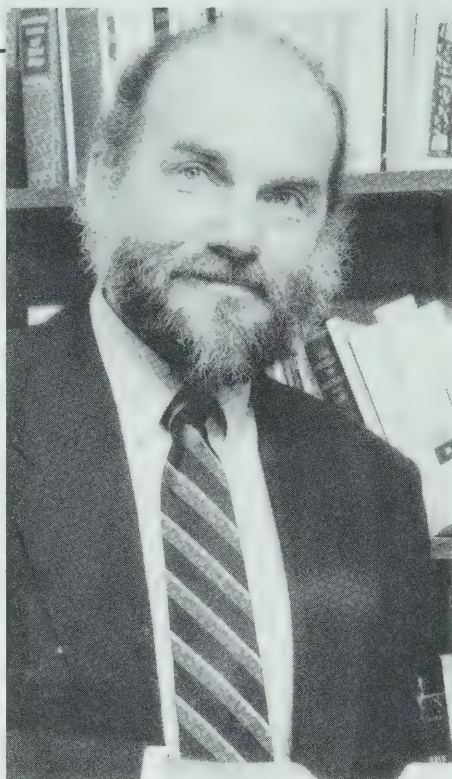
dividuals, rather than on the basis of the responsibility of the *community* to all its members.

Mennonites in Canada, together with all Canadians, today live between this conservatism of the past and liberalism of the future. Some are more or less happy with the new in relation to the old. Yet all tend to retain considerable conservatism in contrast to American liberalism. Accordingly, most Canadian Mennonites respond positively to Canada's extensive social welfare program. Indeed, they tend to see it as Christian responsibility, even if it means higher taxes. This kind of communalism may even be regarded as a logical extension to all our neighbors of our mutual aid. A small fraction of Mennonites—perhaps primarily some of those with experience under communism—chafe under this kind of coerced generosity.

Canada's Mennonite community includes a large sector who experienced communism or at least proto-communism first hand. America wouldn't take these immigrants; Canada did. Earlier immigrants in the 1870s chose Canada precisely because of its conservatism. To what extent even earlier immigrants from Pennsylvania came as loyalists to the crown remains debatable. Each of these immigrant groups responded to Canadian conservatism in terms of their particular past experience, but this already brings us to the next point.

3. A majority of Mennonites in Canada are of a Dutch/North German/Russian heritage, whereas a majority of Mennonites in the United States share a Swiss/South German heritage. Furthermore the majority of American Mennonites are of a pre-Civil War immigrant stock, whereas the majority of Canadian Mennonites are of post-Confederation (1867) immigrant stock.

What might this mean? The 1986 Mennonite Church membership figures indicate the following comparative data: Canadian membership is about 90,000; U.S. membership is about 212,500.¹ A little more than one-sixth of the Canadian membership is in churches of predominantly Swiss/South German



extraction. About one-fourth, at the most, of the U.S. membership is in churches of predominantly Dutch/Russian extraction. Taken together, a little more than one-third of North American Mennonites can trace their history to Russia.

James Juhnke of Bethel College recently argued that the differences between these two communities—the Swiss/South German and the Dutch/North German—are the most basic in North American Mennonite history.² These two communities, he suggests, not only have a separate history from the sixteenth century to the present; they also have developed varying understandings of Christian faithfulness.

The Swiss/South Germans tended to emphasize a separation from the world, resulting primarily in a life centered in a disciplined church and symbolized by humility and simplicity in daily life.

The Dutch/North German orientation, while pursuing a separated church as well, remained more involved in public culture and politics, while simultaneously creating a Mennonite sub-culture

which embraced agriculture, medicine, the arts, etc., together with religious matters. If Jim is right, and I believe that he is, at least in part, then the differences between Canadian and American Mennonites can be partially understood by recognizing the differences inherent in these two different communities—the one predominant in Canada and the other in the United States.

Immigration patterns have also been different. Most American Mennonites are at least fourth generation American citizens, and many can trace their ancestry to the early eighteenth century colonies. They are fully at home in America and have long forgotten any privations they might have suffered in Europe.

Some Canadian Mennonites arrived in Ontario in the early to mid-nineteenth century; others came to Manitoba in the 1870s. But some 21,000 Mennonites fled to Canada from Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution and another 12,000 followed after World War II, many of these coming to Canada via South America. Since then small numbers continue to leave Russia and, in turn, join their families in Canada. These people bring an additional historical experience to Canada, relatively unknown in the U.S. because the American government refused entry to these immigrants in the '20s and again in the '40s. They are the products of the golden age of the Russian Mennonite sojourn in the late nineteenth century, when education, the arts, industry and agriculture had all reached their zenith.

In turn, these people also experienced the nadir of suffering with the raping and pillaging of Nestor Machno, followed closely by famine and a typhoid epidemic. The 1940s immigrants additionally experienced the full impact of Stalin, of Siberia and of the Gulag. Many came as mothers and children leaving fathers and husbands behind—some dead, many having simply disappeared!

These people know the meaning of suffering and want. Assuring themselves of life and property remains more critical than for earlier immigrant groups.

Ten Things American Mennonites Should Understand About Canadian Mennonites

Frequently they are also unusually creative and energetic, building on their Russian experiences and adding to this the will to succeed in their new homeland, so typical of recent immigrants. Linguistically and culturally they also retain more from their European heritage and here, too, contribute particularly in education and the arts. The Mennonite church in Canada remains, accordingly, more German.

Because of all these factors, most Mennonites in Canada have a different heritage than most Mennonites in the United States.

4. Canadian Mennonites are more ethnic and less sectarian than their American cousins.

Canadian conservatism translates, at least in Canadian mythology, into a commitment to maintain distinct ethnic communities, be they defined by national origin, race or religion. Besides being a country of two linguistic communities, the French and the English, Canada also prides itself in its multi-culturalism. This orientation, characterized as a cultural mosaic, is frequently contrasted with the American melting pot in which hyphenated Americans are considered second-class citizens. Mennonites in Canada, accordingly, have been encouraged to maintain a distinctive culture. Many thus continue to treasure their heritage and to comfortably claim to be Mennonites, even though they do not actively share in the Mennonite faith. Others, like John Redekop who recently wrote a book on the subject, react to this confusion of Mennonite identity—a confusion, if that is what it is—that is characteristically Canadian.³

For those Mennonites of the Dutch/North German variety, faithfulness included the creation of a sub-culture in which organizations and institutions were established to address matters such as culture, finance and health care. This ethnic culture served as the incarnational garb for living the Christian life in a pluralistic world.

This kind of ethnicity is typically Canadian; consequently, most Mennonites do not feel alien in Canada. They

do not need to protest against Canada. A sectarian stance, on the other hand, is more one of dissent, of being perceived and perceiving oneself as to some extent an outsider. This over-against orientation is more true for the majority of American Mennonites.

Most U.S. Mennonites are long-standing citizens and are well established economically. Yet they remain more hesitant to enter into the mainstream of American political and cultural life. Some symbolize this by refusing to vote. Others vote conservative Republican, largely as a negative vote—a vote against big government and the interference of the government in their lives. Still others, of a more left-wing political orientation, find themselves criticizing government policy on an almost daily basis. The Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) Washington office typifies their perspective. The MCC Ottawa office, by contrast, seeks more to serve as a liaison between Mennonites and the government, including relating to Mennonite members of parliament and civil servants. Canadian Mennonites are simply less sectarian.

5. Canadian Mennonites are demographically more of the center of Canadian life while American Mennonites remain more on the margins of American life. More specifically, Mennonites in Canada are comparatively more numerous, geographically more concentrated and in membership more urban than are their American counterparts.

While about one of every 288 Canadians is a Mennonite, one of every 1150 Americans is a Mennonite. This relatively smaller American population is spread over a much larger geographic area—from New York to Florida to California to Oregon and many points in between, although to be sure, concentrated in certain areas like Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas and California. Most Canadians, by contrast, are located in a one-hundred-mile belt along the U.S./Canadian border. Furthermore, the Mennonites are concentrated from Toronto west to Vancouver with only small numbers further east in Ottawa, Mon-

treál and in the Maritimes.⁴

Over half of Canadian Mennonites live in cities, while many fewer American Mennonites make their homes in cities, although exact statistics are not available. Mennonite churches are found in most Canadian cities from Toronto west, with Winnipeg alone having over thirty. Beside churches, there are schools, hospitals, retirement centers, colleges, credit unions and community choirs in Canadian cities. In the United States, most Mennonite institutional counterparts are in smaller centers.⁵

Various reasons account for Mennonite urbanization in Canada. The normal pattern of professionals, artisans and laborers moving to the cities is the same in the U.S. as in Canada. But there is an important added dimension. A large percentage of post-World War I immigrants from Russia and most of those who immigrated after World War II chose to live in the cities. These, in turn, established ethnic enclaves in the cities which provided a sense of identity and stability unavailable to Mennonites in American cities until more recently. These twentieth century immigrants provided the basis for the comparative strength of the Mennonite church in the Canadian cities.

Perhaps here too the Swiss/South German and Dutch/North German difference is also relevant. Already in the sixteenth century, Anabaptism in the south became primarily a rural phenomenon, while in the north, Anabaptism developed an ongoing presence in the major cities of Holland and North Germany. In Poland/Russia many Mennonites were located in cities such as Danzig (Gdansk). In the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Mennonites in Russia were increasingly involved in industry and other more urban activities. Even in the U.S. today, the Mennonites of Dutch/North German ancestry are more urbanized than are those of Swiss/South German parentage. A correlation between heritage and readiness to urbanize might well be established.

6. Canadian Mennonites are more



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involved in the cultural and political life of Canada than are their American counterparts. This is another way of saying that Canadian Mennonites are less sectarian.

In Canada Mennonites regularly run for office at the federal level and occasionally have become members of parliament. On the provincial level numerous Mennonites have been elected and a number have become cabinet ministers. Senior positions in the civil service and government bureaucracies include Mennonites in a great variety of offices.

Mennonite Central Committee Canada receives multi-million dollar grants from the Canadian International Development Agency annually. This is Canada's foreign aid agency. Government grants assist in funding Conrad Grebel College, as well as a number of the Mennonite secondary schools. Government funding supports Mennonite historical research and archives, Mennonite authors and artists.

The Mennonites are benefactors of government largesse and, in turn, experience a considerable degree of commonality with the Canadian political culture. This is, of course, greatly assisted by the fact that Canada is not a world power, but is at most a middle power with a rather minimal military role and a relatively restrained military budget. Much of Canadian military policy is defined as peacekeeping. Mennonites in Canada, accordingly, do not feel the need to challenge Canadian military policy as much as do American Mennonites.

Canadian Mennonites are active in all levels of Canadian education, including many professors and some senior administrators in Canada's public universities.

Canadian Mennonite musicians and choirs are well known. In recent years Mennonite authors have gained special notoriety as a new Mennonite writer seems to emerge on the national scene each year. This productivity in the arts is hard to explain and we wonder why, if indeed it is the case, Canadian Menno-

nites seem more active here than are the American Mennonites. Perhaps this contrast is more apparent than real. While Canadian writers get subsidies from government sources to publish their work, such subsidies are rare in the U.S. Besides, Canadian Mennonite writers swim in a comparatively small pond and have much greater access to national media such as the CBC. Nevertheless, these differences are in themselves important. (Besides, few of these writers in Canada come from Ontario. Most are of Russian origin living on the prairies. Why?)

7. Although Canadian Mennonites are politically and culturally active, they are rather middle of the road. This, too, is typically Canadian. The Moral Majority, for example, sought to gain a hearing in Canada through an organization called Heritage Canada. Even Canadian fundamentalists could not get excited! Heritage Canada lacked a unifying cause. They couldn't appeal to a Christian Canada or a Canadian way of life or to the supposed intentions of Canada's founding fathers. Similarly, Christian television in Canada very consciously tries to avoid financial hucksterism and personality cults. Canadians are just too conservative to accept such extremism.

Canada has a socialist party—the NDP—as well as a more right-wing party—the Social Credit Party. Mennonites are involved in each, and in some new splinter parties, as well as the two dominant parties—the Progressive Conservative and the Liberal. Yet we do not have major ideological differences; indeed, most Mennonites in Canada are fairly centrist and waffle between voting for one or the other major parties federally and, perhaps, one of the smaller parties provincially.

This same mood and spirit is true theologically. Canadian Mennonites tend to be conservative, on average, rather than particularly liberal or fundamentalist. To be sure, British Columbia embraces a larger number of more fundamentalistic Mennonites, influenced, we tend to assume, by California. In fact

B.C. is the most polarized province in terms of politics as well as religion. Canadian Mennonite Bible College and Mennonite Brethren College both have been very influential in shaping Canadian Mennonite theology and typify this middle-of-the-road orientation. In another example, The Conference of Mennonites in Canada (which now includes the Mennonite Church constituency in Ontario as associate members) is considering joining both the Canadian Council of Churches and the Evangelical Fellowship of Canada. Obviously we feel relatively comfortable somewhere between these two Christian communities.

This might also mean that Canadian Mennonites are a little bland and boring. Maybe so! But then where do all the artists fit in? They may be challenging this middle-of-the-road greyness of Canadian Mennonites, or perhaps are gaining their creative juices by living on the margins of the Mennonite community.

8. Canadian Mennonites were slower in establishing denominational structures but have recently come along strong. American Mennonites moved more quickly to establish conferences, colleges and seminaries. As a result the headquarters of all the major Mennonite international conferences, seminaries and relief agencies are located in the U.S.

Canadian Mennonites have moved more slowly in a number of areas. The language transition from German to English occurred for the most part only some 30 years ago. The shift from a lay to a trained professional ministry and from exclusively clerical to mixed lay and ordained church councils and conference structures occurred only after World War II as well.

No Canadian Mennonite college was established until the 1940s when two Bible colleges opened in Winnipeg. Not until after World War II did significant numbers of Canadian Mennonites even consider post-secondary education. To this day more American Mennonites, I suspect, have gone to college than Canadian Mennonites. Only in the last decades have the Swiss Mennonites in Ontario pursued higher education in sig-



FQ Cheryl Benier

nificant numbers.

Canada has no Mennonite seminary. The assumption is that Canadians should go to the U.S. for seminary studies. Recently more Canadian Mennonites have been attending non-Mennonite seminaries in Canada and some partially Mennonite seminary programs are becoming available in Canada.

The international conferences and MCC offices are all stateside. Canadian Mennonites are taught that the center of Mennonite church life is in Akron, Pennsylvania, Elkhart, Indiana, Newton and Hillsboro, Kansas; that is, in small-town U.S.A.

Canadian structures have developed more recently, but are strong. Today there are more Mennonite Brethren in Canada than in the U.S. The Canadian sector of the General Conference Mennonite Church is gradually gaining on the American, with the result that 5/12 of the GC membership is now in Canada. These Canadians are increasingly loath to look southward but rather look east and west. One result has been the establishment of MCC Canada, which cooperates with very strong provincial MCCs in local and national projects. Most international agenda is still processed through MCC, Akron. Some Canadian Mennonites would agree, however, that more international programs should move out directly from Canada, rather than needing to be channelled through the U.S.

There are multiple reasons for this

belatedness in Canadian institution-building. In part it is Canadian conservatism; more importantly it is probably Canadian immigration patterns. The leadership for many Canadian projects came from the 1920s immigrants from Russia, but their full impact was not felt until after World War II. Besides, it was only with these more recent immigrations that Canadian Mennonite population grew large enough to move projects from vision to reality.

9. Canadian Mennonites are developing a stronger self-conscious identity as Canadians. This results in conscious differentiation from American Mennonites and sometimes impatience with the unrecognized Americanism of American Mennonites. Canadian Mennonites do not argue that American Mennonites should not be American. What they are frustrated by is the assumption that Canadian Mennonites are nationalistic when American Mennonites are internationalistic. It is, of course, very easy for the agenda of world powers to be confused with internationalism. This can also be true for international Mennonite institutions—conferences, MCC and the seminaries—all of which are headquartered in the land of the world power.

Elkhart and Newton, for example, find themselves responding repeatedly to issues emanating from Washington. But what about Ottawa? Conference leaders interact with church leaders from other American denominations, but what about the Canadian denominations? Sem-

inary courses reflect upon and respond to issues in the U.S., but what about those in Canada? What did professors at a Mennonite seminary in Elkhart have to say to the free-trade debate? What are the ethical issues involved? When Canadian church leaders discuss theological education in Canada, where are the Mennonites? A seminary located in Elkhart, Indiana, can't be expected to keep up with a changing Canadian situation. Yet Canadian Mennonites are called to minister in Canada, not the U.S. The Canadian agenda is the Canadian Mennonite agenda. And the Canadian agenda, even as the Canadian situation, is not the same as the American agenda and the American situation.

Missiologists explain that in each culture the Christian faith must speak to that culture's uniqueness and specificity. Canadian Mennonites are increasingly realizing that they must learn to minister to Canada in its particularities and peculiarities. This means working ecumenically with other Canadian denominations. It means speaking to Canadian issues in a Canadian style. It means working with Canadian theological educators. It may also mean that Canadian Mennonite ministers should have at least some of their theological education in Canada.

10. Canadian Mennonites are ultimately no different than American Mennonites. No Mennonites dare confuse their unique agenda with the world's agenda. Canadian Mennonites, at their best, seek to be world citizens rather than narrowly Canadian.

Canadian Mennonites too often fail to recognize the beam in their own eyes while gleefully pointing out the specks elsewhere, especially in the U.S. As Canadian Mennonites become more self-conscious of their unique setting and, by extension, unique ministry, Canadian Mennonites would encourage American Mennonites to become self-conscious of *their* unique identity.

Some of this is happening. A U.S. assembly within the General Conference Mennonite Church now deals with uniquely American agenda that formerly

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PQ/Kenneth Pellman

Using Liturgical Dance in Mennonite Worship

by Anne Sigler



James Roring

It all began one October evening in 1972 while a small group of adults from Reba Place Fellowship were on retreat, enjoying our time sharing stories and singing songs. One woman, who had danced professionally prior to becoming a member, was asked by our elder if she might lead us in some simple dance. The fullness of the moment seemed best expressed with our whole beings. It was a time of joy, celebration, and praise—a time of worship. From that experience the idea was born to include dance in our Thanksgiving evening service. The response was mixed but favorable enough to establish a tradition in subsequent years.

It wasn't until late 1975 that dance appeared in one of our formal worship services. In retrospect I see that its slow beginnings were most helpful to its overall acceptance. Our congregation was predominantly Mennonite with little or no previous exposure to dance. To view or participate in the style of dance we brought to these occasional celebrations helped, I believe, to break down some of the negative connotations. So, by the time an interpretive dance was shared during a communion service, most of the members had become more comfortable with dance simply because it was becoming a more familiar occurrence.

Mostly we employed a dance style based on traditional ethnic folk dance steps. However, since my own background involved more classical training, we used a more modern/ballet style as well. Over the years our choreography was influenced by our study of a variety of techniques. The dances have been done by adults who work together regularly much like a church choir, by children and teens of all ages, and by the whole congregation. Some of the dances have been as simple as moving only our arms and hands. These are particularly useful in places of worship that don't have adequate space for members to join in circle dances, for instance. We began incorporating some sign language in these hand dances when a family with a deaf child joined us.

Dance has been used in Sunday morning services as a call to worship, as praise and thanksgiving, as prayer, and to teach as part or all of a dramatic presentation. For many years the junior high students have led a dance with palm fronds to open our Palm Sunday service, while the high school students have helped us prepare for Christmas by beginning each Sunday of Advent with a candle dance. Since this Advent dance is part of lighting the candles of the Advent wreath, one verse to "O Come, O Come Emmanuel" is added each week to correlate

with the number of candles being lit.

In the past few weeks, I've been reflecting on the miracle of the incarnation. God came to dwell among us that we might know God. God chose not to appear full grown but to participate in the experience of birth common to us all—a fully embodied experience. Yet, how many of us choose to live fully embodied lives? Instead, we often tend to approach life as disembodied intellects, and this is usually reflected in our worship. If we are the Body of Christ, why don't our bodies feel welcome in our services?

I'm not suggesting an attitude that worships the body. In fact, it's my contention that a primary contributor to our feelings of discomfort with our bodies is the widespread marketing of an unrealistic concept of the ideal body. What I am suggesting is allowing our whole selves to participate in worship.

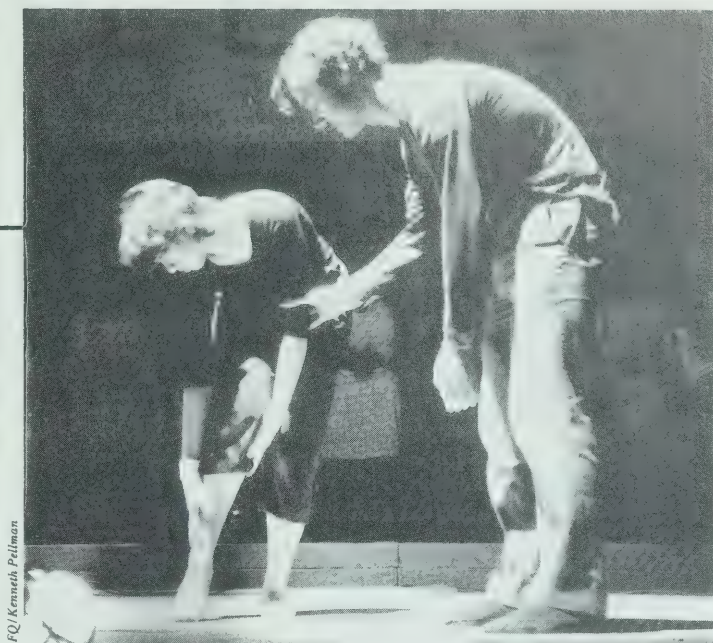
We often gesture when we talk with one another. Why should our communication with God cut off this normal avenue of expression? Try being aware of your body the next time you're engaged in personal prayer. What does it want to do? If you were having the same conversation with a visible friend in the room might there be some accompanying gestures? How would your gestures change with different forms of prayer? What about those prayers in which you aren't sure what words to use? You may want to invite the Spirit to pray through your body. Or, play music that you find particularly inspiring and allow your body to respond by way of gratitude.

If there are words, you may want to try to enact them. Begin where you feel most comfortable moving. For most people this is the hands. But you might want to play with moving other isolated body parts, such as wiggling your toes or moving your shoulders. Learning to enjoy movement exploration with God is a wonderful way to discover God's playful nature and can encourage our feelings of embodiment.

How do we translate this to our Body life worship? What if some members don't want dance? What if the leadership doesn't? Obviously, a congregation can't move beyond its leadership. Indeed, there may be some congregations as a whole who have no interest in this form of worship. But my experience in leading liturgical dance workshops tells me there's a strong interest among Mennonites of all ages. I am also aware of several Mennonite congregations that already include dance in their services.

Since congregations are made up of individuals, I don't see how it's possible to be in full agreement about what composes a meaningful worship service. And, since individuals are in a constant state of change, what is meaningful one week may not necessarily be so the next. In other words, I don't think it's possible to meet all of the people all of the time. Therefore, is it possible to give one another permission to explore areas of worship that seem right to individuals and still experience a sense of unity? I maintain that it is.

I mentioned my dance training earlier. One might assume correctly, then, that I did not grow up Mennonite. In fact, I



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never heard of Mennonites until I moved to Reba Place. Even though I hadn't danced professionally, I can remember a time of conscious realization that being Christian meant giving up any hopes of dance as a part of my future. When this turned out not to be the case, I could only marvel at God's wonderful gift of redemption. I know I have danced more in the Church than I ever would have outside of it. So, I have to wonder how many others may have a gift of dance just waiting to be encouraged.

When I speak of this gift I am not necessarily referring to one who has technical training. I think that training can be valuable just as for any of the arts but, unless the dance comes from inside, technique alone will not aid others in worship. I have witnessed finely executed movement that has left me cold, and I have been deeply moved by the dance of people with no training. The difference seems to be primarily reflected in the face—whether or not it appears alive to what the body is expressing. I believe that a similar comparison might be made with the musician.

In fact, music and dance are so closely linked that it seems natural to me that we are encouraged in the Psalms to praise God in the dance. Praising God in song is certainly not foreign to Mennonites. My friend, Marcia, who studied music with Mary Oyer at Goshen College several years ago, grew up in a non-dance environment. Yet, I have remarked to both of these women that when they direct music I experience it as a dance because they so fully embody the music. And, I can remember my reactions at the first Mennonite conference I attended when this whole auditorium of voices broke out in rich, four-part harmony.

Such singing reflects to me a deep gratitude and appreciation of music, a music that is produced by physiological mechanisms—our bodies. So, again I wonder. What might happen if these same folks kicked off their shoes and joined hands to move a little in four-part harmony? I think it might make a most glorious dance!

Anne Sigler is an affiliate member of Reba Place Church in Evanston, Illinois, and directed the congregation's dance ministry from 1975 to 1987. She is currently studying theology and the arts at Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California.



REFLECTIONS OF AN

by David Graybill

On May 5, 1939, four months before Hitler's invasion of Poland, a midwife in the mountains of Puerto Rico delivered the first child of Mariano and Maria Green de Ortiz. Because the midwife only went to town a few times a month, José's birth was not reported until two weeks later. In order to avoid a fine for the delay, the midwife reported the date of birth as May 15 — the date that still appears on José's driver's license and passport.

The area in which the nine Ortiz children grew up was known as Coamo Arriba, an unincorporated village up river from the town of Coamo. There were no paved roads in the village. Instead, the houses were connected by a network of paths.

José's father was a farmer who raised corn, beans, oranges, tobacco and lemons. He was a loyal supporter of the Partido Popular, or People's Party, one of Puerto Rico's three main political groups. Though Mariano had not finished high school, José describes him as an articulate man who loved to discuss politics and the Bible.

According to José, his mother was more reserved. Six years older than her husband, Maria devoted herself to her children and the women of the community.

Her unusual family name — Green — was and remains a source of mystery. An uncle of José's speculates that it came from the marriage of an English sailor and a Puerto Rican woman in the distant past.

The members of the Ortiz family were "very close to each other and very close to nature," José recalls. "I felt my father and mother were such loving people. We felt secure, we felt protected."

Happy though his early years were, José felt an urge to discover the world beyond Coamo Arriba. He remembers learning to read at about the time that Mao Tse-tung was coming to power and seeing the headline "*Guerra en China*" (*War in China*). José became a voracious reader of newspapers, textbooks and comic books — "whatever I could get ahold of." He read and re-read the few books available at home, including a book of Greek mythology and a home

Because his family was poor, José did not feel at home in the local Catholic church. But the Mennonites he met reached across class barriers.

medical guide.

Because the local elementary school was an hour's walk from home, José's father kept him out of school until he was seven — a year older than many of his classmates. As the oldest child in the family, José had no brothers or sisters to take care of him, and Mariano wanted to make sure that his son could avoid the bulls that roamed a field between the house and the school.

José more than made up for the lost time. He skipped fifth grade and completed junior high school in two years, delighting his father, who wanted him to become a teacher.

When José entered junior high, he moved to the home of an uncle in another village. He commuted to his parents' house on weekends, walking two or three hours each way.

"I was ready to leave home," José says. "I wouldn't be happy staying in one place. I enjoy forming new relationships, learning to know new communities."

On the other hand, José admits that dividing his time between two places had a price. Junior high "is the time when you're forming networks," he points out. What he gained in breadth of friendships he lost in depth, he says.

During his last few years of elementary school, José became acquainted with an unlikely group of people — Mennonite mission workers from the U.S. mainland who had come to Puerto Rico to establish clinics, agriculture programs and churches. Because his family was poor, José did not feel at home in the local Catholic church. The mass, in those days before Vatican II, was in a foreign language. The priest kept company with the rich people. He drove a black Lincoln Continental with a dog in the back seat and refused to give rides to the people he passed along the road.

The Mennonites José met were different — friendly, unassuming and willing to reach across boundaries of class and culture. "If Mennonites came by in a jeep, they would pick you up," he recalls. "They could always fit in one more."

José attended summer Bible school classes sponsored by the Mennonites. "Around 1950" he began attending Sunday and Wednesday night services at the Mennonite church of Smirna de Coamo Arriba, a half hour's walk from home. But, José says, it was the Mennonite summer camp programs that left the most lasting impression on him. One of those sessions, when he was 13 years old, changed the course of his life.

HISPANIC MENNONITE

by José Ortíz

My walk of faith began in the summer of 1952 when I responded to a simple chalk talk. Surrounded by 70 young campers at a YMCA camp at El Yunque, I heard a speaker talk about the narrow gate that leads to eternal life and the wide gate that leads to life without God (Matthew 7:13). Each person needs to decide which doorway to enter, the speaker said. I responded by raising my hand and accepting Jesus as savior.

I had been reached by the transcendent God. With my head down, I walked

Conversion for José was an overpowering, liberating event.

to my cabin, stopping on the way at a light pole, which I circled several times.

I have not felt the same feeling again, not even when I got married or was ordained as a minister. Conversion as I experienced it is an overpowering event in which the new self is freed from time and space. Yet, paradoxically, that self must abide within a body of flesh and bones that is subject to temptation. Grace enables us both to start our journey of faith and to continue it when we fail.

It took me four days to share my feelings with my father, not because I doubted my decision but because I respected him and was afraid that he would disapprove. Also, I wanted him to know that I had made up my mind and was not simply caught up in the enthusiasm of the moment.

I was the first in my family to join an evangelical group. Like many people in

Puerto Rico, our family upheld the Roman Catholic faith in a nominal way. When one of my brothers was seriously ill as an infant, the priest came on horseback, through heavy rains, and baptized him. In after-school sessions, I learned the basics of preparation for first communion, though I never participated in the mass. Because of the Latin language and the large crowds, I stayed on the fringes when the priest came to our community, though I admired the liturgy, images and impressive buildings of the church.

As a non-practicing Catholic, I had known little of the biblical story. Now, as a new believer, I immersed myself in the New Testament. Luke's gospel and the chronicles of Acts were so crispy, so fresh. The poetry of John was a delicacy, the Jewish symbolism of Matthew hard to stomach. Paul's letters were colored with adventure, while Revelation gave the impression that it was for adult readers only.

I wish I could recapture that excitement about the Word of God again. Now I have built an alarm system that alerts me to Greek ideas, Hebrew images and gnostic influences and sees how the Word has been interpreted through the eyes of various church traditions. Useful as these skills are, however, there is a time to simply say, "I believe; the scriptures can be trusted."

For me, that evening at El Yunque is an experience to be remembered and shared, just as Kunta Kinte in *Roots* told his children of those events carved forever in his memory. I have often taken my family to visit El Yunque. While my children enjoy the river, I look at the cabins and meeting hall, find the pole I circled, and let my mind replay that event more than 30 years ago. When the boys come back, I tell them, "This is the place where I decided to become a Christian."



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Relatives

by Levi Miller

The milking had warmed me, and I felt fresh and alive as I walked to the house. The sun felt warm on my back. *Ja*, today would be a good day to go fishing. I promised the Yoder boys I would take them today so we wanted some warmth and a breeze. A few clouds might help, but mainly we wanted sun and fresh air.

Bounce greeted me on the bare dirt patch along the side of the front porch. He kept this spot hard and clean by whacking the ground with his little tail like the flapping of a rubber band motor.

Ah, my wild dog, *wie gehts* this morning? Where were you last night? Off to some party or did you have some bitch by yourself on the back forty? Or were you up in Wooster seeing some of those English girls? I reached down to pat the terrier-hound and he licked my hand, the water dripping from the hinges of his mouth.

Inside I smelled the fresh coffee. *Die Memm* was at the stove heating some chicken for the noon dinner and Ben was at the kitchen sink splashing his face with the cold water. Standing behind my father, I could see his thin hair come over the back of his collar. But when he bent down over the bowl, I could see his white neck. Ben shook his head and snorted like a pig in a trough.

"He's still not up." He said it with water sloshing through his mouth.

"Came in late," I said.

"*Ja*, way late, clammered around the door and woke us all." Some more splashes of water. "And then he went down to the cellar. He was drunk. *Ja*, went down to the basement and was looking for the dandelion wine. *Litterlich*, I say, *litterlich*."

My father continued: "Can you imagine, after he was out drinking all night, he comes home and wants to drink our dandelion wine." My father was now drying his face, but he was still blowing and snorting.

"*Ja*, I don't know why he does these things," I said. "Seems he's not in control of himself."

"*Vell*, I told him to get out of there and stop stealing."

"You can't be a thief in your own house, can you?" I said.

"*Ja vell*, this isn't his house anymore. He has left us and he's just like an outsider. You can only have one home, and he has

another one now."

"Are you sure he has another home?" I tried to cool him down, but it didn't do any good.

"You bet he does, or if not, he can find one pretty fast. Judas River, anyway he's *litterlich*—getting into the Army and then coming home here and not working and now getting drunk and stealing our wine." Ben sat down and pulled up his chair in a loud, hard, scraping noise. "And after all the money we have given him."

"Mary, is the coffee hot? Bring it over here. Leona, where are you? Benny, come over here beside me. John, sit down. Sit down." He looked closer at Benny, his youngest son who carried his name. "Now you aren't washed. Now get over to the spigot and get that manure off your hands."

We sat down to the breakfast and the sunlight came in the window, but now it all seemed dark to me. I, who had felt good about the morning, now felt terrible. My father jerked his hand to his chin the way he always did when he was nervous or mad. How he hated Roy. It was like a cloud of bad gas. I kept my mouth shut during the rest of the breakfast, and then I went up to my room.

It was a mess. Clothes were all over the floor and shoes and socks spread around the room. This was always the way the room looked when Roy came home. He threw everything around. Roy was lying on his back in the middle of the bed with only a pair of shorts on. His long ducktail hair hung down over the one ear like a fender skirt.

"What's the old man growling about?"

"Says you were after his wine last night."

"What does it matter? A little wine is good for you. Why else do we have it there?"

"*Vell*, he didn't put it there for you." Now I was on my father's side. "Anyway, you should have asked him for it."

"Asking that stubborn mule for something is like asking a stone for water. You know how tight he is. You'll never see anything coming out of him. Why, he's so tight he'd plant corn on the lane to get more money. You'd better believe it."

I started to pick up his socks and hung his pants on a hook. "*Ja vell*, that's why we have money and a farm," I said. "You

have to save sometimes.”

“Who cares about a farm when you don’t enjoy it? What is money but a way of getting enjoyment? That’s what these people have never learned, how to enjoy themselves. But that’s what you need. What is life, but a chance to be happy.”

“*Ja vell*, we do enjoy it here. We enjoy animals, the land, and a quiet and peaceful life. That’s why we save and have some money.”

“Shoot, the wine was there to drink so why not drink it? Who will ever miss it? I haven’t had dandelion for a long time.” That was his last point, and he jumped out of bed.

His voice changed to a friendly tone when he asked me: “What are you up to today?”

“I’ll go fishing with the Yoders. Some of the boys are going swimming.”

“Maybe I’ll drop over by later in the afternoon,” he said, and I thought of how nice my brother could be.

My younger brother John and I walked over to the Yoders, and we all went fishing over at Mony Hershberger’s pond. John was actually just two years younger than I was, but I was closer to Leona and in some ways to the little nephews than to John. I think John kept a little distance just to make sure we weren’t the same. Roy was 22, I was 18, Leona 17 and John 16 and Benny was 11.

I also had three older married sisters: Martha 32, May 29 and Esther 25. Martha married Chris and they had three little ones who were about 10 to 12 and little Samuel who wasn’t in school yet. I could never keep their ages straight.

Anyway, our young nephews were as excited as spring pullets about the fishing. We walked the several miles to Hershbergers, and they were talking a blue streak about the big bass that got away from Aden last week and about the duck that the *Buwe* had killed in the drive. Aden got a spinning rod for his twelfth birthday and had caught one big largemouth with it, about 15 inches. Then last week he had reeled in another even bigger one, but just as he had the net out to scoop it in, it got away. John winked at me as they went over it for the fifteenth time, but I just listened. I was always a sucker for people to tell me things like that.

Anyway, I was more interested in what they had to say about those guys who had killed one of their projects. I didn’t tell them I had hit one of them, and they sounded just like their father in how bad the *Buwe* were in staying out till way late, then killing one of their ducks and wounding a few more.

Aden and I cast with the spinning rods while Raymond and Matthew fished with worms and poles for bluegills, and John soon headed for the swimming hole at the other end of the pond. Matthew all at once looked over to me and said, “Wayne, do you think Daniel will ever come home again?”

“I hope so.”

“I’d like to go up there again.”

“Why didn’t you go with your mom and dad?” I asked.

“They didn’t want us along. Said we could go later again. I

had never seen anything like that.”

“What the whips and the chicken fence?” asked Raymond.

“That and a man like Daniel.” Matthew moved his pole to another part of the water. “What makes a man go crazy?”

“They say he was always a little strange,” I said.

“*Ja*, but not like that,” said Matthew. “He used to be good friends with Dad and they say he was just regular then.” He lifted his pole and hook all the way out of the water and turned to me.

“Do you think it could happen to Dad? It’s his family. Maybe Dad will get it, and then one of us will go crazy too. We already have one who isn’t quite all there.”

Aden started talking pretty serious now. “No, you don’t get it from family breeding. You get it from the way you live.”

“I know, but his side of the family has a lot more of those things,” said Matthew. “Remember when Ezra hung himself, and everybody knows that Elizabeth is crazy.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about.” Aden talked some more, “Daniel’s only related by marriage so he isn’t really related. And Elizabeth isn’t crazy; she’s just nervous, like an Ayrshire.”

“But I feel it sometimes,” continued Matthew. “I could go crazy.”

“Only if you just think about it all the time. That’s what *die Memm* says.”

“But how do I keep from it?”

“Just don’t do it.”

“But your mind isn’t like that. It doesn’t always do what you want it to do.”

“Yes, you can,” continued Aden. “Usually you can if you try. Think about fishing.”

Raymond helped out then by changing the subject. “I’ve got a nibble again,” he said as his bobber began jumping up and down. These talks about Daniel always got my nephews going. Martha and Chris had gone up to Massillon to see their friend Daniel who had lost his mind.

Daniel had been engaged to Chris’s cousin Elizabeth, but the marriage had been broken off the last night before the wedding. It wasn’t because of anything bad or dangerous Daniel had done, but because the people said he was getting stranger than a loon.

He used to play guitar and sing a lot with Chris when they were younger and they were good friends, but then he put away the music, and seemed to have a world all by himself inside of him. Two days before the wedding he just walked around the woods all day while the rest of the men were chopping wood.

Anyway, Matthew wanted to stay on the subject and he turned to me. “Wayne, how do you know if you’re going crazy?”

I didn’t want to say anything right away. “*Ja*, Wayne,” said Aden. “You knew Daniel too. How do we know if we’re going to become like him?”

“*Vell*, I think people usually don’t know about it if they’re going crazy. If you ask about it, you’re all right.” But that

wasn't quite right either, and I knew that that wouldn't satisfy them either, so I said, "I've felt like I was going crazy too."

"Really, you did!" several of them said it.

"Ja, one time in my last year at school I had a problem of thinking, and my head felt like it was going to divide. It started with just a little thing with Smith. Vell, I think now it was little—it wasn't then. I thought Smith was so against me because I couldn't play on the pony league team that spring and he was the coach. I imagined playing and running away from home and all kinds of things and woke up at night and couldn't sleep. I thought sure I was going nuts."

"What did you do?"

"I went out and worked. It was spring and I worked in the fields, and did it as hard as I could. Ja, I plowed two acres a day for five days and missed a whole week of school. By the time you sweat and see what you have done in a day and then a week, you feel better and everything looks different."

I looked out across the blue pond and saw the fields on the other side. "The dirt would roll over and I kicked it with my toes. I talked to the horses and we got tired together. 'Ja, Bob and Bill, we can finish this field today,' I said."

Aden interrupted me, "I can see how Grandpa was happy with you for that."

I cast my line and kept on. "Happy as a lark and I was too. In the evening I was as tired as the horses. It was as if the bad thoughts were dripping out of my skin and laying out on the field. I'm not saying everything got better right then, but it was a start. I could see that Smith wasn't against me, but he just wanted to have a good team. I could see why Ben couldn't just let me join a baseball team like that. I saw there were other things in life besides baseball and Smith. I began to see the whole picture."

The boys were quiet. I think they were a little surprised by what I told them. Finally Aden turned over to Matthew, "So you see what I told you. It isn't in the breeding and you can do something about it."

Vell, we kept on fishing and talking like that till we heard the glasspacks. We all looked over at the road, and there was the blue and white '55 Chevy with fender skirts and a coon tail swinging from the aerial. The Buwe shouted "Under!" and the car pulled up the little drive to the pond.

Quite a spiffy car Roy had. It was fixed up so that the front end pointed up in the sky and the back was down low, almost touching the ground. The car really looked streamlined with an airplane bird ornament on the hood.

That was it for fishing and going crazy for the boys. They wanted to see Roy, and we headed over to the diving board to see what was up.

The motor kind of up-chucked in an important way as the car slowed down. Through the open windows I could hear Gentleman Jim Reeves sing a song about love life in the West. Roy shifted down to low and came right up on the spillway of the pond. When he came behind the diving board, he gave it a

final roar so that when he went off the gas, it popped like a row of firecrackers on the Fourth of July. Finally it toned down to a soft purr. Roy shut off the motor, but he kept the switch on and Gentleman Jim's music kept on coming.

"Har Buwe."

Everybody just kind of nodded and then Joni, one of the Hersberger boys, said, "What brings you to these parts?"

"Are you really Roy?" asked another one.

"Who else did you think I was?" Roy answered.

"Vell, your hair are really cut different."

"Ducktail, that's what we all have now."

We just shrugged our shoulders.

"That's right, a duckass, latest style, and you'd better believe it."

Some laughed and others were putting their shorts on as Roy explained about the latest hairstyles. Judas, I'd heard this haircut story a hundred times, but we all listened closely. Roy was interesting, we all thought, and still I wasn't sure about him either. For the rest he was just an Amish boy who had gone wild, but for me he was my brother who caused much pain to the family.

He had left home when he was 18 and enlisted in the Army. He had a short strong body of muscle and bone on top of which he carried a small head with a short bull neck. He was strong and *litterlich*, and we were amazed at his strength and recklessness. I think the Buwe admired him for his backbone to get out of here and see the world. At the same time we pitied him for his lostness. He had a scar a little above his cheek that made him look especially old and tired, even if he was only 22. With his short neck, he looked a little like a young Hereford bull who had a good body, but had too many scars for his age. So he looked older than he really was.

There were all kinds of stories going around about Roy's strength, his women and his troubles. Nobody could do so much or so little. I should have known more about him because he was my brother, but I didn't. Sometimes—like now—he didn't even seem like my brother. He might as well have been some *Englischer*.

Anyway, he always looked for the Buwe when he came back on furlough. Most of the men his own age were getting married and having their own families. I even heard that Roy had a wife and child, but we never talked about it. But Judas, to me he was still a wild young boy and, anyway, wherever the Buwe were, Roy would soon find them. Then he'd tell them about his latest adventures with the Army or the cops—the fuzz—the way he called them.

"Har Rotznees. Hi snot-noses," he greeted the Yoder boys when he picked out his little nephews. "Are you catching any bullfrogs or minnows?"

"Bluegills and bass," they answered softly, a little afraid. But I could see that they also admired their uncle who came from strange countries and places. I felt like a pile of manure because I'd never been any place but Wooster and the Cleveland Zoo, and I wanted my nephews to admire me too.



"That's minnows. You should see the marlin I've been catching down off the coast of Florida."

"Big, eh?"

"You better believe it. I've caught them at over 12 feet and 1,000 pounds. Big fish. Nothing to play with. Why some of those fish have come right through a boat with their long sharp noses." He threw a stone into the little pond. "Why, this isn't even fishing compared with what you can catch down there on the coast. You'd better believe it."

"Do a lot of fishing?"

"Every other weekend and sometimes in between. There's plenty of time to fish. See you guys think that all we do is march around all day and polish our guns, but we have a lot of things going on and time off. *Ja*, I'm off to the coast every other weekend, you'd better believe it."

I could have thrown up. *Ja*, Roy, tell us about your fishing, about your fast car and about your strength. Tell us how everything is better wherever you are out in the world and how you've been all over the place.

The boys were all standing around with their mouths hanging open and waiting for more, like stupid little robins waiting for worms.

"Are you stationed down in Florida now?" asked Aden.

"*Ja*, I'm down there at Cape Canaveral now since I'm hooked up with the Air Force." He made it sound as if it were as simple to move from one service to another as it is to cross the county line. "Got a two-month leave so I'm taking it easy."

"See, with the Russians sending up a Sputnik in '57, we can't just sit back and let them get ahead of us in space. That's the key to this country, the key to the future—space. You just listen to me. I'll betcha in 10 years we'll be flying around in space capsules, and soon we'll visit the moon or the other planets. That's one thing I'll say for Kennedy; he knows the future is with space."

"*Ja vell*, who's so interested in the moon anyway?" This was Simon, one of Gravey Ben's boys.

"I don't expect you to understand all these things. I had no idea what was going on in the world either until I left this hollow. But it's the truth, by gum, and you'd better believe it."

He got out some glossy pictures of the different rockets and showed them to us, naming each one like he had given them the names himself.

"That one is the Redstone rocket that I saw take off last month. You've never seen anything like the spitting, the sparks and the fire of that animal, vicious but smooth as can be in the air. You could hear her from five miles away, and you'd better believe it."

It sounded like a dragon to me. I looked over the faces of the *Buwe*. They were just waiting for more of this rocket and Air Force and fishing talk. They really went for his baloney. This time it was about rockets. The last time he was in Korea, and he told us about how the Koreans eat raw fish and how they're still jumping and flipping their tails when they put the

fish in their mouths.

Ja, we found out all about small houses with paper-thin walls and chopsticks, and I knew the boys were waiting for the cop stories. He would tell us about his chases with the cops and how he ran around the roadblocks. If Roy's stories were true or just made up, I really don't know. They were probably a little of both, and for the *Buwe*, it really didn't matter. They liked and feared him. He had a car and went places.

He looked over at me after a while and said, "Come on, Wayne, bring those little ones. I'll take you home; you're not catching anything, and I want to stop in and see Martha and the old man."

We hopped in the car. The little boys and John jumped in the back seat and felt honored by the invitation. How many boys had a relative who had seen rockets shoot off in space and had such a powerful car?

"Come on, Roy, make'm fly." The *Buwe* outside called to him as the doors slammed shut.

Roy put the gas all the way down on the floor, several times in a kind of yes signal. He put the car in low and looked over at the *Buwe* as if he were an airplane pilot waiting for the take-off signal. One of the Hershbergers flipped up his middle finger and that was all we needed. The clutch came flying out, the gas went straight down on the floorboard and the car jerked forward throwing stones and dust into the pond and onto the field. A cloud of dust floated behind us, and we roared up the main road. When the car came to the blacktop, the back tires gave a sharp squeal, and we squealed again when he shifted into second gear. Like I said, it was a pretty spiffy car.

"How do you like that power?" Roy looked over at me.

"Pretty good," I grunted. The three nephews were all sitting at the front edge of the back seat, clutching our seat and taking it all in. John sat up too, but he once told me he thought Roy was a rearend, and I think he still believed it.

In the next valley we came to a buggy moving along slowly and hanging to one side slightly. I could tell from the horse that it was Gravey Ben, our bishop. Roy tooted the horn loudly and the buggy moved to the side.

"There should be a law against those things, to keep them off the road," Roy snorted. "You'd better believe it. Nowhere else in this country do you have the natives going around with these hazards."

None of us said a word. The Yoder boys only looked straight ahead and I looked back at Gravey and caught a glimpse of his face. I knew it wasn't right, and I thought of just this morning when Toots Hacker had passed me in the buggy. Gravey's eyes didn't look up at all. *Ja*, the world is bad, Gravey. Here we go. Take a look.

"Are Martha and the old man around home today?" asked Roy.

"No."

"Where are they?"

"They went to Massillon to see Daniel."

"The crazy."

"Ja."

"If that guy would have had any sense at all he would have left here a long time ago, and he'd be alright. But he stayed here too long and where is he now? In the nuthouse, where else. Do you see what I mean? He hung around too long and you'd better believe it."

"Ja."

"That's what happens when you've got something and you only stay here in the sticks."

"Ja."

"So you little peewees remember that when you grow up." Roy stepped on the gas and the trees flew past us like ninety. We went through the woods where the tree branches came out and covered the road so that it's like you're going through a long covered bridge. It was my favorite place to drive with Flecha, but now it was gone so quickly it might as well not have been there.

"How about you?" He was talking to me.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. When are you going to get out of this place?"

"Why do I have to?" Actually I sometimes wanted to, but I wanted to disagree with him when he talked like this. "There are others in the nuthouse. Only Daniel is from around here."

"You still going regular with that Hostetler girl?"

"Ja."

"Ja vell, that explains it all. You'll never see anything as long as you're tied to a woman's cap strings. You'll never even know what else is happening. Vegetables don't know there's life outside the garden, unless someone cuts them off and throws them out or eats them. That's right and you'd better believe it."

Roy looked right at me and said, "You ought to get out, still. You should see some other parts of the world. You're smart and you get along with people. Really, if it weren't for that woman, you could leave and try something else." I really think he was trying to be nice, and I wanted to answer him to say that I had been thinking of the same thing, but then Aden jumped in.

"Did you hear how the *Buwe* hit one of the drakes again last night?" he asked.

"Ja, I was a part of it," I said.

The boys laughed. "It was really something. Boy, was Dad mad. He had to get up and help butcher the drake. So you were a part of it." They laughed some more. "He said that as far as he's concerned, the *Buwe* should have hit the whole *kitenkabutal* and stuck the feathers up their rearends."

"Ja, but the real thing was that he didn't want to get up early in the morning and dress them," said Raymond.

"The problem is with the buggies," said Roy. "If you would use cars you could toot your horn and scare the crap out of them. That would clear the lane."

Just then we came to the Yoder place near Holmesburg and there were the ducks. Roy tooted his horn and now he added a little musical tune at the end of it. The glasspack mufflers popped and cracked, the horn tooted some more and the ducks hissed and waddled off the driveway.

Levi Miller, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, is program director at Laurelville Mennonite Church Center.

"Relatives" is excerpted from *Ben's Wayne*, a novel by Levi Miller, being published this summer by Good Books. © 1989 by Good Books.



Chuck Neufeld's Songs of Freedom

by David Graybill

Chuck Neufeld can roar like an Old Testament prophet or sing a gentle song about home and family. He moves from joy to judgment, laughter to longing with complete naturalness, like a man talking to trusted friends.

Other singers have prettier voices or a more polished sound. But Neufeld's folk-based music has an unfinished beauty and substantial feel, like a piece of freshly cut oak. It may not be flashy, but it's durable.

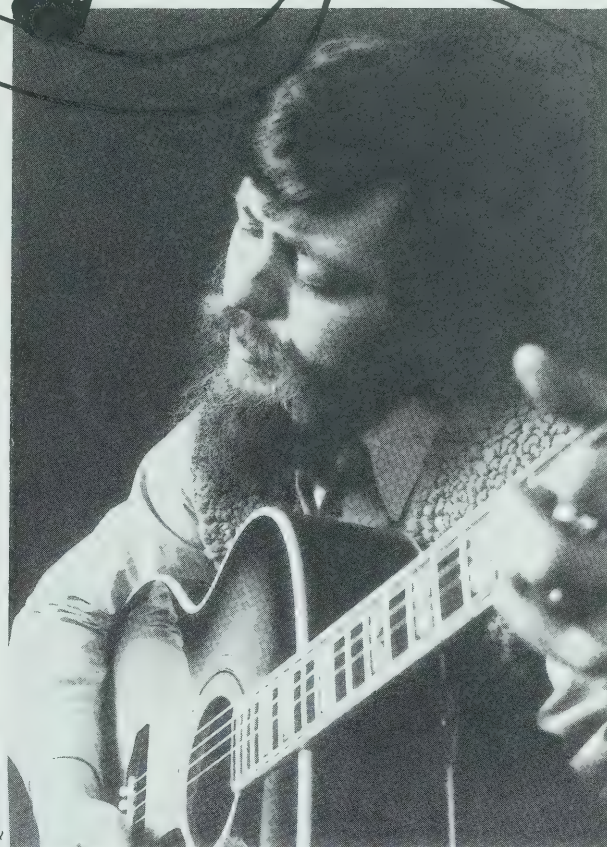
Like the best songs in the folk tradition, Neufeld's music grows out of personal experience and concern for the world around him.

Neufeld, who moved to Newton, Kansas, in 1987, is the director of the Mennonite Voluntary Service (MVS) program of the General Conference Mennonite Church. A son of Mennonite Brethren mission workers, he was born in Winnipeg in 1949 and grew up in five different countries—Canada, the United States, Switzerland, Austria and West Germany.

"I think we counted up the moves once and there were 37 in all," he says. "Now, having survived it, I can say that it was an enriching experience."

The Neufeld family was "very musical" and sang together for church programs. Chuck took piano lessons as a child but found them "a struggle." So when he was 16 he got a guitar.

FQ/Kenneth Pellman



"I practiced and worked on that thing for hours every day," he recalls.

In addition, he listened to country music and to the folk singers that were popular at the time, including Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Gordon Lightfoot and Peter, Paul and Mary.

"Almost immediately" he began to write songs. It wasn't hard for him to decide what he wanted to write about, he says: "I wanted to write music about peace and justice. I wanted to right the wrongs."

His early songs weren't masterpieces, he admits. "But that pushed me on."

In 1969 he recorded an album called *We Believe* with Bonnie Guenther, who was soon to become his wife. But Neufeld was so dissatisfied with the production and dis-

tribution of the album that he "took a break from recording" until 1980, when *Ropes and Yoke Bars* was released.

During the intervening years, he continued to sing and write music while working as associate director of MVS. In addition, he became the father of two children (Kristin and Jonathan, now teenagers) and was active in the church he attended in Markham, Illinois, a predominantly black neighborhood on the South Side of Chicago.

The Neufelds lived in the area for almost 14 years, by far the longest time Chuck has lived in one place. He looks back on his experiences there as some of the best—and also some of the most difficult—of his life.

"In a given day I went through a variety of feelings," he recalls. "People would ask me, 'How do you like Chicago?' I'd say, 'I love it and I hate it.'"

Through his participation in Community Mennonite Church of Markham, Neufeld became involved in the Sanctuary Movement to assist Central American refugees. Community Mennonite was one of the first congregations in the nation to declare itself a sanctuary and has hosted more than 300 refugees.

Neufeld's involvement in the project is reflected in his music. "Podemos," a song from his 1986 album, *I Tried to Smile*, alternates hope for Central Americans ("We can live new lives/We can dream

When it comes to touring, however, Neufeld has few complaints. His connection with MVS has allowed him to travel from coast to coast in the United States and Canada. He has sung for peace groups and local music festivals, in restaurants and at benefit concerts. He's even performed in a few nightspots.

"I'll sing my stuff anywhere," he says. "I'll sing it in a back alley or in a bar or in church. If the gospel means anything anywhere, it'd better be applicable everywhere."

Neufeld admits to being "somewhat fearful" about some places where he's been asked to play—especially when the setting seems to contradict the values in

human need. Over the years his lyrics have grown a little more introspective, he says. His current songs are "less arrogant but just as judgmental—hopefully, more prophetic."

Musically, Neufeld's concerts feature strong acoustic guitar work and heartfelt vocals. Neufeld usually performs by himself on stage, adding electric bass and occasional harmonica, mandolin and dulcimer on his albums. Backing vocals are used sparingly, though one of the songs on *I Tried to Smile* features a chorus of the artist's friends.

Though he would like to reach a wider audience, Neufeld has no intention of changing his music or lyrics to achieve popularity. Nor does he want to give up his varied life. He admits he has "toyed with the idea" of playing music full time, or combining performance with his hobby of woodworking and building musical instruments. But he enjoys his job with MVS and is afraid that without its stimulations he would have nothing to write about.

So he works and spends time with his family, singing and writing songs as he has time and inspiration, trying to make the world a little more joyful, a little more fair, a little more free. He sings, as he suggests on the title track of *Ropes and Yoke Bars*, in hope that this world may "not always have to cry so loud/For just a little light."

Neufeld says he'll sing his songs anywhere—in a back alley, in a bar or in church. If the gospel is to mean anything anywhere, it must be applicable everywhere, he says.

new dreams") with the cruel reality of their homelands ("Dreams give way to tears"). *Refuge*, his 1984 album, links the experience of refugees with the wanderings of Old Testament Israel and the persecution of the early Anabaptists.

This combination of social concern and spiritual roots is typical of Neufeld's work. It's an artistic strength but a marketing weakness.

The music industry isn't interested in music that doesn't fit a particular market category, Neufeld explains. Because of its social content and folk base, his music "is not what you would generally call contemporary Christian music." At the same time, "it's too alternative, too Christian" for the secular music world.

As a result, Neufeld has recorded his last four albums independently. Sales outlets have been limited to concerts and a few sympathetic bookstores.

his songs. But taking the risk has enabled him to reach some unlikely people, such as a cafe owner who was "visibly moved" by Neufeld's performance and talked with him for an hour after the show.

According to Neufeld, writing his songs is usually harder than performing them, even when his lyrics reveal deeply personal feelings.

"Music is a medium that is intended to be shared," he says. "I'm a person who has a hard time keeping things from other people."

At the same time, Neufeld says, his songs often say as much to himself as they do to others. His songs about hope help him to remain hopeful, he says, while some of his protest songs pronounce a judgment on himself as well as the rest of the world.

Neufeld's work falls mainly into two categories: celebration of relationships, especially in the family, and concern for



What's Happened Since



PQ/ Craig Hasty

by Dave Jackson

Editor's Note: In the Winter, 1988 issue of Festival Quarterly we published an article by Dave Jackson, "When Violence Comes Home" (reprinted from the book, Dial 911).

In that article Jackson recounted the armed robbery of a family from Reba Place Fellowship by a woman named Patricia (alias Elizabeth). The family—and the church community—struggled with whether they should press charges against her, whether they were indirectly responsible for whatever happened to her in prison. How did their faith commitment to nonviolence, mercy and justice express itself under such circumstances?

Jackson, who answered, "Yes," to the policeman's inquiry about pressing charges at the moment of Patricia's arrest, provides this update on his own and the church fellowship's relationship with her.

Time may go by and be forever out of our reach, but it's not out of God's reach. He is the lord over time, and he can redeem it.

We maintained contact with Patricia—that's her real name. She continued to affirm that she had not become bitter but was trying to use her time to grow. I believed her, and when she came up for a parole hearing in 1982 (earlier than expected), I wrote the board, explaining my relationship, and urging them to approve her parole.

As she waited for her hearing, she wrote: "I'm very nervous right now, and I'll be glad when it's all over. But whatever happens, whether they let me go or give me a later release date, I know it will be for the best because everything happens for a reason."

I secured permission to appear with Patricia at her hearing and explained our reconciliation and trust in her.

In our presence, the board was noncommittal, so I left Patricia not knowing what would happen.

But they did approve her release, and when Patricia wrote to tell us, she also said that she had written and apologized to the guard that had been hurt in her escape attempt. "I've wanted to do that for a long time," she said, "but I was scared it would appear like a con to get out of here. Now the burden is off my shoulders."

After she was released, my wife, Neta, and I continued to maintain contact with Patricia, caring but never knowing whether we had really done "good" to her. Then, just a little over ten years after the initial crime, we got this letter:

Dear Dave and Neta,

Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Just a few lines to let you know that the seed you planted was watered and nurtured.

God has worked mightily in my life. I've been born again now for going on four years. I've gone to the jails and prisons sharing the mercies of God. It's a privilege to be able to do that, after living such a wretched life! Only God could have made me what I am today (though I've a long way to go!).

I got married on November first last year. My husband, Don, is also a miracle. He knows the details of my past and still loves me. Praise God. And I know it's because we both sought the Lord's will concerning this marriage.

Well, be encouraged! Your works are not in vain! If I had not seen the love of God in your lives—even to the day I went before the [parole] board, I might not be saved today.

Thank you, and God bless you both.

Love in Christ,
Patricia

I've sometimes thought about that struggle we felt when Patricia was first arrested: should we continue to press charges or not? In some ways, it may have been best that the question was taken out of our hands by her quick confession. In our naivete, we might have said, "No; let her go," thinking that accepting her robbery was the way to fulfill Jesus' instruction in Luke 6:29–30: "If someone takes your cloak, do not stop him from taking your tunic. Give to everyone who asks you, and if anyone takes what belongs to you, do not demand it back."

But these suggestions were only examples of Jesus' primary point, which was: "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who mistreat you" (verses 27 and 28).

Would it have been *good* for Patricia to release her? I don't think so. We might have boasted about our liberality, but I doubt that we would have ever seen her again. She had a \$70/day monkey on her back, and we would have become nothing more than enablers of her next crime.

No. Doing *good* required much more than just letting her go. There are no simple formulas. In each situation, we must ask the question: what will really be doing good to my enemy?

Dave and Neta Jackson are members of Reba Place Church in Evanston, Illinois. They have written twenty-four books, five of which have been on Christian community, including Dial 911 (Herald Press, 1981) and Glimpses of Glory: Thirty Years of Community — The Story of Reba Place Fellowship (The Brethren Press, 1987).



AN ALTERNATE PERSPECTIVE ON PARENTING

by Philip Osborne

When our son Jeff was a baby, I was feeding him with a bottle one day while visiting with a neighbor. When Jeff forced the nipple out of his mouth and refused to take it again, my neighbor observed, "Look at that! His sinful nature is showing up already." Although I didn't argue with my friend, I perceived the event from a different perspective.

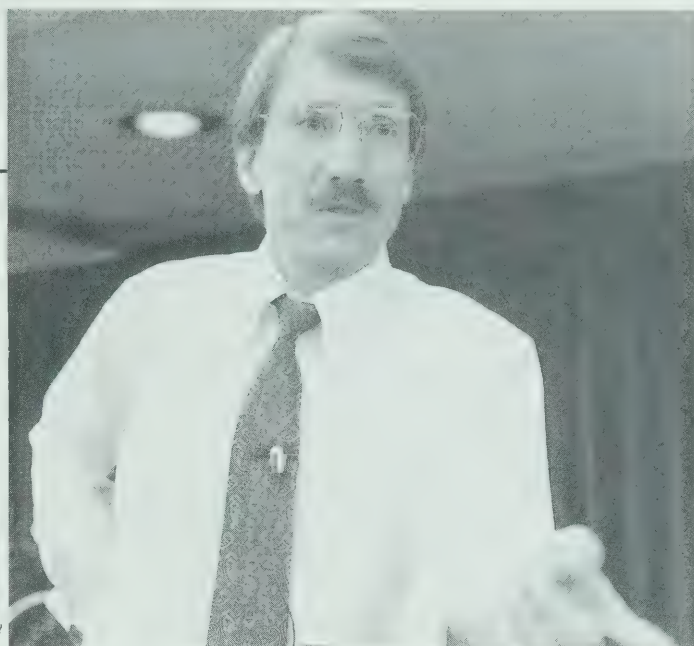
What is the Background for This Point of View?

Persons taking the position of my neighbor tend to place the human race into two classes of people—the lost and the saved. Children are thought to be born into the former because of their sinful human nature. The implication of this position for parents is clear—children should be moved from the category of the lost to the category of the saved as soon as possible.

One means of meeting the spiritual obligations of parents, from the point of view of those who emphasize the evil nature of children, is to see that children are baptized. According to this view, baptism saves children (or signifies their salvation), and marks the end of their vulnerability to eternal damnation. By the time of the Middle Ages, therefore, infant baptism was required by law in the state churches of Europe.

Since the Reformation in the sixteenth century, the Christian church has been divided on the issue of infant baptism. Some of those who rejected infant baptism replaced it with child evangelism and retained the sense of urgency about converting children from their naturally evil condition. (For example, John Wesley once said, "... teach your children, as soon as possibly you can, that they are fallen spirits.")

Another group of reformers rejected infant baptism on the basis that Jesus' call to repentance and a life of discipleship was a message for adults, not children. Those taking this adult-believers position argued that children cannot make the kinds of decisions required for membership in the kingdom of God, nor



can anybody else make the decisions for children. Jesus' invitation to children in the New Testament book of Mark was to come and be blessed, not repent and be baptized:

"Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these. I tell you the truth, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it." And he took the children in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them. (10:14b–16; NIV)

Those who hold the adult-believers position today maintain that the New Testament calls for the Christian nurture and teaching of children, but not for their conversion or baptism. Children are neither lost nor saved, but "safe" under the atonement of Christ until the "age of accountability," at which time they will be responsible for making the decisions of faith for themselves. Although the age at which their status changes is not specified, it is assumed to accompany the physical, intellectual and social changes which mark the passage from childhood to adulthood.

What Are Its Assumptions about Human Nature?

My friend was convinced that Jeff's willful, sinful nature revealed itself when he pushed the nipple out of his mouth and wouldn't take it anymore. But the assumption from an adult-believers position is different. Jeff may have been distracted, full or even stubborn. But there is no reason to interpret what happened as a struggle between good and evil. Jeff was developmentally immature and was responding to his world within the limits of his capabilities. And even though he was just an infant, he was a separate individual, with his own will and a set of characteristics which made him different from all other persons, including us his parents.

As Jeff grew older his will sometimes led him to misbehave and he needed to be corrected. But that same will sometimes led him to run across the room, jump on my lap and give me a hug. And what makes those moments special is that they are

voluntary, not automatic. Even God prefers such acts to be voluntary, according to the Genesis account of the Creation, because he made Adam and Eve with the capacity to make decisions. Children are people like Adam and Eve and all of us—they are not robots or puppets.

The adult-believers position acknowledges that we all sin, just as Adam and Eve did. But the capacity to choose to relate to God and to one another lovingly is necessarily accompanied by the capacity to choose to reject and disappoint. It's impossible to have only one choice—that's not a choice. Human nature was created with potential for both good and evil, and this is the way God wanted it. According to the Genesis account, "God saw all that he had made, and it was very good" (1:31a; NIV).

What Is Required of Parents?

If an adult-believers perspective on parenting does not focus on the necessity to correct children from their naturally evil state, what does it focus on? It focuses on the parents themselves. This sounds odd, but it is consistent with the emphasis on the decisions of adults. Adults have children and so the hope of parents is that their children will grow up someday to be adult believers like themselves. *Like themselves*. There's the catch. What kind of adult believers will the children be if they grow up to be like their parents?

Horace Bushnell, a nineteenth century theologian, wrote about the connection between the faith of the parent and the faith of the child:

If we narrowly examine the relation of parent and child, we shall not fail to discover something like a law or organic connection, as regards character, subsisting between them. Such a connection as makes it easy to believe, and natural to expect, that the faith of the one will be propagated in the other.¹

This notion was understood by the Amish farmer who, when asked what he raised, replied, "I raise Amishmen."

The connection between parent and child is not due solely to either heredity or to the parent's ability to parent; it also depends on the parent's own spiritual renewal:

When a germ is formed on the stem of any plant, the formative instinct of the plant may be said in one view to produce it; but the same solar heat which quickens the plant, must also quicken the germ, and sustain the internal action of growth, by a common presence in both. So, if there be an organic power of character in the parent . . . [it] demands the realizing presence of the Spirit of God, both in the parent and the child, to give it effect.²

This is why the adult-believers tradition places primary emphasis on "regenerated marriages, homes, and congregations that make possible the nurture of children in the values of the Christian way."³ For example, in this tradition the "child dedication" service which is held when the child is an infant or toddler is not a dedication of the child at all. It is a dedication of the parents and congregation; they dedicate themselves to

the task of bringing up a child in the faith.

John Drescher, author of books on family relationships, makes this distinction in the book *If I Were Starting My Family Again*. He writes that he used to pray solicitous prayers for his children—that they would become more obedient, pleasant, loving and so on:

. . . it struck me that this kind of praying must stop . . . I was praying for the wrong person.

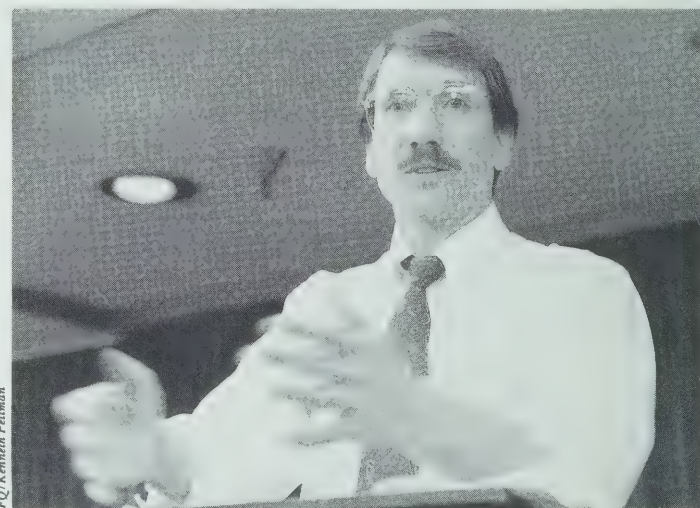
I stopped praying like that for my family. I realized that if my children were to know Christ's love, then I, as their father, needed to experience more of Christ's love and make that love visible. If they were ever to learn true love in relationship to others, then I needed divine aid to demonstrate true love in all my relationships with the family and others. So my prayers turned to "Lord, make me fit to live with, loving, and kind, as you are to me."⁴

Specific misbehaviors of children are of concern and need to be corrected. But parental concern for children goes beyond teaching them what behaviors are socially proper and what are improper. The larger concern is the gradual induction of the child into a lifestyle—a lifestyle of Christian discipleship. Discipline is ultimately a matter of discipling. (The two words have the same Latin roots.)

Therefore, my job as parent as seen from the perspective of the adult-believers position was to cherish Jeff as a child of God entrusted to my care, nurturing him in the faith by living my own life of Christian discipleship with him by my side. I did not have to worry about altering his sinful nature, as my neighbor would have done.

So What Causes Problems in the Home?

First of all, parents have no guarantee that there will not be problems. Even God had problems with Adam and Eve.



Parents do not have control over the disposition the child is born with nor all of the choices the child makes. Respect for the individuality of the child is accompanied always by apprehension and sometimes by disappointment.

From this point of view, parents need not take all the blame (nor all the credit) for how their children turn out. Children are ultimately responsible for their choices. This relieves parents of some of the responsibility they likely feel for their children, but it doesn't let them off the hook entirely. The kinds of persons *parents* are does affect the kinds of persons children become, and parents *are* responsible for *their* own choices.

When John Drescher was writing about the moment he realized that he was praying for the wrong person, he went on to say what a difference the change in focus made:

It suddenly seemed that my wife and children changed. A new atmosphere of love pervades the house and even the car when we go driving. The children seem kinder. And it all started when I stopped praying for them and began to pray for God to give me a new attitude. . . . My wife and children are as much in my prayers as ever. But now my prayers are primarily prayers of thanksgiving for each member of my family. And I believe that God desires this kind of praying because it also honors him who gave each one to me.⁵

An incident reported in the news reminded me of how much children learn through daily life with their parents. A five-year old boy awoke one morning to find his mother sick in bed. Since she was unable to chauffeur him and his two-year-old sister as she usually did, he decided to do it himself. He took the car keys from his mother's purse, opened the garage door, put his two-year-old sister in the back seat, moved the front seat all the way forward so that he could just touch the pedals, started the car, backed it out of the garage, and then maneuvered it safely through rush-hour traffic. A patrol officer saw the car moving through traffic seemingly without a driver. The young boy noticed the flashing light and siren of the patrol car and pulled the family car to the curb. Realizing that the situation needed an adult presence, he told the officer, "My mommy can't come here because I have the only car. I can drive. I'll go get her."⁶

What a tremendous amount he had learned in five years! He was able to use driving skills which were picked up without lessons or practice, knew the family's daily routine, had constructed a mental map of the city, understood traffic patterns, and was fluent in English. In addition he had developed a sense of empathy and care for his mother, responsibility for his sister, respect for law enforcement officers and confidence in himself.

Some years ago, studies at Northwestern University by psychologist James Bryan shed some light on how the modeling effect occurs. He compared the effects of what adults *say* with what they *do*. In one experiment, children heard an adult talk about why one should give to the March of Dimes (for example,

"Children should help other children."). Other children heard him talk about why one should not give (for example, "Children don't have to help other children."). Half of the children in both groups then saw the model actually donate to the March of Dimes and half saw him walk out without donating. The children were then observed to see what impact the experimental conditions had on their donations.

The researchers found that the children were influenced by what the adult *did*. When he gave, they were more likely to give also. What the adult *said* made no difference in whether or not the children donated, but it did affect what children said to other children about giving. It was as if two different domains were being modeled: children did what the model did and said what the model said, but what the model said didn't necessarily affect what the children did.⁷

Not satisfied that this was the whole story, Bryan followed that study with one in which the adult's statements were changed from the "oughts" of the earlier study to comments

Children are responsible for their own choices. But parents affect these.

about how he felt about giving, as in "It feels good to give." This time his *word* as well as his *deed* influenced the donations of the children.⁸

These studies suggest that parents are more likely to pass on their faith when they live it, and especially when they enjoy living it. If children do not adopt the values of the parents, it may be because the values are not genuinely valued.

What About Punishment?

Traditionally, adult-believers groups have used physical punishment, even many of those who follow a lifestyle of nonresistance and deplore the use of violence to resolve conflict. Those who use it maintain that physical punishment in the home and violence between adults or nations do not belong in the same category, as long as the punishment of the child is not abusive.

There are others, however, who include physical punishment with the forms of violence they oppose. They believe that the traits they value (humility, conformity, respect, reverence, unselfishness, generosity and nonviolence) can be instilled without punitive measures. (Some argue this more strongly, maintaining that these values cannot be instilled through punitive means.) The values are caught by children in the course of growing up because the values are so deeply ingrained in the parents themselves, as suggested by the following young adult:

I think most of what I learned at home is the result of learning by imitation. For instance, my parents never used threats of violence to scare us and I never heard them talk that way to anybody else. I don't think they ever said, "If you do that, I'll whip your hide!" or some similar expression which I heard in other homes. I think that their quiet discipline rubbed off on me, for I too am gentle.

Horace Bushnell took the same position, arguing eloquently for spiritual discipline as an alternative to physical punishment: I would not undervalue a strong and decided government in families. No family can be rightly trained without it. But there is a kind of virtue, my brethren, which is not in the rod — the virtue, I mean of a truly good and sanctified life. . . . There are . . . many who talk much of the rod as the orthodox symbol of parental duty, but who might really as well be heathens as Christians; who only storm about their house with heathenish ferocity, who lecture, and threaten, and castigate, and bruise, and call this family government. They even dare to speak of this as the nurture of the Lord. . . . By no such summary process can you dispatch your duties to your children. You are not to be a savage to them, but a father [parent] and a Christian. Your real aim and study must be to infuse into them a new life, and, to this end, the Life of God must perpetually reign in you.⁹

What can be stated with certainty is that there has been considerable disagreement among adult-believers groups about punishment.

How Broad an Effect Has This View Had?

In contrast to popular philosophies such as behaviorism, P.E.T. and religious authoritarianism, all of which have had significant impact on contemporary families, the adult-believers perspective has had very little effect. It is partly because those who come the closest to this position in practice do not talk about it much; they emphasize deed rather than word, ethics rather than creed.

For contemporary adult-believers groups, this view may help to clarify the connection between their theology and their childrearing practices. And to those of a different religious background who are dissatisfied with the conservative Christian emphases on evil and punishment, the behaviorist branch of psychology which ignores religious thought, and humanistic psychology which cares about people but is not connected to faith, this position offers an alternative way of thinking about parenting.

My hope is that, regardless of religious background, persons will be challenged by this perspective to consider what it means to live with children by their side.

A Prayer of Parents

Help us to the stature of good parenthood, O God. We pray that we may let our children live their lives and not the ones we

wish we had lived. Therefore, guard us against burdening them with doing what we failed to do, and when tempted to seek balm for old wounds, strengthen us against our self-justification.

Help us to see today's missteps in perspective against the long road they must go, and grant us the grace of patience with their slow pace, lest in our impatience we force them into rebellion, retreat or anxiety.

Give us the precious wisdom of knowing when to smile at the small mischiefs of their age and when to give them the haven of firmness against the impulses which in their heart they fear and cannot master.

In time of needed punishment, give us a warm heart and a gentle voice so that they may feel the rule of order as their friend and clasp it to their souls to be their conscience.

Help us to hear the anguish in their hearts through the din of angry words or across the gulf of brooding silence, and having heard, give us the grace to bridge the gap between us with understanding warmth before speaking our own quick retorts, and stay our tongues also from the words which would chill their confiding in us.

Still our voices and smooth from our brows all that mars infectious serenity and joy in living; rather let our faces so shine that these adult years will seem to them a promised land toward which to strive.

We pray that we may raise our voices more in joy at what they are, than in vexation at what they have done; each day may they grow in sureness of themselves.

Help us to hold them with such warmth as will give them friendliness toward others; then give us the fortitude to free them to go strongly on their way.

Then as we see them striding forward eagerly, self-sure, friendly and in good conscience, our grateful hearts will swell with joy.

Amen.

—adapted from a prayer by Marion B. Durfee

Philip Osborne is Professor of Psychology and Associate Dean at Hesston (Kansas) College.

"An Alternative Perspective on Parenting" is excerpted from his new book, *Parenting for the '90s*, published in the spring of 1989 by Good Books.

Notes

1. Horace Bushnell, "What Christian Nurture Is," in *Child-Rearing Concepts*, ed. P.J. Greven, Jr. (Itasca, IL: F.E. Peacock, 1867/1973), 146.
2. Ibid., 150.
3. Marlin Jeschke, *Believers Baptism for Children of the Church* (Scottsdale, PA: Herald Press, 1983), 143.
4. John Drescher, *If I Were Starting My Family Again* (Nashville: Abingdon, 1979), 34.
5. Ibid., 35.
6. "Open Road Beckons to Adventurer, Age 5," *The New York Times*, 5 December, 1987, p. 29.
7. James H. Bryan, "How Adults Teach Hypocrisy," *Psychology Today* 3(7): 50–52, 65.
8. Bryan, "Model Affect and Children's Imitative Altruism," *Child Development* 42: 2061–2065.
9. Bushnell, 151.

DISCOVERING AND NURTURING MINISTERS

by Sandra Cronk

One of the most significant issues facing the Society of Friends today is that of leadership. How do we recognize, encourage and nurture leaders or ministers who can help our communities be faithful followers of Christ? In days gone by, Friends gave special recognition to two forms of ministry: vocal ministers and elders (or spiritual nurturers). Both women and men served as ministers and elders. These ministers arose from the membership of the local meetings. They received no professional training. They served without pay.

Because the two forms of ministry had separate functions, persons in those roles were recognized because of their gifts in their respective work. Yet on a deeper level, these ministers were chosen because they embodied a whole way of life. They *lived* Quaker faith. Their ministry reflected their embodiment of a way of life as much as a particular skill.

Ministers began their work in obedience to an inward call from God. For example, a young man or woman might begin speaking out of the silence of the unprogrammed meeting for worship with some frequency. If their words seemed genuinely led by the Spirit, the more mature elders and ministers would begin a process of guidance and nurture that would enable the new minister to grow in the new leadership role. The nurture would include community recognition of the call to ministry, becoming a kind of informal apprentice or junior partner to an experienced travelling minister, and participation in the regular gatherings of ministers and elders.

Thus, in generations past, calling, skill, embodiment of a way of life, and community nurture and recognition were all

important elements in the raising up of leaders among Friends. Each of these elements continues to be an important factor today, although the outward forms of ministry have become much more varied.

Friends have always put great stress on the ministry of each member. While we did have special "recorded" ministers (i.e., ministers who were formally recognized by the community by having their names "recorded" in the meeting's records), speaking in the worship service was never limited to these recorded ministers. Never did these recognized ministers feel that they were doing all the ministry which needed to be undertaken in the community.

My branch of Friends has never had pastors (i.e., single ministers who took over the central leadership functions of the congregation). Thus, the varied work of the meeting has had to be divided among all the members. We believe that every Christian is called to ministry, in the broadest sense of that term. Today this emphasis on the ministry of all is so strong in my branch of Friends that meetings tend to discontinue the practice of recognizing special vocal ministers and elders. This has put even more stress on the ministry of each member.

We all must minister if the meeting is to function properly. There must be people to preach and teach. Others must visit the sick. There must be Friends to repair the meetinghouse roof after a storm and others to prepare food in cases of need. There are members who bring a peace witness to military bases and who plan conferences for diplomats. There are Friends who devote themselves to intercessory prayer. Each of these activities is ministry when guided by the Spirit.

Which Gifts?

Because our structure depends so heavily on the ministry of each member for the on-going life of the meeting, we have taken the biblical understanding of gifts very seriously.

Now there are varieties of gifts, but the same Spirit, and there are varieties of service, but the same Lord, and there are varieties of working, but it is the same God who inspires them all in every one. To each is given the manifestation of the Spirit for the common good. (1 Corinthians 12:4-7) (Dawn)

Each of us has a distinctive function and gift as part of the body of Christ. All are necessary for the upbuilding of that body.

Recently Friends have become much more explicit about the process of discerning gifts. We encourage the meeting as a whole to recognize the gifts of its members, so that persons are well matched to the standing committees which carry out the work of the meeting. Furthermore, we encourage individual members to recognize their own gifts and to become part of small groups devoted to mutual discernment of gifts.

This conscious recognition of gifts has been liberating for many people, allowing them to walk more intentionally in the way God would have them go. The process has allowed people to live more fully with family and friends, to undertake specific tasks in their meetings or in service agencies, and to make decisions about their jobs and educational needs. From a community perspective, the recognition of gifts has brought forth a tremendous outpouring of service, renewed dedication and excitement about living a life of faith.

What About a Calling?

However, the identification of gifts must be done with care. The process can result in misuse, particularly in our contemporary culture which puts so much emphasis on individual fulfillment through self-expression. There is a danger that the recognition of gifts may be understood simply as an identification of human skill and talent, those areas of strength where we perform well and which often give us a sense of ego gratification.

Undoubtedly many of our talents are meant by God to be used in ministry. But paradoxically, our weakest areas sometimes become the avenues of our strongest ministry, precisely because it is there that we have to accept God's power rather than our own. Consequently, these are the places where ego cannot get in the way of God's service. Thus, God seems to use them fully. But we may overlook these weak areas when gift recognition is perceived as the naming of skills and talent.

Gift identification may also be misleading because it implies that if we have a gift we should use it. But there are times when we are not called to use our talent and skill. I remember a long-term Sunday School teacher in one of our meetings who needed to let go of her teaching so that a younger teacher could receive appropriate experience and so that her own pro-

prietary grip on the Sunday School did not block her perception of God's new leading.

Gift recognition is not a sufficient basis for undertaking ministry. We need to listen to God's calling as heard in our prayerful listening and as expressed through the needs and discernment of the community. Our ultimate task is to obey God's call and not simply to express our gifts.

Moses did not (indeed, could not) sit down and identify his skills as ones that would make him a good liberation-leader. Just the opposite was the case. When God spoke to him from the burning bush, telling him that he was the one called to bring forth God's people from slavery, Moses replied, "Who am I?" He presented every argument he could think of to show that he was not gifted for the task. He did not know God's name. People would not believe his call. He was not an eloquent speaker. As Moses' questions were answered one by one, he realized that his strength was not in himself but in God alone. This is precisely the power that he had to offer his people: God's power. Paradoxically, it was ultimately by obeying God's call and relying on God's power that Moses was able to use skills and strengths he never knew he had.

Listening and responding to God's call has been a cornerstone of Friends' ministry through the generations. This process has been especially important for women. Because the larger society has not always recognized the gifts of women, many women have not been able to perceive their own gifts. It is strange but true that it is almost impossible to recognize one's gifts when no one else honors them. Quaker women have also had to deal with this problem, even though their meetings were more receptive to women in ministry than was the larger society. Thus, it was not primarily recognition of gifts, but faithfulness to God's call that allowed generations of Quaker women to take active leadership roles in such diverse ministry as preaching, prison reform and women's suffrage.

Recognition of gifts is a significant part of encouraging ministry. But gifts must be understood as part of a larger context of being called by God.

Ministry: a Profession?

We Friends have been struggling with a second cluster of issues, closely related to those of gifts and calling. These have to do with the recent introduction of the professional model of ministry and its relationship to the older model of the minister as the embodiment of a way of life.

Our culture today generally considers ministry (in its narrowly defined sense) a profession or a career. Ministry has followed the pattern of medicine, law, teaching, social service work and many other fields which require extensive formal education.

For many generations, the argument against professionalization in Quaker circles has centered around the question of pay. Gospel ministry should be free, we have said. But the issue of pay has hidden a whole spectrum of other questions.

The professional model assumes that ministry is primarily a



FQ Kenneth Peilman

skill or body of knowledge that is offered to recipients. These skills are part of a job. But in earlier years Friends saw ministry much more as a way of being and relating. Ministers were recognized for their skills, to be sure, but they were leaders more because their whole way of being pointed toward God or conveyed God's love and caring. Their words, actions and relationships were their ministry. In this old Quaker conception, ministry is not just a matter of doing but of being.

The difference between using skills in a professional setting and entering into relationship in the traditional manner is at work in a story a European Quaker told me recently about a young man in her country who suffered from a severe case of cerebral palsy. For most of his childhood, he had lived in a fine institution devoted to residential care for people with his illness. But as an adult he chose to leave the institution in favor of life in a newly founded village whose residents included those with and without physical handicaps. All were equal in the village. The non-handicapped people chose to be there as a life commitment. They were not paid.

The parents of the young man were hurt that he decided to leave the institution which they had so carefully chosen for him because of its fine professional staff. They asked if he had not been treated well there. He responded that he had been treated very well. But he saw that when five o'clock came, the staff members went home. No matter how pleasant and concerned they were during working hours, they would not choose to spend their time off-duty with him. In this village no one went home at five. There was no on-duty or off-duty. In the village he was not treated as simply the recipient of skilled care. In the village, he was home.

It has been my experience that those who carry out their ministry through professional work are extraordinarily dedicated. Their lives are committed to God. And non-professional ministers are not magically exempt from the need for rest and refreshment. They need to have time alone. Jesus took time

away from the crowds for prayer. The question is not one of personal dedication. The difficulty is on a structural level. There are problems with the kind of structure which compartmentalizes life into private and professional spheres. This kind of division tends to make ministry a task. It prevents a full relationship with another human being in which redemption can happen.

This critique does not mean that Friends have decided to reject all forms of professional work. Indeed, to carry out many forms of service in our contemporary social setting, some people will use the structures of professional life. However, we all need to remain clear that this pattern has disadvantages. It cannot capture all that ministry is.

What Kind of Education?

A second area which sometimes causes problems in the professional model is its emphasis on formal training and education. Friends have always had a high regard for education. It was once said that wherever there was a meetinghouse one could expect to find a schoolhouse. If anything, our devotion to education has increased today.

In a culture where the Bible is no longer taught in public schools, adults who are well educated in most subjects may be ignorant of the basic understandings of Christian faith. Friends have recently recognized that we must take on a massive educational effort to help adult members acquire a basic understanding of the Bible, church history and Quaker thought. Without these foundational levels of understanding, it is impossible to form communities of commitment. Educational programs of all kinds are proliferating now. There are year-long classes, weekend conferences, lecture series and fine publishing endeavors. All of these have helped produce a significant deepening of the spiritual life and reinvigoration of the meeting-community.

Of course, professionalization requires education beyond

that which is offered to all. It implies specialized training for people who are going to undertake very particular kinds of work. Friends recognize the validity of this kind of training for diverse ministries as well. A prospective doctor needs training at a medical school. A person who plans to do peace work with diplomats should be well grounded in politics, economics and history. A person doing counselling should have extensive background in psychology. All forms of ministry and service need to grow out of an understanding of Christian thought.

The problem, then, is not with education itself, but with the attitudes and unintended by-products of the professional use of education. Our culture has an assertive orientation. Professionals assume they are the experts and have access to the appropriate skills and learning to clear up the problems in their area of expertise. Lawyers solve legal problems. Doctors cure illness. Ministers come to be seen as experts in their area of work. And experts are those with power. The recipients of their skills are in a dependent position.

This model tends to make the minister the leader by virtue of power and to disempower others in the community of faith. But ministry among Friends is meant to do exactly the opposite. It is meant to *build* a community of faith. It assumes that in such a community all minister to one another. A minister is thus not one with power over others, but a servant. While the professional model sometimes talks of service, it usually does not operate in a servanthood pattern.

The professional model arises out of our very human-centered culture. Our larger society rates human skill and knowledge highly. It believes that the "good life" comes through that human expertise. In our Quaker heritage (and, I am sure, in the Mennonite heritage as well) our communities are rooted in God's power. On the deepest level, we believe that God ushers in the kingdom. We do not build the kingdom through our own efforts. (Of course, as citizens of that kingdom we are called to follow God faithfully. The kingdom takes shape through our lives and actions. But God remains the one who empowers and guides.)

The difference in attitude is evident in a phrase which George Fox (one of the founders of the Quaker movement) used frequently in talking about ministry. He said that by staying faithful to God's leading (call) one could "answer that of God in everyone." Answering that of God in everyone became one of the primary ways Friends understood the nature of ministry.

The phrase may need a bit of explanation. "That of God" is the redemptive, transforming, guiding and empowering work of God in our lives. Friends believe that the Living Christ is present among us. The Light of Christ works in each person's life to show us our disobedience and unfaithfulness; it turns us again toward God in repentance. The Light reveals both our brokenness and Christ's healing power. Christ is our guide and empowerer, showing us the path of righteousness.

Of course, people do not always obey God's call. We may, and often do, turn away. God does not force our obedience. But

we are called to answer faithfully that of God in our own lives. As ministers we are called to answer that of God in others. To "answer" that work of God means to respond to it, to nurture it, to call it forth, to dig up any entangling weeds which might be strangling the New Life beginning to grow. Our life, our words and our actions should direct others to see the work of God in their lives and to respond to it more fully.

The Fundamental Work of Ministers

So the fundamental work of the minister is not to fix all the problems in the world. It is to discern what God is already doing in every person and every situation to bring to birth the kingdom. The minister is a midwife, recognizing that God is the author of our salvation, yet understanding the place of faithful human response to God's call.

Consequently, for Friends in years gone by, the most important preparation for ministry was "training" in the work of discernment, i.e., learning to see the movement of the Spirit or Christ's redemptive work in our daily lives. This training did not occur in a separate school. It took place within the community. In fact, this setting was absolutely essential. For discernment arose out of the process of listening to God. Listening happened in many ways. Paramount among these were the community times of listening in the meeting for worship and meeting for business. There were also special gatherings of ministers and elders which were devoted largely to the work of worship and discernment. All of these occasions were opportunities for learning the art of listening and for testing one's discernment through the listening skills of the rest of the community.

The professional model is built on experts and human action, rather than the community and the power of God.

Learning to Perceive

The pattern of listening and obeying helps us understand the significance of the traditional Quaker expectations that ministers would embody a way of life. There has been a great deal of misunderstanding of this point. For some contemporary Quakers the old expectation makes no sense. They think it means that a minister must abide by a pious but

outmoded way of life which has little to say to their problems today. But embodying a way of life did not mean following a legalistic pattern of behavior or a utopian vision of church discipline. It meant, very simply, living a life of listening and responding.

The traditional ministers learned to perceive God's call and healing work in their own lives. They became very sensitive to the movement of the Spirit in the lives of others. They paid careful attention to the way God gathered a community of faith. (They understood that communities are called and shaped just as individuals are.)

In short, it was just this ability to perceive the ways in which God's transforming power touches our lives that allowed these ministers to speak so powerfully to the condition of those they met. Our literature is full of accounts of the extraordinary gift of such sisters and brothers to say the right word or undertake the right actions to help individuals and whole communities take the next step in faithfulness. They were able to "answer that of God in others." This way of life is available to us today. But it requires the same commitment to listening and responding.

The fact that listening to God was such a central commitment for traditional Friends had profound implications for the minister's personal life and for Quaker views on preparation for ministry. To live in this on-going relationship with God meant letting one's life be molded by God. One problem with the skills-oriented preparation for ministry is that it assumes that a person, at the point of decision-making, will choose to follow a Christ-like action. Therefore the training concentrates on the technical ability to undertake a certain task. But in the traditional preparation for ministry there is a recognition that a person will not automatically make a Christ-like decision unless he or she has become a Christ-like person.

Learning from Community

The traditional preparation for ministry concentrated on the deeper molding or forming carried out by God. This formation is not something that happens primarily in school (although God's work may continue in any location). It happens in a special sense as we participate in the community of faith. It happens as we discern God's will together and hold each other accountable to God's leading. It happens as we practice being channels of God's love and caring for one another. It happens as life in community brings to light our limitations, brokenness, unfaithfulness and dark places. In the Light of Truth, Christ's redemptive love begins to shape us anew. Only as we live in that redemptive love are we able to minister to the brokenness of the world.

Many of the outward forms of ministry have changed among Friends in our contemporary setting. But as we have explored the meaning of ministry and wrestled with the way to nurture ministers today, we have reaffirmed many of the basic understandings of ministry which have been important in our tradition from the beginning.

First Faithfulness

We recognize the importance of identifying the gifts of all members. However, that identification must be done in the larger context of discerning God's call to each of us. For sometimes our gifts are not manifested until we go forth in faithfulness. Moreover, our fulfillment comes in that faithfulness, not in purely individual expression of talents.

We have adopted aspects of the professional model of ministry. To relate to the needs of the larger society, some forms of ministry will be carried out through professional channels. We appreciate the emphasis on competence and quality which professional standards ensure. But there are aspects of the professional model which we do not accept as a definition of ministry. We do not accept that ministry is the job of the few who are the "experts." We are all called to ministry. We work hard to provide the basic educational tools to allow all to follow their calls to ministry.

While preparing for ministry may include the growth of skills and knowledge, a deeper development must also be taking place. Preparation for ministry is learning to discern how the Spirit is moving in our midst so that we may respond accordingly. Preparation for ministry is learning to let God mold our lives so that we become channels for God's love and caring in the world. Preparation for ministry is learning to hear the Word, Christ, so that we may have a word of life to speak to others. To be a minister is not first and foremost to take on a particular task; it is to live in faithful relationship with God so that we can "answer that of God in everyone."

This work of preparing may include formal education in a school or university setting. But primarily it involves being part of the community of faith where this work of discernment and the process of formation and transformation takes place. Friends are becoming more intentional in the recognition of this deeper preparation of ministers. We encourage meetings and small nurture groups within the meetings to take seriously the work of mutual discernment and accountability. As individuals and communities we wish to perceive and respond to the work of Christ molding us and calling us to righteousness.

Even the small steps we have taken in the direction of more faithful nurture of ministers has brought an amazing outpouring of new leadership and new life in our meetings. Many can testify to the extraordinary movement of the Spirit in our midst in recent years. Or perhaps we have only begun to listen once again.

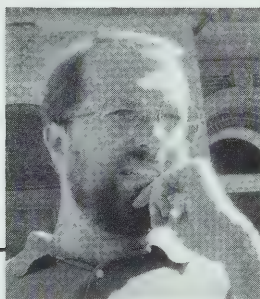
Sandra Cronk is a scholar and writer specializing in Quaker life and thought. She is on the faculty of Pendle Hill, a Quaker Study Center in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia.



The Three Things That Concern Me Most



Four Mennonites Share Their Views



Joel Kauffmann
Goshen, Indiana

Recently, a specialist came to look at several troubled trees in my yard. He stopped by a tree that I had presumed healthy and pointed out the lichens growing on the bark. He explained that the presence of lichens means a tree has stopped growing. I had already turned the tree to firewood in my mind by the time he added that, in spite of the lichens, the tree was healthy and in no danger. This brings me to the first of my three concerns—

1. *Vision '95*

It seems to me that Mennonite church leaders have suddenly taken to screaming “LICHENS!” I have no problem with

vision, and 1995 could be a fine year, but *Vision '95* seems little more than a heaven-bent rush for church growth at any and all costs.

Swept up in this fervor, serious-minded men (I wish I could say people, but in this case, men get the credit) have begun to utter statements such as:

“If we want to grow, we have to play down our Mennonite identity.”

“Potential converts should not be bombarded by our peace convictions until after they’ve joined the church.”

And, my favorite: “It’s the charismatic churches that are growing.” (Yeah, so do cancer cells.)

To resurrect a mixed metaphor, have we ever had a moment in our Anabaptist pilgrimage when we seemed so anxious to toss the baby out with the baptism water?

The specialist and I walked on to the next tree. Healthy bark. No lichens. The specialist informed me that the tree would be dead in five years. It seems the core was rotting.

Alternate idea: Run a massive media blitz. Focus on our central, Anabaptist beliefs: peace, justice, concern for the hungry, mutual aid, community. Let’s see if anybody out there wants to join up because they like who we are—or what we should be . . . naw-w-w, too crazy.

2. *The Great Chamber of Commerce Cover-Up*

When I wrote *The Weight*, I attempted to chronicle the turbulence of a young Mennonite coming of age in the Midwest during the Vietnam era. I was chastised by an acquaintance who objected to my depiction of carousing and drinking. He allowed that my character’s actions were mild in comparison to

many of the things that actually transpired—including activities in which he had been involved. But, he confided, while it might be appropriate for a sequestered cluster of good ol' boys to reminisce about such activity, you just didn't go public with this sort of material. He hoped I understood.

I didn't, and I still don't.

The church doesn't exist to cover up our transgressions. Like good art, it should help us come to terms with them. The church shouldn't be a chamber of commerce tool for public relations with our neighbors. Better than art, the church should be our instrument of transformation—from sin to righteousness.

Pretense hurts in several ways.

First, it short-circuits the exchange of ideas and the giving of counsel on important issues of personal morality. Take alcohol. Many Mennonites do. It's an issue that can't be settled by imperatives. If we have any hope for coming to a congregation- or church-wide consensus, we have to address the issue with candid and extended discourse. Attempt such discourse within

We can, and we must, question church policy.

the confines of a sanctuary or Sunday school classroom, however, and jump back as the knees start to jerk.

Second, pretense stunts our ability to appraise and improve our corporate life. Dare we even whisper such heresies as:

"Should MCC be allowed to rake in millions from the church without being accountable to the church?"

"Does anyone under the age of 45 care about missions?"

"Are our mission boards doing anything worth caring about?"

"Have Mennonite high schools become little more than prep schools?"

Such questions seem cruel—pejorative. They're not. We not only have a right, but a responsibility to ask these and other questions about the way OUR church is run.

Partial solution: Writers and artists who don't pander to the church on one hand, or assail it on the other, but as caring and concerned members of the church are willing to deal with contemporary issues in a prophetic and confrontational manner.

3. *Simple Livers*

Encouraged by the 1960s counterculture, the archaic notion of simple living lodged in the Mennonite consciousness as a mythical state of nirvana.

The time has come for simple livers to reconsider their ways (and for those of us who aren't that to quit being made to feel guilty). Simple living is simply a noble way of describing an ignoble concept: Mennonite isolationism. To cast it even less charitably: Mennonite survivalism.

Unfortunately, not everyone in the world can achieve

self-sufficiency through baking, canning and chopping wood. Millions must earn their bread making video game cartridges, prizes inside breakfast cereal boxes and an endless variety of other knickknacks and doodads.

Despite our sentiments, the effect of passing up an unessential knickknack is not to feed a hungry child in Ethiopia, but to take food off the table in Mexico or Taiwan.

Solution: Consumerism is important, and should reflect our beliefs. We should care whether products are made with materials and by a process in sync with our environment. We should care if the hands that make a product receive a fair share of the profits. By becoming active and enlightened consumers, we can begin to assert corrective influence. As simple livers, we simply take ourselves out of the game.

*Joel Kauffmann is a writer and cartoonist whose recent work includes the movie *The Radicals* and the program for Menno-Hof, a Mennonite-Amish interpretation center in Shipshewana, Indiana.*



Susan Goering
Baltimore, Maryland

What comes to my desk at the American Civil Liberties Union are letters—hundreds a month—asking for help with self-described civil liberties problems. Yet their predominant theme is often simply "man's inhumanity to man." These social problems are admittedly a concern broader than the civil liberties questions I am paid to think about. They range from spousal abuse to the nuclear arms race. They include all the "isms" like racism and sexism and ethnocentrism, as well as intolerance of one religion towards another, one world view toward another.

But what strikes me as most distressing among them is the problem of the isolation of rich from poor. Michael Harrington sounded the alarm two decades ago in *The Other America* when he noted that we were heading toward a society where the poor were becoming invisible, where high-speed interstate freeways facilitated our travel to and from work and between cities without ever having to see the poor among us. Zoning laws

ensure that we do not have to live with the poor. Private and suburban schools guarantee that children can go through life without having to press the flesh of the disadvantaged youth.

What makes this pattern all the more disturbing is that the isolation is occurring along racial lines. Perhaps it is easier to see it in other countries, but housing patterns in Johannesburg are not unlike Detroit. Over 70 percent of all blacks in the U.S. live in central cities. What sociologists once identified as a trend toward the suburbanization of blacks in the 1970s has reversed itself in the 1980s. Indeed, sociologists report that even the language of inner city blacks is diverging from that of suburban whites. In the last few years there has been a collapse of hope, evidenced by the fact that 50 percent fewer black youth applied for federal aid to attend college.

Yet all the talk in the 1988 U.S. election about "peace and prosperity" shows that isolation produces a middle and upper class that are increasingly oblivious to the phenomenon of poverty. My views on the evils of wealth have matured considerably since my youth. Having grown up in a frugal Mennonite home, I believed at one point that wealth was morally repugnant and somehow evil in itself. Now I doubt that the truth is quite that simple. Rather, I view the *effects* of wealth and materialism as the evil. Perhaps primary among them is wealth's effect on our sensibilities—its uncanny tendency to make us less able to identify with the suffering of the poor.

Rich and poor, white and black seldom meet.

My second and related concern is that our ineffectiveness in attacking social problems—including this problem of isolation—is compounded by our inability to make connections that would be helpful in solving them.

Making sense of the world often means making connections. But increasingly, I have the sense that few people do. Why is it that we bake tuna casseroles for the homeless but do not force our government officials to own up to the fact that our housing programs are out of balance, with government heavily subsidizing mortgage write-offs for the upper classes while it guts low income housing programs? Why is it that we worry about a "right to life" more before a child is born than after? Has anyone noticed that massive warehousing of criminals with no regard to their rehabilitation is creating more, not less, crime? What is the phenomenon that has allowed millions of Americans to separate their liking for a President and their dislike for his policies?

My third concern springs from my personal frustration with the problems I have just described. As an attorney, my response has often been to seek redress in the courtroom or the legislature—in the faith that laws can modify behavior. And

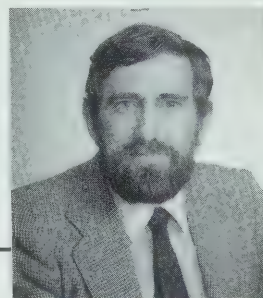
indeed there is some basis for that hope. The civil rights movement showed us that people do change—not only because they are morally persuaded to do so, but also because laws forced them to do so. In a country where the rule of law reigns, even the powerless may be empowered. Yet the decades since the civil rights movement have reminded us of another truth: that laws, though necessary, are not sufficient; that racism is more deeply rooted than racist behavior.

What I struggle with is the fact that our inhumanity to one another calls for a more complex response, one that has, at the very least, some political and spiritual components. I mean to define "political" broadly to include elements of community and an organized response. I do not mean to call for new national leadership only—though I believe that deficiencies in our current national leadership are in large measure responsible for a pervasive sense that materialism and greed have become socially acceptable and even commendable. But I think that political reorganization is called for from the bottom up.

And that is where the spiritual component comes in. What prompted the kind of grassroots organizing of the 1950s? What moved a nation to make some fundamental changes in the way it viewed blacks and women, the environment and war? A complex set of factors to be sure. But there is no denying that the nonviolent resistance of the Southern black ministers changed multitudes.

One sign of hope is that in the very materialism and isolation now so prevalent may be the seeds of another spiritual awakening. Perhaps those problems that seem most intractable—like growing drug and alcohol addiction—may signal a hunger for wholeness of spirit that awaits redefinition.

Susan Goering is legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Maryland and a member of Hyattsville Mennonite Church.



Siegfried Toews
Vancouver, British Columbia

Through many years of active involvement as a member in my church and through my association with the body of

believers in connection with my architectural profession, I have become increasingly concerned about lack of commitment in our leaders, lack of commitment in our church members and—as a result of the first two concerns—the future of our Mennonite church.

The following discussion between the chairman of a building committee and a fellow director focuses on my first concern, leadership:

“Why are you involved in this seniors’ home building project?”

“I can see that there is a need.”

The dialogue continues. “If you had a choice of rooms, which one would you choose for yourself?”

A rather adamant response: “Not me! This place will never meet my standards.”

Leaders are in a position to initiate standards and agendas that serve others. Theirs is the opportunity to encourage and

Christians have become complacent about immorality.

excite, or, conversely, to impede progress. In the preceding conversation, arrogant remarks reinforced a lack of confidence in the project and implied a mediocre standard of living.

Short-term vision leads to major maintenance problems in both buildings and congregations. Positive, committed leadership gives zeal and goals to Christians, helping to prevent burn-out.

Only God can give accurate long-term vision (Genesis 45:35-45). My prayer is that our leaders would trust in the Lord and lean not on their own understanding (Proverbs 3:5).

My second concern is the spectator attitude within the church. As in the living room, the armchair quarterback is in. He has great knowledge of the game, even though he has never played it.

This attitude is evident in our spiritual lives. The fast food syndrome has taken effect—instant prayer and Bible study. Take five minutes and you’re off and running. Then endless phone calls, business meetings and commitments and church activities take over.

How can we squeeze in the time for personal Bible study and prayer? The answer is always the same. There is always time for our priorities. Martin Luther’s statement that he required three hours of prayer prior to starting the day burns in my mind as an example of commitment.

The first part of the Christian walk, as described in Psalm 37:1-3, is commitment to God. This appears to be easy. The second step, that of complete trust, often requires the believer to hold on while struggling with adversities. The fast food generation does not grasp this concept, but constantly doubts

that God will bring something to pass (the third part of the process) because it takes too long. “In His time” is not part of our attitudes.

My third concern is for the future of the Mennonite church. Do not for a minute assume that it will not survive—it will.

The question I have is, with how many adherents and at what level of commitment?

Because of my profession, I have had the opportunity to visit and design many churches for congregations of numerous denominations. I have had the privilege of meeting some very dedicated Christians, in all walks of life.

However, the scene is changing. When I survey what is happening around me, I know that the church as a whole is in for a rough time. Our generation of believers has taken a complacent attitude toward pornography, immoral lifestyles and abortion. I hear the slogan that the real problem in this free society is the self-righteous Christian who proclaims that he has a hold on God. God loves everyone, they say, not just the Christian. Meanwhile, church arson and occult practices are rapidly increasing. Yet most Christians mistakenly feel they will be immune.

My heritage is Russian Mennonite. My mother lived in the village of Eichenfeld, where one day all males over the age of 16 were shot. Over the years, letters from relatives have kept us aware of Christian suppression. Today the church as we know it is under direct assault. Will the armchair Christian with remote control regard this as a challenge or simply sit back and turn the channel?

Recently, a member of our family found a wallet while skiing. It contained the usual credit cards and \$34 in cash. Much to our disappointment, he took the money and turned the rest in to the Lost and Found, then rejoiced to others about his good fortune. His attitude was that he had done a good deed by returning the wallet and therefore deserved the reward. He also was certain that if he hadn’t taken the money, the young man at the Lost and Found would have.

We, however, believed that he had stolen the money and that the wallet should have been returned with all of its contents intact. Had he thought of how he would have felt if he had been the loser of the money? Suppose the loser really needed the cash? What about the opportunity to witness to his friends about honesty?

Suddenly the light went on, and he wanted to set the matter right. Since the owner was unknown to us, he made the church Food Bank a bit richer that week.

The incident again reminded me of the prevailing thought in our society: they owe me, and I am responsible solely for myself and my happiness.

The church of today is begging for strong, committed leaders and dedicated members. Will we ignore our responsibilities, constantly switching channels because of our own wants and needs, or are we prepared to sacrifice? As parents we are responsible to teach the church of tomorrow and to witness to God’s love wherever we spend our days.



Siegfried Toews is an architect who has designed many churches and church schools. He is a member of Mountainview Mennonite Church, Vancouver.



Tim Wiebe
Waterloo, Ontario

What are the most pressing concerns I have? I'm a parent concerned about my young daughter's future. I'm a church member wondering about who will assume the mantle of leadership when the current "Elijahs" ease into retirement. I'm a citizen worried about the future of the society of which I'm a part.

As I write this, our daughter, Emily Marie, is eight months old. I want many things for her—a secure childhood, a meaningful set of experiences in school and opportunities for her to know, appreciate and live out her Mennonite heritage.

I know that there are no guarantees, but I still have hope. Hope that we'll be able to provide her a loving, Christian environment in which to grow up. Faith that her experiences will be good ones. Confidence that she'll come to know who she is, as a Mennonite, and understand what that means for the life she chooses.

I remember the words Marlene and I spoke at Emily's child dedication. They had to do with commitment, community and sharing the responsibility of raising her with our sisters and brothers in faith. We can't singlehandedly change the world which she will inherit. But we can do our part, give her a sense of security and self worth and teach her, above all else, to place her trust in God.

Doing these things means that we must assume more responsibility. This is where my second concern slips in. My wife and I are in our late twenties. We know that we can't simply live off the spiritual capital bequeathed us by those who've committed entire lives to the service of God and church. At some point, the current batch of issues facing Mennonites—inclusive language, sexuality, ordination, peace and justice—will fall more and more squarely into our laps.

Advice will be available from those with experience, wisdom and interpersonal savvy; we'll never be completely on our own.

But the task of moving the church into the next century can't be left only to those who've already served so long and faithfully. If the Mennonite church is to maintain its ideals and institutions, it will be up to me to do my part. I owe it to my tradition to invest back something of the rich spiritual heritage which my teachers, parents and mentors have shared with my generation.

"My generation"—what possibilities does it hold? What challenges does it pose?

As a North American, I'm clearly among the privileged few. I'm among the rich, regardless of the precise amount in my bank account. The Ronald Reagans of this world have set out to favor the wealthy, and have created a bigger gap between rich and poor as a result. We are dominated more and more by the power of the market. It's small wonder that Jesse Jackson, in his eloquent campaign on behalf of the powerless, insisted that we're becoming a corporate society. The values of community and sharing are being replaced by an emphasis on competition and winning—or, for so many, losing.

That's my generation. We're yuppies and Muppies, affluent middle-class advocates for the status quo. Or so goes the stereotype.

I'd like to challenge that. Maybe we can begin to commit our energies and resources to confronting the idols of our time.

The values of community are being replaced by an emphasis on competition.

Maybe we have something better to offer. It won't come merely from youth and idealism. It will require looking back: reflection on the Christian virtues we've been taught from our tradition, acceptance of our responsibility for the world we've inherited, and a profound reliance on the Christ whom we would claim to follow.

We can make no claims to being builders of the New Jerusalem, nor can we count ourselves any more obedient than our forebears. But we can open ourselves to God. We can pray for guidance. We can give our children a solid upbringing within our church tradition. And, most importantly, we can commit ourselves to the twin commandments with which Jesus summed up the law and the prophets: loving God with heart, soul, mind and strength, and loving our neighbor as ourselves.

Tim Wiebe is a writer, musician and student in the Master of Theological Studies program at the University of Waterloo.

• **The Road to Peace** edited by Ernie Regehr and Simon Rosenblum looks at nuclear weapons and Canadian defense policy in light of the Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces Treaty signed by Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev. The book is published by James Lorimer and Company.

• Plough Publishing House has released **Brothers Unite: An Account of the Uniting of Eberhard Arnold and the Rhoeen Bruderhof with the Hutterian Church**. The book is based on Arnold's diary of his trip to North America in 1930-31 and letters written between 1928 and 1935.

• Bethany House Publishers has released **Becoming a Better Friend**, the sixth book by Melodie Davis. The book is intended for readers aged 18-50 who want to improve their relationships with others. Choice Books acted as agency for the manuscript, which arose out of material from the *Your Time* radio program of Mennonite Board of Missions.

• Recent books from Herald Press include **Peace, Faith, Nation: Mennonites and Amish in Nineteenth-Century America** by Theron F. Schlabach, **How to Survive as a Teen When No One Understands** by Stevan E. Atanasoff and **The Splendid Vista** by Esther Loewen Vogt.

• Kindred Press titles that are available through Herald Press include: **The Bible and the Church: Essays in Honour of Dr. David Ewert** edited by Abe J. Dueck, Herbert J. Giesbrecht and V. George Shillington; **The Hidden Hand in the Story of My Life** by Anna Bartsch; and **Wendy's Story** by Vel Priebe, part of the Kinderbook Series for four- to eight-year-olds.

• **El Shaddai** is the name of a new magazine begun in India under the editorial leadership of M.A. Solomon, a long-time Mennonite Brethren church official. The inaugural issue, dated January 1989, included a feature by Solomon on the plight of India's untouchables, a historical article about the Mennonite Brethren by the late missionary to India John H. Voth and meditations by India church leaders Thomas Samuel and Bakht Singh. The magazine is in English.

• **The Riddle of Amish Culture** is the title of the latest book by Donald B. Kraybill. It is published by Johns Hopkins University Press.

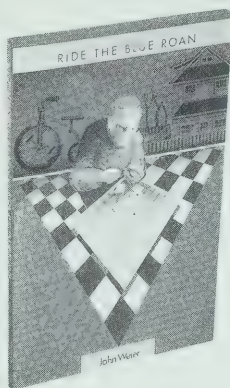
• *Festival Quarterly* contributor Anthony Ugolnik is the author of **The Illuminating Icon**, a study of what U.S. Christians can learn from Russian Orthodox tradition. The book is published by Eerdmans.

• **Frontier Community to Urban Congregation** is the title of a history of First Mennonite Church of Kitchener, Ontario, by E. Reginald Good. The book locates the congregation in the context of pioneer settlement patterns, the emergence of the Mennonite Church in Canada, changing authority patterns in the church, and U.S. influence in church and national policies.

• Samuel J. Steiner is the author of **Vicarious Pioneer: The Life of Jacob Y. Shantz** published by Hyperion Press of Winnipeg. An Ontario Mennonite businessman and civic leader, Shantz played a major role in the emigration of Mennonites from Russia to western Canada.

• A 200-page book commemorates the origins and later development of an Anabaptist community in Deventer, the Netherlands. Written by Bonny Rademaker-Helfferich, **Een wit vaantje op de Brink** (A White Banner on the Brink) tells the story of Deventer's first Anabaptists, who were revolutionaries allied with the violent sect that ruled the German town of Münster in the 1530s. After the Deventer revolutionaries were stamped out, secret meetings of nonviolent Anabaptists began in 1578. Today's congregation has 200 Mennonite members, who worship together with Remonstrants and others.

• Turnstone Press of Winnipeg has published two more collections of poetry, **Ride the Blue Roan** by John Weier and **Journey to Yalta** by Sarah Klassen.



• Katherine Martens tells the story of one family's experiences in southern Manitoba over the past 60 years in **All in a Row: The Klassens of Homewood**. The book is published by the Mennonite Literary Society of Winnipeg and is available from All in a Row, 701 Patricia Ave., Winnipeg.

• **For Everything a Season** by T.D. Regehr and J.I. Regehr chronicles the history of the Alexanderkrone Zentralschule, which was instrumental in training many Mennonite leaders in southern Russia. The book is available from CMBC publications in Winnipeg.

• **A Mennonite Odyssey** by Rhinehart Friesen has received honorable mention in the popular book category of the Margaret McWilliams Medal Competition. The book recounts the hardships and joys of one of Manitoba's pioneer families. Friesen, a retired obstetrician, based the book on journals, diaries, oral history and his own memories. *A Mennonite Odyssey* is published by Hyperion Press of Winnipeg.

• Clint Good and Debra Lynn Dadd are the authors of **Healthful Houses: How to Design and Build Your Own**. Good is an architect who lives in Lincoln, Virginia. The book is published by Guaranty Press, Bethesda, Maryland.

• **Daily Devotional Treasures** is a collection of the notes and meditations of Lester Troyer, an Old Order Amish man who lived in Holmes County, Ohio, until his death in 1968. The material was discovered by family members 18 years after he died. Copies of the book are available from Troyer's son-in-law Monroe L. Beachy, Route 1, Box 428, Sugar Creek, Ohio.

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Hungry, Thirsty, a Stranger: The MCC Experience, Robert S. Kreider and Rachel Waltner Goosen. Herald Press, 1988. 392 pages, \$14.95.

Reviewed by Phil Baker-Shenk

What is most distinctive about Mennonites? *Hungry, Thirsty, a Stranger* makes a strong case for service as the answer.

The book is an in-house biography of Mennonite Central Committee (MCC), presenting verbal snapshots of MCC's history in 30 short chapters. But in truth it is an adventure story.

MCC workers have spent years living dangerously and courageously. MCC people like you and me tell personal stories of being thrust into alien settings, acting compassionately, and sometimes fruitfully, in the name of Christ.

MCC workers have battled against faulty transport equipment and balky bureaucrats to feed desperately hungry people. Volunteers have seen violent atrocities done to their friends and struggled with the dilemma of how to tell the outside world without hurting other people in the



country or getting MCC kicked out. Workers have tried to help people develop better food systems without destroying their culture.

From the organization's sputtering beginnings in the 1920s, its work has woven a historically rural people into the fabric of the global community. The world's pain has become Mennonites' concern, which is the most remarkable aspect of the MCC story.

Much of the book reads like a summary of 20th century social and political history.

World history is half of MCC's history.

MCC's program cannot be understood outside of the context of world events that call for the agency's response. The plagues of modern times—natural disasters, wars, social upheaval, dictatorships, injustice, discrimination—are the preconditions for MCC's work.

Something is very right about an organization when becoming well informed about its history makes one well informed about the world.

The accounts I read moved me to tears. In the big scheme of things, we Mennonites are just a drop in the bucket. Yet we have had an influence out of proportion to our size, thanks to institutions such as MCC.

MCC deserves kudos for keeping this book in the humble tradition. The authors describe, rather matter of factly, some of the tensions between powerful and conflicting personalities and views in the agency. The book actually ends on this note, rather than a triumphal one. In this era of religious self-congratulation and self-promotion, such an approach speaks eloquently.

The writing itself is uneven. Co-authored books run the risk of being pieced together raggedly, and this one reads that way in some chapters. A good editing job could have smoothed the transitions and eliminated the book's confusing tendency to tell some stories by jumping around in time, rather than in chronological order.

Still, this book is chock full of good reasons for being a Mennonite. Through MCC's work, tens of thousands of people have served Christ's diverse world. The persevering vision of the organization's workers through the years inspires.

Phil Baker-Shenk is a Mennonite attorney in Washington, D.C., and a member of Sojourners Community Church.

FQ price—\$13.46
(Regular price—14.95)

The Role of the Church in Society: An International Perspective, edited by Urbane Peachey. International Mennonite Peace Committee, 1988. 120 pages, \$4.00.

Reviewed by Cornelius J. Dyck

This book is a series of case studies on the function of the church in society in Zimbabwe, Switzerland, West Germany, the United States, South Africa, Nicaragua, Argentina and Japan. Four appendices present statements by the International Mennonite Peace Committee (IMPC) and other groups from 1986, 1984, 1979 and 1978. The editor introduces the volume with a summary and analytical statement.

The case studies show that there is no escape from society and its impact on the church. In Africa it has been hard for the church to shed colonial history, but both there and in Central America, revolutionary movements have provided even more difficult agenda. In Japan, U.S. pressure on the government to rearm and the revival of Shintoism have created unique dilemmas. In Western Europe and the United States, some Mennonites are no longer content to coast along on tradition.

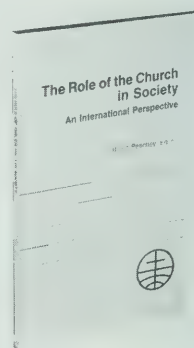
The message of the Bible speaks to each situation, calling the church to proclaim faith, live as the body of Christ, practice servanthood, reconcile and share an ethical witness for the social order, including the state.

This is an honest, provocative book, excellent for study groups, although most of the writers lacked space to develop the theological implications of their studies.

A subcommittee of Mennonite World Conference, IMPC is trying to develop a global network of communication on peace issues. It is to be hoped that publishing projects such as this book can continue without unduly imperiling the writers or movements involved.

Cornelius J. Dyck is professor of Anabaptist and 16th century studies at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana.

FQ price—\$3.50
(Regular price—4.00)



The House Church, Del Birky. Herald Press, 1988. 192 pages, \$18.95.

Reviewed by Cal Redekop

This book is partially biography. The author's experience and concern for church renewal led him to the house church.

The house church, he says, is not simply a smaller fellowship within the larger congregation; it is the church itself (p. 80ff). Birky ably presents the history of the New Testament house church and its significance in the areas of structure, ministry, worship, discernment and use of gifts, and the ministry of women.

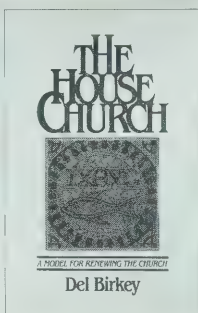
In the last section of the book, Birky discusses how the spirit of koinonia needs to survive the natural process of institutionalization in structure. Thus, we have come full circle; the author, who was drawn to the house church for renewal, points out that, as a structure, it can itself be in need of revitalization.

The book's emphasis on the house church as an avenue of primary relationships and commitment is necessary but not new; there is an extensive literature which the author does not cite. In addition, the book fails to satisfactorily address a number of legitimate objections. Because the church emerged as a house church, for example, does not prove that this form is its essence; perhaps other factors were responsible. Short of commandeering a Jewish synagogue or Greek temple, where, except in houses, could the early Christians meet? The book does not address the question of why the church soon began building.

A more fruitful approach, I believe, is to ask what the church is supposed to do and then look at the structures that are necessary to carry out these tasks. Birky has given us a provocative piece; however, though renewal is a process that affects structures, no structure can guarantee process—at least for long.

Cal Redekop is a member of the sociology faculty at Conrad Grebel College in Waterloo, Ontario.

FQ price—\$15.16
(Regular price—18.95)



The Best of Amish Cooking, Phyllis Pellman Good. Good Books, 1988. 224 pages, \$19.95.

Reviewed by Winifred Paul

This book needed to be written, as a record of the distinctive food tradition of the Amish.

The Best of Amish Cooking compiles recipes handed down from mother to daughter, and presents them in a form understandable to those of us outside the Amish community. This does not mean that all the recipes are unfamiliar, however. The people of the Kansas community where I grew up moved there from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1885. Many of the dishes my grandmother and aunt cooked during the period from 1900 to 1940 were exactly the same as those from this cookbook, including sweet and sour sauces and stewed crackers.

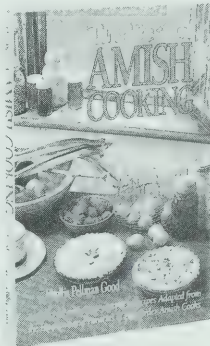
The recipes in the book come from cooks who plan carefully and take time to prepare meals. They don't buy canned mincemeat. At the same time, Amish cooking is simple cooking. It doesn't require exotic ingredients, but uses unadulterated food from gardens and farms. You don't need to run to the store for unusual seasonings.

People who are not as active as the Amish will need to watch the calories and salt, and to substitute polyunsaturated fat.

To people who preserve food, the full-page photographs of jars of home-canned food, sauerkraut and chow-chow will be a delight. As the Amish say, "To go hungry is to ignore the beauty of the earth."

Winifred Paul, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, is a member of Kingview Mennonite Church.

FQ price—\$15.96
(Regular price—19.95)



Discipling in the Church, Marlin Jeschke. Herald Press, 1988. 200 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Dorothy Nickel Friesen

The topic of discipline in the church is no more popular in 1989 than it was in the early '70s when the first edition of this book (*Discipling the Brother*) appeared. I'm almost certain that the recent resurgence of mission activity under the rubric of "church growth" has barely breathed a word about corrective discipline, erring believers or excommunication.

People who have experienced the harshness of subtle discrimination or overt ostracism may not find this book helpful. Nevertheless, the author is to be commended for this thorough, biblical and readable book, intended for the already committed reader.

The book's 11 chapters are arranged into two parts (with excellent study questions supplied). The first part offers a basic presentation of the ministry of church discipline. The second part is more scholarly and traces the historical development of discipline in the church. Jeschke's crisp style reads well in both sections and makes a vast amount of material readily accessible.

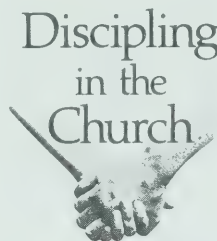
The classic text of Matthew 18:15-18 forms the basis for the entire book. Contemporary legal, pastoral care and social customs are addressed as powerful factors in our denial of discipline as part of corporate church life.

What is missing for me is the complexity of how discipline works in local church contexts. How do we recover church discipline, if we should? What would be the rewards? Who implements discipline? If history is so fraught with the abuse of discipline, is that not cause to examine whether our energies are best spent here?

I'm afraid Jeschke will continue to be a lone voice crying in the church wilderness.

Dorothy Nickel Friesen is pastor of Manhattan Mennonite Fellowship, Manhattan, Kansas.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—9.95)



Recovering a Ministry of the Gospel

Marlin Jeschke
Foreword by James M. Unger

The Brethren in Christ in Canada, E. Morris Sider. Evangel Press, 1988. 322 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by David J. Rempel Smucker

Let Mennonites recognize and honor the Brethren in Christ (BIC). It must require genuine humility and commitment to belong to an organization, such as Mennonite Central Committee, in which one's own denominational name is absent from the title.

This hints at a special relationship between BIC and Mennonites. Although the book does not focus on this relationship, I found it hard not to analyze the story of Canadian BIC in terms of what interests me as a U.S. Mennonite.

No person has more knowledge, ability and experience telling the BIC story than E. Morris Sider, the Canadian-born archivist and historian at Messiah College, Grantham, Pennsylvania. This unified and comprehensive account is solid rather than scintillating. Its strength lies in measured accuracy rather than interpretive creativity. Its weakness lies in not setting the BIC story in the wider context of other Canadian denominations.

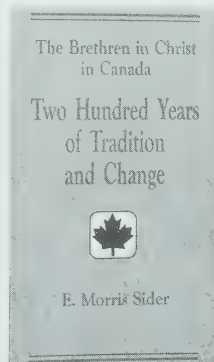
The book lacks a map. It needs one very badly, since many people know so little geography—especially U.S. citizens who scarcely know their own states. Canada exists for them as one northern blur. Also, the photo captions do not provide enough details.

The basic themes of the book will be familiar to Mennonite Church readers—struggles over ethnicity, plain lifestyle, tent campaigns, German language, Sunday schools, missions, urban living and even the prohibition against lightning rods. On the other hand, the BIC emphasizes on holiness and triune immersion differ from those of many Mennonites.

The latest offering from Sider's prolific pen, *The Brethren in Christ in Canada* is another valuable contribution from a gifted historian and believer.

David J. Rempel Smucker, Akron, Pennsylvania, is a staff member of the Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society and editor of Pennsylvania Mennonite Heritage.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—9.95)



Freedom for the Captives: How Love Is Rebuilding Lives in Spain, José Gallardo. Herald Press, 1988. 96 pages, \$4.95.

Reviewed by Howard Zehr

In *Freedom for the Captives*, José Gallardo proposes to share the story of his life. To some extent, he does that, beginning with meeting Mennonites on a beach in Spain and his subsequent conversion. But the book is primarily about the Spanish Christian community—or communities—which he helped to form.

How can we bring peaceful social change to an unjust and unstable world? He and his community have sought to answer this by choosing a lifestyle that conserves rather than consumes, and that includes communal living and joint ownership of goods. They also address it through the transformation of individuals, which in turn affects families and, ultimately, society.

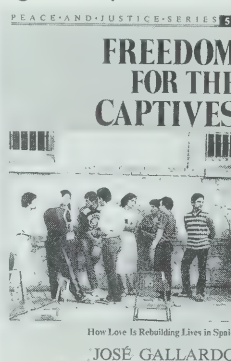
Thus the communities in which Gallardo is involved are rehabilitative communities. From the start they took in people in need: offenders, addicts, the homeless, the disabled. In the process, they learned difficult lessons.

This is not a how-to book; it is a testimony which provides a stirring challenge to our North American lifestyles and at-tests to the power of the Gospel to transform.

Personally, I would have appreciated a bit less testimony and more specificity. How are these communities structured? What were the actual turning points in some of the personal stories? But perhaps such questions are unfair to ask of books in this "Peace and Justice Series," intended to share "briefly and simply" the biblical emphases on peace and justice.

Howard Zehr is director of the Mennonite Central Committee U.S. Office of Criminal Justice.

FQ price—\$3.96
(Regular price—4.95)



When Kingdoms Clash: The Christian and Ideologies, Calvin E. Shenk. Herald Press, 1988. 104 pages, \$4.95.

Reviewed by John Paul Lederach

When Kingdoms Clash is a book about the challenges and conflicts between ideologies and Christian faith. In straightforward style, Calvin Shenk describes the functions and kinds of ideologies present in our world today, suggesting different ways these challenge the church. Paradoxically, he notes that the church *learns* from ideologies, yet stands as their judge, evaluating them not according to the standards of other ideologies but rather in the light of God's kingdom and plan for humanity.

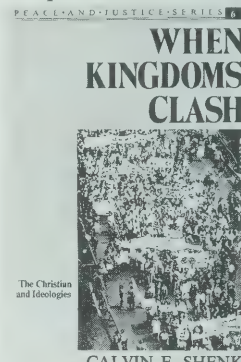
Shenk is careful not to target some systems of thought and human action as evil or anti-Christian and benignly ignore others that seem more compatible with historic Western Christian thought. The book does not take sides in the competition between communism and capitalism, suggesting the underlying strengths and weaknesses of both.

Perhaps the strongest part of the book is the place where it becomes most practical. In the chapter on the local church and ideologies, he notes that "for the church to have a critical encounter with the prevailing ideology, it must adapt itself creatively to each particular context." Shenk rightly argues that no church is exempt from such adaptation, regardless of its context.

The book is concise. This is both its strength and its weakness. It would serve well as an introductory text for small groups or Sunday school study, but it is neither thorough nor extensive in its description and analysis of ideologies. Such issues as consumerism, televangelism and militarism would be worth examining in more depth as expressions of ideology.

John Paul Lederach is director of Mennonite Conciliation Service, Akron, Pennsylvania. He has helped to mediate the dispute between the Miskito Indians of Nicaragua and the Sandinista government.

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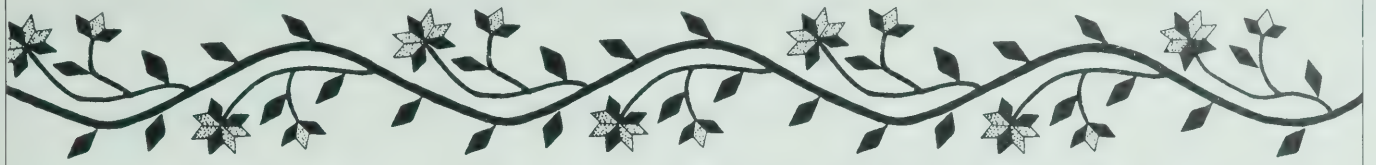
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DONALD B. KRAYBILL

Why will the Amish ride in cars but refuse to drive them? How can their old-fashioned farms turn a profit while modern farms go broke? Do they ever change their customs? And how have these "plain folk" not only kept the modern world at bay but actually grown from a meager band of 5,000 in 1900 to over 100,000 today?

Talking with the Amish on their farms, in their shops, and around their kitchen tables, Donald Kraybill has learned how they have "struck a bargain" with modern times—and how many of the rules that seem quaint or silly to outsiders have been essential to keeping Amish culture alive. *The Riddle of Amish Culture* draws us into conversation with a people as remote as the seventeenth century—and as close to home as that blacktop road off the next Interstate exit.

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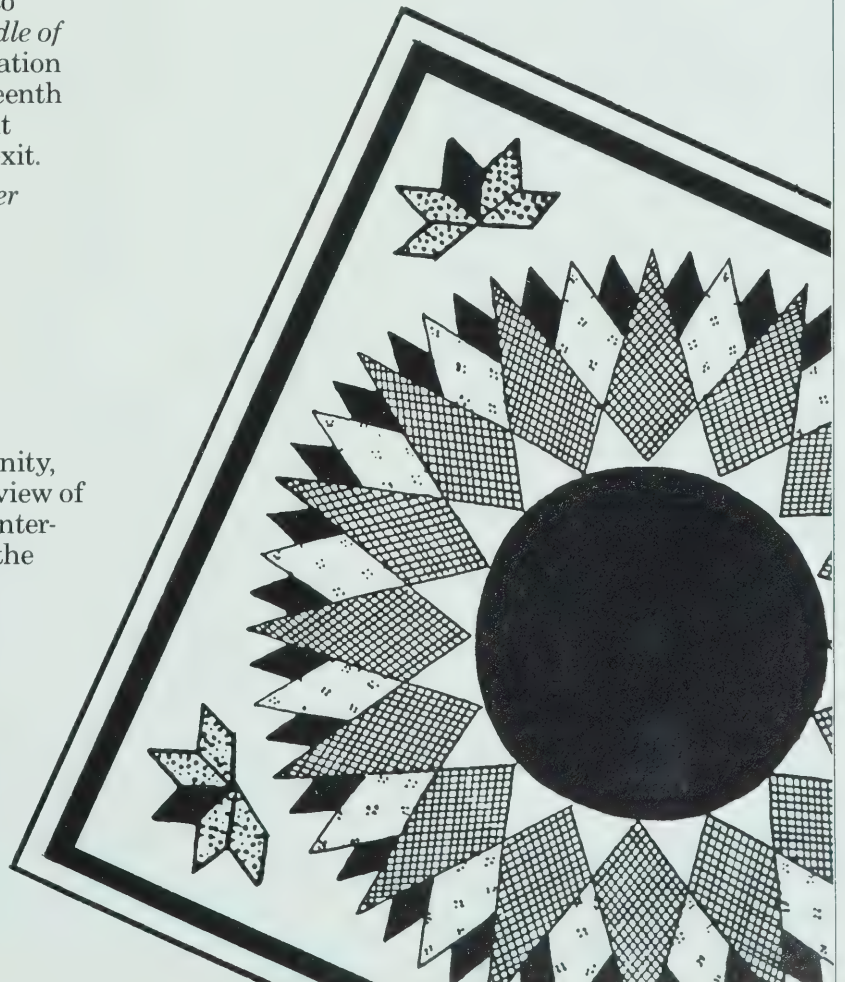
Mennonite Society

CALVIN REDEKOP

The first comprehensive introduction to the North American Mennonite world. Calvin Redekop, who has lived in the Mennonite ethos all his life, explores their beliefs, their family life, economics, and aesthetics.

The temptation to become increasingly worldly and relevant has produced sharp schisms as well as new wealth, power, and secularity. Can the Mennonites survive as a community into the next century? The answer, Redekop contends, may lie in understanding their commitment to retaining a strong identity in the face of internal contradictions and external threats.

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Of Peace and Olive-Picking

by Jewel Showalter

• The feature-length movie *The Radicals* had its first public showings March 18–19 in Sarasota, Florida. The film depicts the early Anabaptist movement through the story of Michael and Margaretha Sattler. It is based on the book *Pilgrim Aflame* by Myron Augsburger, who was project consultant for the film. Special arrangements were made for preview showings of the movie at Bahia Vista Mennonite Church during special meetings with Augsburger. Because *The Radicals* is on 35mm film and designed for a wide screen, it is not suitable to be shown in most churches. The film is produced by Sisters and Brothers, Inc., a nonprofit film and video production company based in Goshen, Indiana. Sisters and Brothers has secured Manson International as foreign distributor for the movie and is negotiating for U.S. and Canadian distribution. A European premiere was to be held in late spring in Mulhouse, France, near where the film was shot.



D. Michael Hostetler

Michael Sattler (played by Norbert Weisser) shares a quiet moment with his wife, Margaretha (played by Leigh Lombardi), in *The Radicals*.

• A new museum and heritage center is to be built near Harleysville, Pennsylvania. Called "The MeetingHouse," the 12,000 square-foot facility will house a museum, library/archives and Mennonite Life Center. The project is sponsored by the Mennonite Historians of Eastern Pennsylvania, a group that seeks to "preserve, renew and share the spiritual and cultural identity" of Mennonites between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. The Historians plan a \$1.2 million fund appeal in connection with the construction. Since 1974, the group has operated the Mennonite Heritage Center from a former bank building in Souderton. Because of limited space at this site, the Historical Library and Archives have remained at Christopher Dock Mennonite High School in Lansdale.

• Two performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* conducted by Helmuth Rilling climaxed the biennial Church Music Seminar held in Winnipeg this past January. Both performances were held in the Centennial Concert Hall and featured the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra with a Mennonite choir. In addition to conducting, Rilling spoke about the *Elijah* as part of a worship service held at Elmwood Mennonite Brethren Church. One of the

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"What are they doing?" I wondered, as I noticed a man up in a small gray-green tree, shaking and beating the branches with a broom stick. Under the tree women and children squatted or sat, picking up the green and black fruits that rained down at each blow.

When it comes to gathering olives in northern Cyprus, little seems to have changed since biblical times. Most families own a few olive trees or have access to the fruit of unclaimed ones. Men take vacation days from work to transport available family members to the olive groves and aid in the picking.

We joined our friends for an afternoon of picking in a young grove near the sea. Their two-month old baby slept nearby, while the mother spread large sheets of plastic under the tree to simplify the collection process.

She put us to gathering up the olives that had missed the sheet. Son Matthew climbed the tree to shake down the ripening fruit. We all squatted, stooped or sat, rescuing the tiny fruits from where they'd bounced and rolled amid tufts of grass, clods and thistles.

My mind drifted to the olive leaf in the beak of Noah's dove, the children of Psalm 128 who sat like olive plants round about the table, and the oil so important for lighting, cooking and anointing in biblical times. Something which had been such an important symbol of peace, beauty, strength and prosperity centuries ago is now little known in the Western world. Yet here I was sitting in the red dirt picking up olives.

Most families in northern Cyprus gather only for their own needs, as there's not much of a market and the slow, painstaking work doesn't pay minimum wage.

The day we worked with our friends, they came home with four large sacks of olives. They'd been out since early morning until the rain drove us in around 3:30. There were transportation costs, pressing costs and storage vat costs, not to mention the labor, which in this case was donated.

Straight from the tree, the olives are inedibly bitter. Green ones are slit with a knife or smashed with a stone until they crack open. The slit or smashed olives are then soaked in fresh water, changed every day for three to five days. When the bitter taste is gone, the olives are stored in a salty brine and served when desired with lemon juice and garlic.

The ripe black olives are layered with coarse salt in large jars or vats. Within about a month they lose their bitterness and become a popular breakfast food, or

are used for making olive-onion bread, a favorite picnic and party food.

But by far the largest percentage of olives find their way to the press. As we saw on the visit to our village press, the olives are first washed, then dumped into a large circular trough. Two huge millstones on a short axle rotate in the trough, grinding the olives, seed and all, to a brownish-green paste. Bucketfuls of paste are then dumped into coarse envelope-like bags made of woven goat hair.

These olive paste-filled "envelopes" are stacked 10–15 high. Then as the hydraulic press slowly compresses the mass, the oil and water trickle down to a reservoir.

From the reservoir the mixture of oil and water goes through a separator, the lighter oil flung to the top and trickling out into the waiting containers, the heavy bitter water draining off the bottom. The remaining dry pulp is sold to brick factories for fuel, but the thick golden oil is stored in vats and jars, lending salads and other dishes the distinctive Middle Eastern flavor that we have grown to love.

Most weekends in October and November, we saw families gathering olives together. A picnic atmosphere prevailed as they spent the whole day in the grove, collecting the tiny fruits in a deliberate, unhurried manner. Of course there was a picnic lunch of bread, cheese and olives. Small children romped, played olive "narlles" or slept in the sunshine.

How ironic, I thought, that these peaceful olive tree-clad meadows and slopes have known such war and bloodshed. Pirates, crusaders, Venetians, Ottomans and British have died to control these shores. A United Nations peace-keeping force now maintains a fragile peace between Turkish Muslims in the north and Greek Orthodox in the south.

It takes more than gathering olives together to bring peace—but I'll always be glad I could sit in the red dirt picking up olives. Olive by olive the bucket fills, and with persistence and perseverance a year's supply of olive oil is stored away. Despise not small things!



Jewel Showalter and her family are currently living in Ohio after living in Cyprus and Turkey for a number of years.

Number One

by James and Jeanette Krabill

Everybody does it. Some do it longer than others. Some more frequently than others. Some with more difficulty than others. But every living person on the face of the earth in his or her own time and place . . . urinates.

In many cultures, urinating is considered the most normal of activities. It is discussed freely and performed publicly without the slightest apparent embarrassment. In other cultures, seeing the word "urinate" in print alone is enough to rosy up a few cheeks. (As in, "Why are the Krabills writing about a subject like *this*?")

Americans are particularly ingenious in inventing ways to camouflage this human activity. Few children are taught to "urinate." They may, however, go "wee-wee," "pee-pee" or "tinkle." Some families "make wet" or "take a leak," though the latter for most decent folk totters over the brink into vulgarity.

In school we have it down to a numerical code: "Teacher, I have to go Number One." And when the system works the slickest, no speaking is required at all. It suffices to raise that desperate index finger . . . and relief is on the way!

Many Americans are understandably scandalized when they first arrive in places like Paris and find those curious signs plastered about everywhere on public buildings: **FORBIDDEN TO URINATE HERE!** "Who on earth would *want* to urinate here, anyway?" wonder the Americans.

An initial response to this most perplexing question will, however, be immediately forthcoming for any person who chooses to sit in the park and listen to the songs of passing school children. One classic French jingle states clearly how to have great fun on a lazy summer afternoon:

Go wee-wee on the grass
To bother and tease the ladybugs.
Go wee-wee on the grass
To bother and tease the butterflies.

Chorus:

Wee-wee, grass, butterflies, ladybugs;
Wee-wee, grass, ladybugs, butterflies.

Not surprising, then, the exchange which took place between a wayside gas station attendant and an American motorist traveling through central France.

"S-s-sir," began the American, stumbling from his car and disguising but poorly his mounting discomfort. "W-would y-y-you happen to have a place where I could relieve myself?" "Relieve yourself?" replied the incredulous

Frenchman, making an expansive gesture from east to west across the vast horizon. "*Mais, monsieur, vous avez toute la France!*" ("But, sir, you have the entire country of France!")

On the regular two-hour bus run from our home in Ivory Coast to the nation's capital city, it is customary to stop mid-point for a potty break. There is of course no "potty," strictly speaking. One has, as it were . . . the entire country of Ivory Coast.

"Okay, this is it!" barks the driver, after an hour's drive. "If anybody has to piss, you've got ten minutes." (Gulp!) Front and back doors are quickly opened. And the bus unloads.

Three categories of passengers can be observed responding to the call, the women—who head off for high grass—and two groups of men: Muslim males, "the squatters," who, dressed in full-length robes, hover graciously inside their temporary tents, and Christian males, the "pants-porters," who simply remain in a standing position to perform their act. Members of the latter group frequently find themselves in rather vulnerable positions and make gallant attempts to turn their backs to the other passengers. Turning one's back to 65 scattered passengers, however, is an immensely tricky operation and usually meets with only partial success.

These few lines would no doubt have proven quite valuable several years back to the Goshen (Indiana) Police Department. The Goshen Police Department? Well, yes, as it turns out, an African on a brief stay in northern Indiana had decided to visit downtown Goshen. And feeling the need at some point to relieve himself, he had done just that, in a perfectly acceptable (African) cultural way, in a perfectly unacceptable (American) cultural place—the courthouse lawn. Within minutes, whistles were blowing and our dear brother found himself behind bars!

A rather amusing story, from an American perspective, yes, but likely not half as hilarious as the version being told somewhere back in Africa about "those up-tight Americans who actually throw people in prison for watering the grass."



James and Jeanette Krabill are studying at Selly Oak College in Birmingham, England, after living for several years in Ivory Coast.

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world's leading choral conductors, Rilling is a son of a Lutheran minister in West Germany. The weeklong music seminar is sponsored by Mennonite Brethren Bible College and Canadian Mennonite Bible College and is held every two years. Along with worship and performances, it includes workshops and the presentation of papers on a variety of topics.

• **The Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society**, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has acquired approximately 350 books from **Irvin B. Horst**, a book collector and scholar of Anabaptist studies. The materials deal with the Anabaptist groups of Germany, Switzerland, France and Moravia, including the Swiss Brethren, Amish, Mennonites and Hutterian Brethren. From 1967 to 1985, Horst taught at the Mennonite seminary in the Netherlands. He also was professor of Mennonite History and Thought at the University of Amsterdam. Horst sold other portions of his library to Mennonite colleges, but offered this section to the Lancaster society because of the books' relevance to the historical backgrounds and theological traditions of many early Lancaster County settlers.

• **First Mennonite Church in Kitchener, Ontario**, has erected an eight-sided "peace pole," a symbol originally used by the Japanese as a statement against atomic warfare. The pole features the message "Let peace prevail on earth" in eight languages. It was erected as part of the congregation's 175th anniversary celebration. The languages used on the pole are: French and English, the Canadian national languages; Spanish and Hmong, languages used in addition to English in services in the church building; German, the ancestral language of many of the church's members; Ojibway, a Native language; and Japanese and Russian.

• **Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre** presented *Sanctuary* by **Esther R. Wiens** on April 20–22.

• **The Archbold Community Theater**, Archbold, Ohio, and Sauder Village presented the play *Quilters* this past March. **Carolyn Snyder** and **Karen Burkholder** coordinated the making of 16 quilt blocks used in the play.

• **The game of crokinole** probably originated in the Mennonite community of south-central Ontario, according to the author of the first published research on the game. Wayne Kelly makes his statement in *The Crokinole Book*, published by the Boston Mills Press.

A Visual Feast

If you would like to see a cross-section of some of the finest work being done by Mennonite-related artists, just write to us for the 15-minute slide presentation called "Art '88." This is a service provided free of charge by our gallery. The artists represented in "Art '88" are:

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MUSEUMS

Illinois

Mennonite Heritage Center of the Illinois Mennonite Historical & Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 819, SR 116, Metamora (309-367-2555). Mid-Apr.-mid-Oct. Fri.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. 1:30-4:30. Admission: donation. Museum of early Mennonite life in Illinois; historical, genealogical libraries, archives. Information on annual Heritage Series available on request.

Indiana

Menno-Hof, SR 5 South, Shipshewana (219-768-4117). Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission: donation. Interpretation center. Displays and activities about early Anabaptists and present-day Mennonite and Amish groups.



Mennonite Historical Library, Good Library 3rd Floor, Goshen College, Goshen (219-535-7418). Mon.-Fri. 8-12, 1-5, Sat. 9-1. Closed Sundays, holidays, Saturdays during college vacations. Admission: free. Primarily for researchers in Mennonite history and genealogy; holdings also include rare and other unusual Mennonite-related books.

Kansas

Kauffman Museum, Bethel College, N. Main & 27th, North Newton (316-283-1612). Tues.-Sun. 1:30-4:30 or by appointment; closed major holidays. Admission: adults \$2, children 6-12 \$1, group rates available. Cultural, natural history of Central Plains with focus on Mennonites; restored 19th-century homesteader's cabin, farmstead with house, barn.

Mennonite Heritage Museum, Highway K-15 & Main, Goessel (316-367-8200). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; Sept.-Dec., Mar.-May: Tues.-Sat. 1-4. Admission: adults \$2, children 12 and under \$1, large groups please call ahead for appointment. Artifacts from early households, farms, schools, churches; restored historic buildings; Turkey Red Wheat Palace.

Pioneer Adobe House Museum, U.S. Highway 56 & Ash, Hillsboro (316-947-3775). Mar.-Dec.: Tues.-Sat. 9-12, 2-5, Sun. and holidays 2-5. Admission: free. Restored Dutch-German Mennonite immigrant adobe house, barn, shed; displays on adobe house culture 1847-1890, Turkey Red wheat, 100 years of Hillsboro history (1884-1984).

Warkentin House, 211 E. First St., Newton (316-283-0136 or 283-7555). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 1-4:30; Sept.-May: Fri.-Sun. 1-4:30. Admission: adults \$2. Sixteen-room Victorian home, built 1886 for Bernhard Warkentin, who was instrumental in bringing Turkey Red wheat, as well as Mennonite settlers, to Kansas from Russia.

Manitoba

Mennonite Village Museum, Steinbach (204-326-9661). May: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; June: Mon.-Sat. 10-7, Sun. 12-7; July-Aug.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8, Sun. 12-8; Sept.: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; Oct.-Apr. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2, students and senior citizens \$1. Restoration of 19th-century southern Manitoba Mennonite village with houses, church, schools, more.

Maryland

Penn Alps, National Road (Alt. Rt. 40), Grantsville (301-895-5985). Memorial Day-mid-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8; mid-Oct.-May: Mon.-Thurs. 11-7, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 9-8. Situated between a still-functional 1797 grist mill and a nationally-renowned 1813 stone arch bridge. Working craftspeople (summer only), restored historic buildings.

Ohio

German Culture Museum, Olde Pump St., Walnut Creek (216-893-2510). June-Oct.: Tues.-Sat. 12:30-4. Admission: by donation. Costumes, furniture, fraktur, quilts and other artifacts from eastern Ohio Germanic folk culture.

Sauder Farm & Craft Village, SR 2, Archbold (419-446-2541). Apr.-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9:30-5, Sun. 1:30-5. Admission: adults \$4.75, children 6-18 \$2.50, children under 6 free. Collection of artifacts, rebuilt log homes and shops of settlers in mid-1800s; working craftspeople.

Ontario

Brubacher House, c/o University of Waterloo, Waterloo (519-886-3855). May-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 2-5; other times by appointment. Restoration and refurbishing of Mennonite home of 1850-90, slide-tape presentations of Mennonite barnraising and settling of Waterloo County. Admission: \$1 per person, Sunday school classes \$.50 per

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Creating a Hymnal

by Cynthia Yoder

Editor's Note: For this column, Cynthia Yoder, a senior at Goshen (Indiana) College, interviews Mary Oyer.

"Alleluia, Amen!" may be the strain that will come to Editor Mary Oyer and others who are working on a hymnal sampler when it finally goes to press this spring.

The Hymnal Council and others, who have been eyeing the 1992 goal for a new Anabaptist hymnal since work began in 1982, have been compiling a sampler of about 115 selections to be used at the summer assemblies of the Hymnal Project's denominations: the Mennonite Church (MC), General Conference Mennonite Church (GC), Church of the Brethren and Churches of God, General Conference. A major unveiling of the sampler will occur at Normal '89, the joint MC-GC assembly in Illinois.

The council's task is simply stated, but not so easily carried out, with decisions made by agreement of 16 council members from varied musical traditions.

For Mary Oyer, the situation is an intensified recurrence of the collaboration between the Mennonite Church and General Conference Mennonite Church in the 1960s, which came to fruition in the 1969 *Mennonite Hymnal*, now used by congregations of both groups. The two denominations shared Mennonite heritage, but that bond was not necessarily helpful. The GC hymnal was much more German and ecumenical than that of the MC churches, which relied more on their own and North American traditions. And the GC use of the organ to accompany singing did not sit well with MC members, who at the time tried not to talk about the use of musical instruments.

Still, the differences were overcome, and the groups went even further to consult original sources to find new phrases and more interesting rhythms.

Now, the ecumenical style of the *Mennonite Hymnal* contrasts with the somewhat more ethnic style of the *Brethren Hymnal* used by the Church of the Brethren and the Churches of God, General Conference. "It's the same situation that we had the last time," Oyer says.

Both approaches can be equally rich, she believes: "You can decide you're going to be unique, or you can decide you're going to emphasize the great hymns of the past." But, she notes, this question must be resolved before progress can be made.

Accomplishing this sometimes seems an insurmountable task. So why try?

First, Oyer says, "A new hymnal could

provide materials and possibilities for bridging the varieties of experiences of faith: within our congregations, from congregation to congregation, and from denomination to denomination." By including gospel songs, Bach chorales, guitar songs from the 1960s, prayer and praise songs and songs from oral traditions, the book could help bridge the gap between generations, "differing pieties and tastes" and differing musical practices.

Bridging the gap between peoples is a second goal of the hymnal. "I believe music captures and conveys something of the character of the group out of which it comes," Oyer says. "The favorite hymns of a people may be our most direct way of understanding them."

Like the 1992 hymnal, the sampler will represent the ethnic congregations of native North Americans, Hispanics and Asians, as well as provide a better representation of African-American songs, of which the *Mennonite Hymnal* has only two. In addition, the new books will tap into the rich resource of non-Western cultures en-

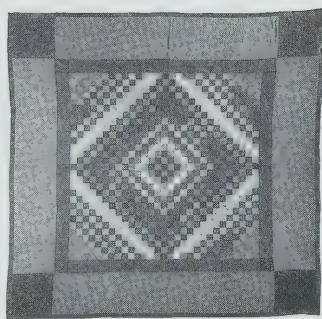
countered through missions in places such as India, Africa and Japan.

"We can exchange rather than export our own," Oyer says.

Deciding which songs will finally be chosen to represent the array of generations, musical traditions and cultures is a major difficulty. But the problems don't end there. The evolution of the English language in recent years brings additional complexity. The need for inclusiveness in gender, race and personal characteristics raises more hurdles, as the committee tries to respect individual and group memory, while altering some exclusive language "as gracefully as possible."

But pulling traditions together so that congregational music is enriched, rather than left estranged, is a feat Oyer and the others are determined to accomplish, despite the dissonance of the past seven years. As members of the four denominations gather this summer, they will find a sampler to use, and they will discover just how diverse they have become.

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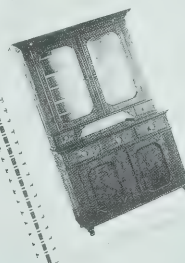


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Our Larger Body — Earth

by Keith Helmuth

One of the bad habits of the modern outlook is to confuse open-ended change with creative growth. We have been told that we must educate our children to cope with accelerating technological and social change, that happiness and social effectiveness depend on their ability to adapt to the continuous motion which characterizes modern times.

In the 1960s I worked in a context devoted to this understanding, but I had my doubts. In the '70s I left the field of formal education and went into farming, homestead design and rural community development. It seemed to me that what we needed was education for stability, not education for change.

We have been taught that the law of organic process is "grow or die," and we have come to feel that growth is mostly a matter of accommodating continual change. This is the logic of the Reagan Revolution and the great push for free trade marketing.

But an error has been made. The law of organic process is not "grow *or* die," but "grow *and* die." Life comes from death and death from life in a cyclical re-creation of stability.

Humanity indeed has seen many wonderful improvements in convenience, comfort and safety in the past 150 years, but the full price of these benefits is only now coming due. We have viewed Earth as a creditor against whom we could charge the costs of unrestrained progress in full confidence that our accumulated debt would be forgiven. But now we are seeing the results of our profligate ways on the vital systems of life maintenance — waterways, blood, air, lungs, soil structure, genetic structure. Earth, it turns out, is not a storehouse of resources, a long-suffering creditor. Earth is our body.

I am not suggesting that we must now abandon all hope of progress, that every benefit must be paid for by ecological degradation. What we must abandon, however, is our adolescent notion of human welfare, our demand to be the central focus of all value and be served as little god-like creatures by the rest of the biosphere.

Maturity, for each of us personally and for our communities and culture, means the recognition of Earth as our larger body, the organic structure through which we participate in life. Anything less is cannibalism of the worst kind — self-cannibalism.

The biblical metaphor is precise on this point with respect to the faithful community: "One part of the body does

not say to another, 'I have no need of you.'" The community to which we must be faithful includes not only other human beings, but the entire biospheric creation.

Growth, in the ecological perspective, is movement toward stability at the ecosystem level, the community level. Individuals come and go just like cells in a living body. The hope of a mature mind is that the community, the ecosystem, will carry on and flourish.

Running counter to this attitude is the modern dogma of open-ended change. We have been taught by the industrial market economy that the "natural" progression of manufactured goods is from being modern and up-to-date to being old fashioned and out-of-date. From manufactured goods this virus

Mistreatment of the Earth amounts to cannibalism of ourselves.

creeps into ideas, feelings and relationships. Life becomes a game of catching up with fashion, fearing to be left behind. Max Beerbohm put it neatly: "How I wish I could keep up with the leaders of modern thought as they pass into oblivion."

Nowhere has the ideology of change-as-growth, and growth as quantity, had such profound consequences as in farming. From the strengths and stability of a diversified, community-oriented, metabolically-powered food system we have come to the vulnerability of a mono-cropping, commodity market oriented, fossil fuel-powered agri-business.

Was farming "modernized" with a view toward better soil stewardship? Was the introduction of the tractor a solution to a problem in small farm stability? No, not at all. The superior quality of produce and livestock, the healthy soil and ecological stability of homestead farms, such as those of the Amish, gives the lie to these notions.

Farming was not modernized to upgrade the nutritional quality of food or to protect the life of the soil or to make small farms stable and productive. The modernization of farming came about because of faith in the ability of high-energy extraction and processing

technology, centralized distribution and worldwide commodity trading to create a culture of ease and abundance — a utopia in which everyone, including the farmer, could get food by using the wallet instead of the hoe. Farming was modernized to support the concentration of population in urban regions where they could best serve and be served by the industrial-commercial market economy. Farming was modernized, in short, to increase the production of money.

I am not romanticizing the drudgery of the "good old days." I know all about 16-hour workdays and stoop labor in the hot sun. But I also know about continuous exposure to diesel exhaust, debt load and the hustle of high-volume marketing. Through all this, one thing has become clear to me: the industrialization of farming is not growth toward stability. The application of high-energy technology to the food system increases the vulnerability of the system.

Farming, on almost any scale, has a destabilizing effect on the natural ecosystem. Nevertheless, a certain harmony between land and human settlement has, from time to time and in various cultures, been achieved. (See *Soil and Civilization* by Edward Hyams, Harper & Row, 1976). We have models, both historically and in contemporary life, of practices that promote a stable food system.

We also now have available highly sophisticated, ecologically engineered food production strategies and technologies which do not depend at all on farming in the usual sense. Household food production need no longer be limited to the rural homestead. (See *Bioshelters, Ocean Arks, City Farming* by Nancy Jack Todd and John Todd, Sierra Club Books, 1984).

The winds of change blow in violent and sometimes erratic ways. But intelligence is like a sail which can be employed within the winds of change to hold a chosen course, guided by Earth process to growth in understanding and in practical accomplishments.



Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale, diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."

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person, under 12 free if accompanied by parent.

The Meetingplace, 33 King St., St. Jacobs (519-664-3518). May–Oct.: Mon.–Fri. 11–5, Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1:30–5; Nov.–Apr.: Sat. 11–4:30, Sun. 2–4:30. Feature-length film about Mennonites, by appointment. Admission: \$1.25 per person for groups making reservations; others by donation. A Mennonite interpretation center; 28-minute documentary film “Mennonites of Ontario.”

Pennsylvania

Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 388). Mon.–Fri. 8–5, Sat.–Sun. by appointment. Admission: free. Collection of artifacts; e.g., plain clothing, church furniture, love feast utensils, Bibles.

Germantown Mennonite Information Center, 6135 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia (215-843-0943). Tues.–Sat. 10–4, Sun. for groups by appointment. Admission: donation. Meeting-house and artifacts related to the Germantown Mennonite community, oldest in America. Also available for tours: Johnson House, 18th-century Quaker home in Germantown; 1707 house of William Rittenhouse, first Mennonite minister in America and responsible for first paper mill in colonies. “Images—The Germantown Mennonite Meetinghouse,” continuously-building exhibit of photos, sketches, paintings, other depictions of Germantown church.

1719 Hans Herr House, 1849 Hans Herr Dr., Willow Street (717-464-4438). Apr.–Dec.: Mon.–Sat. 9–4, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas; Jan.–Mar. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2.50, children 6–12 \$1, children under 6 free, group rates available. Restoration and refurbishing of oldest building in Lancaster County; “Lancaster Mennonite Rural Life Collection.”

Mennonite Heritage Center, 24 Main St., Souderton (215-723-1700). Wed.–Sat. 10–4, Sun. 2–4. Admission: free. Exhibits reflecting experiences from nearly 3 centuries of Mennonite life in southeast PA, symbolized in art, artifacts, literature, documents.

Mennonite Historical Library and Archives of Eastern Pennsylvania, Grebel Hall, Christopher Dock High School, 1000 Forty Foot Road, Lansdale (215-362-0304). Wed.–Thurs. 10–4, evenings and other times by appointment. Collection includes genealogical and local history resources, 16th & 17th century Bibles and rare books, 19th & 20th century personal collections, church records dating from 18th century.

Mennonite Information Center, 2209 Millstream Rd., Lancaster 17602 (717-299-0954). Open 8–5 daily except Sundays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Admission: varying. Film, *A Morning Song*; guided tours of Lancaster County; Hebrew Tabernacle Reproduction.

The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9–5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: varying. Amish and Mennonite information and heritage center; 3-screen documentary “Who Are the Amish?”; hands-on museum, Amish World, including Henry Lapp, Aaron Zook folk art collections; full-length feature film, *Hazel's People* (May–Oct. only).

The People's Place Quilt Museum, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9–5 daily except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: \$3 adults, \$1.50 children. Antique Amish quilts and crib quilts; small collection of dolls, socks, mittens, samplers and miniature wood pieces.

Springs Museum, Rt. 669, Springs (814-622-2625). June–Oct.: Wed.–Sat. 1–5. Admission: adults \$1, children \$.50. Artifacts from homes, farms, shops, of early settlers in Casselman Valley; most complete rock and fossil collection in area.

GALLERIES

Indiana

Goshen College Art Gallery, Good Library, Goshen College, Goshen (219-533-3161). Jan.–June, Sept.–Dec.: Mon.–Sat. 8–5, Tues. 8 a.m.–10 p.m., Sun. 1–5; July: weekdays only 9–5; closed Aug., holidays. Admission: free. • *Color contour drawing, Elizabeth Layton*, through May 28.

Mennonite Mutual Aid Gallery, 1110 N. Main (SR 15N), Goshen (219-533-9511). Admission: free.

Ohio

Kaufman Gallery, Main St., Berlin (216-893-2842). Apr.–Dec.: 1–5 p.m. Admission: free. Works of contemporary Mennonite artists and Amish folk art.

The People's Place Gallery, The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9–5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: free. • *Photography, Linda Huddle*, through July 4.

If you know of additional museums and galleries displaying work by or about Mennonites and related peoples, please send information to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

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Uncovered Wisdom

by David W. Augsburger

Proverbs reveal our roots.

What did the mother of Menno Simons say to clench her point? A Dutch proverb.

Proverbs are the wisdom of the ages, crystalized with a diamond's density. To understand a culture, explore its proverbs; when one confuses you, you've found a new reality; when it becomes suddenly transparent, you are seeing the world through new eyes.

Among the Ibo of Nigeria, where oral

*Whatever befall you, stick to your neighbor.
Sharing kinship makes good friendship.
Mutual aid keeps friendship warm.
Those in the church first, block others
from entering.*

On values of service and action:

*Words are good if deeds follow.
An act of good service is never lost.
Justice often needs our help.*

A little shame warms and gives a pretty color.

Modesty is a crown of glory.

He who keeps, has.

Self do, self have.

Good land is sown with half the seed.

Tell me with whom thou goest and I'll tell thee what thou doest.

On roasting the preacher, the sermon or both:

Who loves God loves His servant.

What the preacher doesn't want, the deacons are glad to take.

An unwilling messenger, a good prophet.

Proverbs we should have remembered through the centuries, but unfortunately didn't:

He who is ill to himself is good to nobody.

Feeling is believing.

It is a strange quarrel when one ass reproves another.

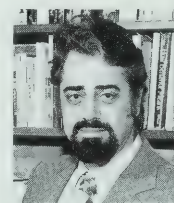
The quarrelling of friends is the renewal of love.

It is easier to be forgiven than to get permission.

He who laughs at himself may laugh when he will.

Tell me a people's proverbs and you have told me the values they live by automatically, reflexively and persistently from generation to generation.

What Gertrude said to Menno and Menno to Jacob and Jacob to Christian and Christian to Isaac and Isaac to John and John to Aaron, he said it to me.



David W. Augsburger is a professor in counseling, conflict and conciliation at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana.

Tell me a people's proverbs
and you have told me the values
they live by
automatically, reflexively and persistently
from generation to generation.

teaching and conversation are regarded very highly, proverbs are called "the palm oil with which words are eaten." The smoothness of the proverb lets the teaching go down.

What proverbs were quoted to Menno, or Dirk or Obbe or the thousands of others who became Anabaptists in the 16th century, that silently shaped their common sense?

Digging in the mysterious Bodleian Library at Oxford University, I came across a 15th century collection of 800 Dutch proverbs printed at Delft. From them, I've selected a few that sound a Mennonite note.

First the obvious, on a pre-Reformation church needing reform:

The nearer to the church, the farther from God.

The nearer to the pope, the worse the Christian.

Not all are priests who wear the robes.

Be the church ever so large, the priest only sings what he knows.

When the shepherd goes astray, the sheep go astray.

Where the abbot carries dice, the monks will gamble.

Beyond these pre-Protestant protest lines, there is a wealth of themes that seem like continuous threads throughout four centuries of Mennonite experience. On ethnicity:

Like likes like.

Like with like makes lasting peace.

On the nature of community:

He who serves the community serves a bad master.

Where the hedge is lowest, people jump over first.

So many heads, so many ideas.

Yes and no is a long dispute.

Where there is no fear, there is no honor.

On the expectations of faithful perfection:

Who never fell need not arise.

Better to never start than to never finish.

A stubborn mind is constant and firm.

On the necessity of silence—the quiet in the land—and keeping one's counsel to oneself:

He who speaks wrongly loses a good silence.

She who does good need not hang out a sign.

Short counsel, good counsel.

Little said, soon amended.

On discrimination against women:

Women's clothing covers all. (Conceals beauty and power.)

Women have long hair and short thoughts.

On Mennonite themes too obvious to mention:

It's too late to say shoo when the fly is on the food.

The Economy of Ecology

by Kenton K. Brubaker

A sustainable society is one that satisfies its needs without destroying the earth or dangerously diminishing the prospects of future generations. With our global economy on a non-sustainable growth path, it becomes an urgent task to calculate the cost of converting to a sustainable system.

Lester R. Brown and Edward C. Wolf ("Reclaiming the Future" in *State of the World: 1988*, Norton) have tried to estimate the cost of global conversion over the

We need more investment in wind and solar energy, along with efficient cars and factories.

next decade. I will examine only part of their ambitious projections—the budget for raising energy efficiency and developing renewable energy technologies.

The past few years have brought ominous signs about the dangers of our current path: the warming of the planet, likely due to the greenhouse effect; depletion of the ozone layer; increased soil erosion as marginal land is brought into agricultural production; and a shortage of firewood, as the world's forests are chopped down.

In response, Brown and Wolf propose a tripling of the annual worldwide investment in energy efficiency—to a total of \$55 billion by the year 2000—and a doubling of expenditures to develop renewable energy sources—to a total of \$30 billion annually by the end of the century.

According to the authors, two major barriers stand in the way of such a financial commitment—current global military expenditures, which come to \$900 billion each year, and the burden of debt in the developing world. Military spending could spiral downward, if arms reduction takes hold and major changes in East-West and Middle Eastern policies occur. An annual expenditure of \$85 billion for energy development, as proposed by Brown and Wolf, would equal only 10 percent of the world's current military budget.

The nightmare of international debt is another matter—an even more intransigent problem than war. Considerable outright forgiveness as well as creative repay-

ment schemes will be necessary if the crisis is to be solved.

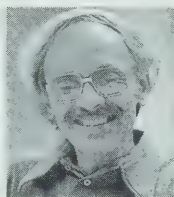
How would money be spent to bring about a sustainable energy economy? The most important movement would be toward greater energy efficiency. The second would be a shift from burning fossil fuels to using renewable energy sources—the "soft-energy path."

Japan has gone further toward energy efficiency than any other industrial nation. In 1985, Japan used half as much energy per dollar of GNP as the United States. The Soviet Union, one of the most wasteful industrial nations, used three times as much energy per dollar earned as did Japan.

Reducing the use of energy in the U.S. will require increased efficiency in industrial processes, improved automobile fuel economy and the increased use of insulation in buildings. In addition, social changes are needed. Designing communities and mass transit systems that eliminate the need for cars, for example, would greatly reduce energy use.

Along with this must come increased investment in such renewable energy sources as hydropower, wind power, solar energy, agriculturally-based alcohol fuels, agricultural wastes and geothermal energy.

It seems both prudent and urgent that we undertake conversion to a sustainable global energy economy. The major resource lacking is the political and moral will to do so.



Kenton Brubaker is professor of biology at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

The STEWARDSEIP of TIME in the KINGDOM OF DEATH

DOUGLAS JOHN HALL

Is the Christian message one that enhances life, heals creation, and brings into being justice and the love of God? In this groundbreaking book, Douglas John Hall clearly and forcefully states the mission of the church in our time.

Hall has written widely — and to much acclaim — on the subject of stewardship. The gripping message of this book is that to be a steward in the world today is a more critical task than at any time in the church's past, since what is entrusted to our stewardship is the life of creation itself.

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About Canadian Mennonites

continued from page 23

was assumed to be General Conference agenda. The formation of MCC Canada encouraged the formation of MCC U.S.

Yet the Mennonite institutions in the U.S., such as the seminaries, need to more vigorously emphasize their U.S. context, so that they more adequately serve their people who will minister in the U.S. American religious history and sociology, for example, ought to be primary areas of study at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries. Focusing on the third world or on missiology and evangelism or internationalism without, at the same time, taking seriously the American context of the American Mennonite Church is inadequate. American Mennonites are responsible to the society in which they find themselves.

Canadian Mennonites are saying, especially to their American brothers and sisters: recognize our uniqueness; recognize your uniqueness; let us recognize each other as equals. Then let us grow and work together in our common calling as Mennonite disciples of Christ!

Rodney J. Sawatsky is President-Elect of Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

Notes

1. James E. Horsch, ed., *Mennonite Yearbook and Directory*, Mennonite Publishing House, Vol. 78 (Scottsdale, PA 1988), 181.

These figures do not include Brethren in Christ nor the Hutterian Brethren. About one-quarter of the General Conference Mennonite Church membership in the U.S. was considered to be of Swiss-South German origin.

2. James C. Juhnke, "Mennonite History and Self-Understanding: North American Mennonitism as a Bipolar Mosaic," in *Mennonite Identity: Historical and Contemporary Perspectives*, ed. Calvin Redekop (Waterloo, ON: Institute of Anabaptist and Mennonite Studies, 1988), 83-100.

3. John H. Redekop, *A People Apart: Ethnicity and the Mennonite Brethren* (Winnipeg, MB: The Kindred Press, 1987).

4. This kind of comparison and contrast is central to my earlier essay on this topic: "Domesticated Sectarianism: Mennonites in the U.S. and Canada in Comparative Perspective," *Canadian Journal of Sociology* 3 (2) (1978), 233-244.

5. Leo Driedger has written the most on this topic. See some of his summary conclusions in *Mennonite Identity in Conflict* (Lewiston, NY: The Edwin Mellen Press, 1987), especially chapters VI, VII and VIII.

Money and Meaning

by Emerson L. Leshner

What do Mennonite urban professionals (Muppies) want, anyway? What gets them up in the morning to grind their coffee beans?

Parents of Muppies often seem bewildered as to what is important to their children who have now become adults. To many observers—parents, friends and church leaders—Muppet behavior often seems contradictory. Families sometimes view Muppies as extravagant, while yuppies

it is also consistent with traditional Mennonite cultural ideals. A black Saab can be driven by a Muppet because it represents both simplicity (color, design and size) and elegance (performance and comfort).

A cherry cupboard, similarly, may be simply designed and crafted, while being made of elegant and expensive wood. True Muppies own only hardwood furniture; a pine cupboard reflects simplicity but not elegance.

Some people seek money, others meaning. But Muppies would like to have it all — comfort along with wholeness, relatedness in addition to style.

friends may think they are too focused on ethics and the "big" questions.

So what do Muppies want? I would like to suggest that they are after two things—money and meaning.

In actively seeking both, they may be trying to reconcile goals that are diametrically opposed. Recently, two friends suggested that the world is divided into two groups: those people seeking money and those who seek meaning. The goals and lifestyles of these groups differ sharply. Those seeking money want technology, convenience, comfort, style, natural fibers and gourmet foods. Those seeking meaning want well-being, wholeness, challenges, beauty, transformation and relatedness.

Muppies, however, would like to have it both ways. This frequently leads to confusion, among Muppies themselves as well as on the part of those who observe them.

Seeking and using money implies that this world is to be enjoyed and experienced to its fullest. To seek meaning, however, implies that the world is to be questioned and evaluated. Because they believe that neither money nor meaning is enough by itself, Muppies view all things as acceptable, on the one hand, and all things as open to question, on the other. Muppies enjoy the world but are critical of it.

Along with this, Muppies want to live both simply and elegantly. Seeking meaning implies living simply, whereas seeking money implies living elegantly.

Muppies try to combine the two approaches by acquiring such items as black Saabs and cherry cupboards. The color black is about as simple as one can get, and

The question is whether Muppies can indeed seek money and meaning simultaneously for the next 20 to 30 years and succeed in each pursuit. Will they be able to pass both on to their children? Can Muppies be in the world and not of it? Indeed, is there ultimately any difference between the attempt to seek both money and meaning and the effort to serve both God and money?



Emerson L. Leshner is director of older adult services at Philhaven Hospital, where he gets both money and meaning. He drives a dark blue Toyota Camry and owns a walnut cupboard.

Quiz #2 for Thoughtful Christians

Please read the ten statements below and circle the letter to the left which best represents your opinions and feelings.

- | Strongly Agree | Agree | Not Sure | Disagree | Strongly Disagree | |
|----------------|-------|----------|----------|-------------------|---|
| A | B | C | D | E | 1. Every church service should include participation by children in some way. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 2. Evangelism that does not focus on the head of the household is seldom effective. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 3. It is better to risk boring those children who know the Bible well, so that those who know the Bible less can learn. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 4. For children, music is central to learning. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 5. Values are more often caught than taught. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 6. Children should learn to sit still in church. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 7. It is more important that "outsiders" join our fellowship than it is that our children choose to join our fellowship. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 8. In the end, it is more satisfactory and more meaningful to have two separate church services, one for the adults and one for the children. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 9. Children should be seen but not heard. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 10. Worship is more important than service. |

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BEN'S WAYNE

A Novel By
Levi Miller

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Welcome



The People's Place, a person-to-person heritage center, a three-screen documentary about the Amish, a hands-on museum, a superb book shop, and a film set among the Mennonites.



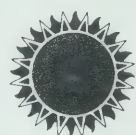
The Old Country Store, the finest in handmade quilts and local crafts by more than 250

Amish and Mennonite craftspeople. Fabrics at bargain prices.



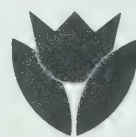
The People's Place Quilt Museum, a breath-taking exhibit of antique Amish quilts. An

oasis for lovers of quilts and folk art. Absolutely superb!



Old Road Specialties, with handsome furniture reproductions inspired by Amish furnituremaker

Henry Lapp (1862-1904). Exquisite quilt reproductions, too.



The People's Place Gallery, a fine gallery featuring art by Mennonite-related artists. (Also a large

exhibit of the works of artist P. Buckley Moss.)



The Village Pottery, featuring pottery by a dozen

superb Mennonite potters. Both functional and nonfunctional.

All of the above are open daily (9-5) except Sundays and Christmas Day. Call 717/768-7171 or write The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse, PA 17534.

Views From a Window

by José Ortiz

The average person spends three years waiting in line during the course of a lifetime. I have spent at least that long attending meetings.

Some of these gatherings are worthwhile, but others are deadwood. Sometimes, when the discussion becomes boring or repetitive, I escape by looking out the window and reflecting on what I see.

Recently, in Washington, D.C., I had a majestic view of the capitol dome over the hill. Within these marbled corridors, the power seekers and power givers roamed in

At a gathering in Brooklyn, at a Mennonite Church called Iglesia Unida de Avivamiento (United Church of Revival), there were no windows at all from which to view the world. The entrance door was covered by a metallic net that protected against violent intruders. Yet the building was full of worshipers and a fiesta feeling prevailed.

Most of the people present came from the Dominican Republic, other Caribbean islands or Nicaragua. They had left their countries because of oppression, either by

The young cadets carried a statue of the Virgin Mary. To me, this was a repulsive scene that symbolized the history of alliance between the church and the military.

search of dollars and influence. This was the workshop of democracy but also a place to flex the muscles of power.

I thought of the Mennonite Central Committee office a block from the capitol. Sometimes it was a listening post, other times a witness or a voice for others. Sometimes it spoke on behalf of specifically Mennonite agendas.

U.S. Mennonites first flocked to the polls in 1960, when Richard Nixon was running against John Kennedy. Since then, Mennonites have become increasingly involved in the political process. But some still want to keep a safe distance from what happens on the hill.

In Quito, Ecuador, in the 1970s, a much different view triggered similar reflections. I was attending a meeting of Christian communicators at a center called "El Inca." Nearby, a military school was holding rehearsals for a parade in honor of First Lady Rosalyn Carter, who was to visit the capitol.

The young cadets carried a statue of the Virgin Mary. To me, this was a repulsive picture that symbolized the church's uncritical relationship to the state.

The power and the glory of colonial days were summed up in that rehearsal. Either the church carried the military, or the military carried the church.

In Mexico, the church became landowner and banker for the state. Then the revolution came, and the state took away the church's power and dissolved the marriage.

the church or military governments. Now they were experiencing the shalom of being saved and the koinonia of new brothers and sisters in Christ.

Will the people at Iglesia Unida de Avivamiento help us to understand how much we should participate in government or trust officially recognized church bodies? How should we vote, lobby or witness to government? Out of their background of suffering, let these people from Brooklyn prophesy to us about an emerging new order for the church.



José Ortiz, Goshen, Indiana, heads the Hispanic Ministries department at Goshen College.

FILM RATINGS

Beaches—Sentimental and funny study of the friendship between two very different women, one a singer and the other a lawyer. Acting uneven and writing unfocused. Sorta irresistible though. (5)

Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure—At first blush, another teen yarn about two high school dudes who hate school; a closer look reveals a romp through history thanks to a time machine. Not great, not bad. (5)

Burning Secret—Beautifully etched encounter between a nobleman full of war memories and a stunning but inhibited woman and her sickly son. Slow paced. Characterizations unfold with wit and surprise. (7)

Chances Are—What if? What if a young man would get his memory back from a previous life? What if movies weren't this silly? What if people like what if? (4)

Cousins—A man and a woman discover their spouses in an affair and, in getting revenge, accidentally fall for each other. Not as strong as the French original, but charming nonetheless. Isabella Rossellini is superb. (6)

Dead Calm—A thriller about a woman and her husband who sail the Pacific to heal their grief. They encounter a menacing survivor. Script is unrelentingly manipulative. No humor or warmth. (4)

Disorganized Crime—Enjoyable tale about four bumbling bank robbers and their leader who never shows up. (5)

The Dream Team—Not so self-conscious as *Rain Man*, but just as insightful and funny. Four patients from a psychiatric hospital go to see a Yankees game with their doctor—who disappears. They fend for themselves against great odds. (7)

Her Alibi—How the director who brought us a classic like *Breaker Morant* could stumble so badly requires a herculean alibi! Terrible, out-of-sync drivel about a writer and a murder suspect. (1)

Lawrence of Arabia—The classic epic returns, restored and revived. Three and a half hours of superb filmmaking. An Oxford classicist wanders into the Arabian desert in 1916 and stretches himself to a greatness few men achieve, only to discover in himself a corruption he despises. Splendid acting, magnificent cinematography. (9)

Lean on Me—A controversial portrayal of the real-life controversial high school principal Joe Clark from Paterson, N.J. who tried to clean up a chaotic school by harsh, bullying methods. Simplistic, by the director of *Rocky*. Entertaining and heartwarming. (5)

Major League—A baseball picture that's less artsy than *Bull Durham* but just as much fun. The new woman who owns the Cleveland Indians wants to move them to Miami. She needs terrible attendance. So she insists on bungling and over-the-hill players—until they all find out. (7)

The Mighty Quinn—Denzel Washington shines as the energetic police chief on a Caribbean island, investigating the murder of a powerful white man. Too bad the rest of the movie is B-grade. (4)

New York Stories—A treat. Three good to excellent separate short stories by three of the best directors around—Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. An artist's obsessions, a young girl's dreams, and a Jewish lawyer's fears. (7)

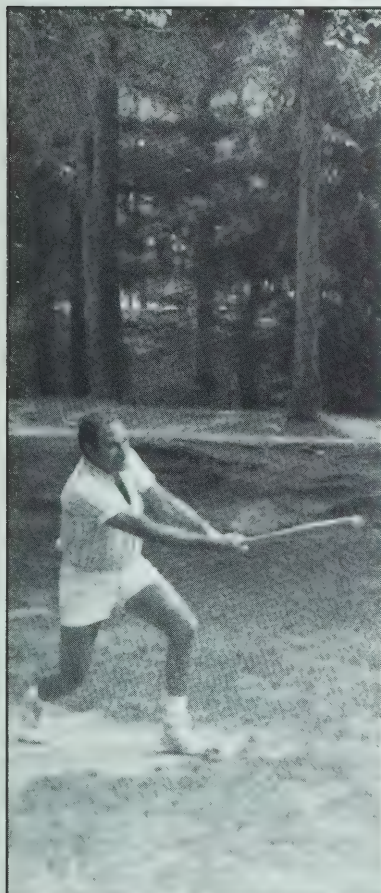
Rooftops—A total disappointment. The director of *West Side Story* and *The Sound of Music* tries to make a comeback and fails miserably. This tale of homeless kids who live on rooftops in New York serves up plastic and pink. No reality. (2)

Say Anything—A gem. Among the tons of teen pictures, this story about a brilliant but lonely girl and her friendship/romance with a nonconformist stands tall. Great writing, acting, directing. (8)

Skin Deep—Enough said. Shallow sketch of a writer who wallows from woman to woman. (3)

Troop Beverly Hills—Not as bad as it sounds. A spoiled rich woman tries to lead a bunch of spoiled rich girls into becoming Wilderness Girls. Funny by spells. (6)

True Believer—A top-notch thriller about a burned-out '60s lawyer who used to care but doesn't anymore. The new assistant, fresh out of law school, hassles him back to himself. (7)



The Laurelville summer of

1989 is a retreat for deaf persons and families, June 16-18; partner families with developmentally disabled

persons, June 25-29; storytelling families with Luke and Carmen Schrock-Hurst, June 30-July 5; music with Alice Parker, Marge Maust, and Gordon Davis, July 9-15; business families and Karl Bartsch, July 20-23; single parents with Don Munn and their children, July 30-August 4; peacemaking with Robert and Sylvia Shirk Charles, August 6-10; returning mission people of COM, EMBMC, MBM, and MCC, August 11-13; cyclists with T. Lee Miller, August 25-27; senior adults with Helen and Laban Peachey and David Thomas, August 27-September 1.

Laurelville is also **youth camps: junior, June 18-24; junior high, July 9-15; youth, July 23-29; and adventure, August 6-12 and August 13-19; a hospitable natural setting; growing in God's love, smelling chicken barbecues, exploring the meaning of life; pottery, quietness, swimming, mountain hikes, God's all-encompassing peace, volleyball, tennis, and you getting a hit at softball. Write or give us a call to register for details: Laurelville Mennonite Church Center, Route 5, Mt. Pleasant, PA 15666 Telephone 412 423-2056.**



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Oil Paint or Latex?

by Katie Funk Wiebe

• A Sarasota newspaper advertises a "Mennonite Painting Service." It's not clear whether any kind of Mennonite can apply to be painted or whether this service is for both exterior and interior use. Quality of paint is also not mentioned. But one brushover would certainly be cheaper than sending young people to college to be indoctrinated.

• We have a local genealogist who is convinced that Santa Claus is actually a backslidden Mennonite. Santa's name used to be Claussen before he migrated to the North Pole. He fell into disfavor because he muttered, "Ho-ho-hum" once too often to the pastor's sermon, although the children loved it.

• As a young Sunday school superintendent, Jay Carl Sensenig of Somalia received both rebuke and praise from old-timers. His practice was to ask the congregation to kneel for prayer while he remained standing at the microphone to lead in prayer. Once an older man accosted him with "You're like the man that

tells his son not to smoke while he has a cigarette in his own mouth." But there was also encouragement. One older man's praise was, "You're an educated person, but you don't let it show."

• A young man, who had formerly attended a local congregation, returned after an absence of a few years and reported, "Pastor, I have become a Christian since I saw you and have joined the army of the Lord."

"What denomination did you join?" asked his pastor.

"The Mennonite Brethren."

"Oh, the Mennonite Brethren—they're not the army, but the navy."

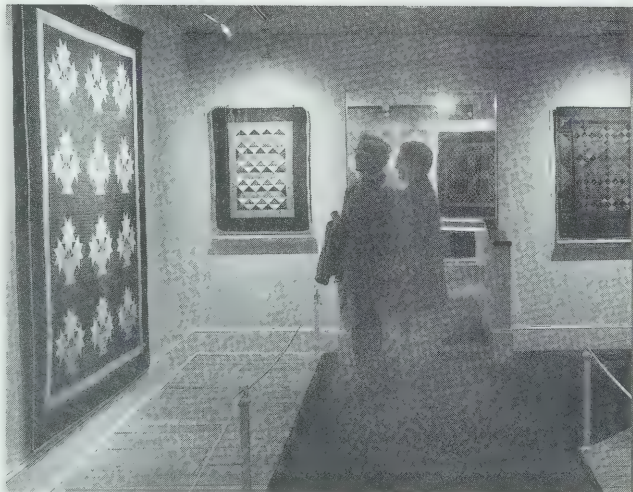
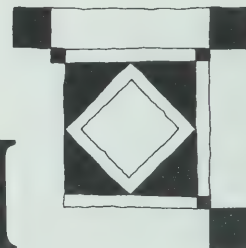


Katie Funk Wiebe is the author of many books and articles, and an English professor at Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas.

The editors invite you to submit stories that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes—we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas 67063. She will credit contributors of the items she selects.



The People's Place QUILT MUSEUM



Main Street (Route 340), Intercourse, PA 17534
717/768-7171. Group rates on request.
Monday-Saturday, 9:00-5:00, closed Sundays.

The People's Place Quilt Museum is the first permanent exhibit of antique Amish quilts. Our staff is delighted that, after so many years of dreaming and preparing, this museum could happen in Intercourse, the heart of the Old Amish settlement in North America.

The People's Place Quilt Museum is located on the second floor of The Old Country Store, the oldest store in these parts. We hope you enjoy these exquisite quilt masterpieces as much as we do!

"A rich visual history of Amish quilt-making!"
—The Washington Post

Hoarding in the Squirrel Society

by Charles Gordon

Contrary to the fears of the political prophets, we have not become a society of sheep. We have become a society of squirrels. Helped by modern technology, we expend enormous amounts of energy and time copying things and storing them away. We know why the squirrel stores things away. It is not entirely clear why we do, except that we can.

Ten years ago, no one would have predicted that our homes and offices would be overflowing with paper. Computers were taking over the workplace, memos and reports were being turned into "files" that could be read on computer screens, transmitted from one office to another, one city to the next.

Paper suffered a temporary setback. But it did not disappear. Quite the reverse. The same technology that created the computer created the high-speed printer that could be hooked up to the computer. Suddenly, people were printing out their reports and memos—several copies of them. And, if more than several were needed, improved photocopiers could sort, collate, enlarge or reduce them and pump them out in the hundreds. The latest toy, the facsimile transmitter—or fax, as it is more commonly known—made it possible for people in one place to increase the amount of paper in another place, without waiting for the mailman. The latest threat is that people can do this from their cars.

Why have we allowed the technology that promised a reduction in the pile of paper to expand it instead? Psychology comes into play. When technology makes it easily feasible to send copies of a newspaper clipping to 15 people, then 15 other people feel left out if they don't get it too—not to read, necessarily, but to have and to be on the list. The photocopies flood in, and we squirrel them away—sometimes after making other copies or faxing them to other cities.

Paper is not all that we store. Someone not content to let us stew in all the other modern juices has invented the term "video guilt." Video guilt seems to apply to what we feel when we don't watch the television programs we have carefully videotaped. You can understand it. Something worthwhile is going to be on television—something like Part 3 of Patrick Watson's epic *The Struggle for Democracy* series—and we are due for dinner at Grandma's.

But no fear. This is the moment for which the video cassette recorder was created. This is why we spent \$499 on it

and studied how to work the controls. In fact, that was the pitch in the electronics department. Eager spouse to reluctant spouse: "You know those good public affairs shows we're always missing. If we buy this, we can tape those shows and watch them when we're in the mood."

Everyone who has made the investment knows what happens. The machine records cartoons, music videos, the first two hours of two-hour-and-20-minute movies. On rare occasions, it preserves on videotape entire feature-length pitches for beauty products on Channel 6, recorded at the same time as a great Peter Sellers movie on Channel 7.

Video guilt occurs when Part 3 of *Democracy* is on tape and is not watched. The tape is there. Part 3 is on it. Someone has checked. Someone has written "Democracy: Part 3" on the box containing the videotape. But, as Part 4 turns to

People desperately
want to watch
all those programs they
have recorded and
read those articles
they have copied.

Part 7, as winter turns to spring, one thing leads to another and Part 3 is not watched. Video guilt sets in as the eager spouse ponders how he has betrayed the noble ideals he expressed in the electronics department.

It is happening all around the world and all around the house. Children with squirrel tendencies tape-record music programs off the radio, often without listening to them. They buy records in order to record them on tape. It is alleged—although it is difficult to believe—that children of a certain age now study together by faxing notes back and forth. Such things are going on under our very noses in the Squirrel Society, and we have to adapt to them. For a start, remember that the homes most of us live in were designed and built before

faxes, VCRs and photocopiers were invented. The space allotted was just enough for a few people, some canned vegetables and a hi-fi system. So where is all that other stuff going to go?

Finding space is part of the problem. Finding time is another. People consumed with video guilt and its teenaged equivalent, audio guilt, need more time than has been allotted to them by the inventors of time and clocks. They desperately want to catch up. They want to watch all those programs they have recorded. They want to read all those articles they have photocopied. But there is no time to do it. The time they do have is spent setting the VCR and running the photocopier, filing the photocopies and indexing the videotapes. Unless a person is fortunate enough to suffer a mild illness that allows him to stay home for a month watching videotapes, catching up will be impossible.

The Squirrel Society starts from the premise that people don't want to miss anything. If they can't see it, they want to tape it. If they can't read it, they want to copy it. What is important is not to watch or to read, but to have. What makes the premise of the Squirrel Society work is that technology makes it possible not to miss anything—or, at least, to *seem* not to miss anything.

In fact, we may be missing more. We skip reading articles in newspapers and magazines because we know we can copy them and read them later. We don't go out to the movies because we know we can get the movies on tape. We skip television programs because we know we can tape them. Perhaps the only thing worse than that is the reverse—that we wind up watching twice as much television: viewing on one channel while we tape on the other, then watching the tape.

In an ideal society, technology sets us free, allows us to pursue other interests while machines store what needs to be stored. But this is not the ideal society; this is the Squirrel Society, where life is recorded rather than experienced, stored rather than shared. An irony is that technology has given us, in the form of the lightweight videotape camera, the perfect instrument for recording real life just at the time when there is less and less real life to record.

Festival Quarterly tries each issue to feature essays and speeches from the larger world that, because of their subject, sensitivity or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.

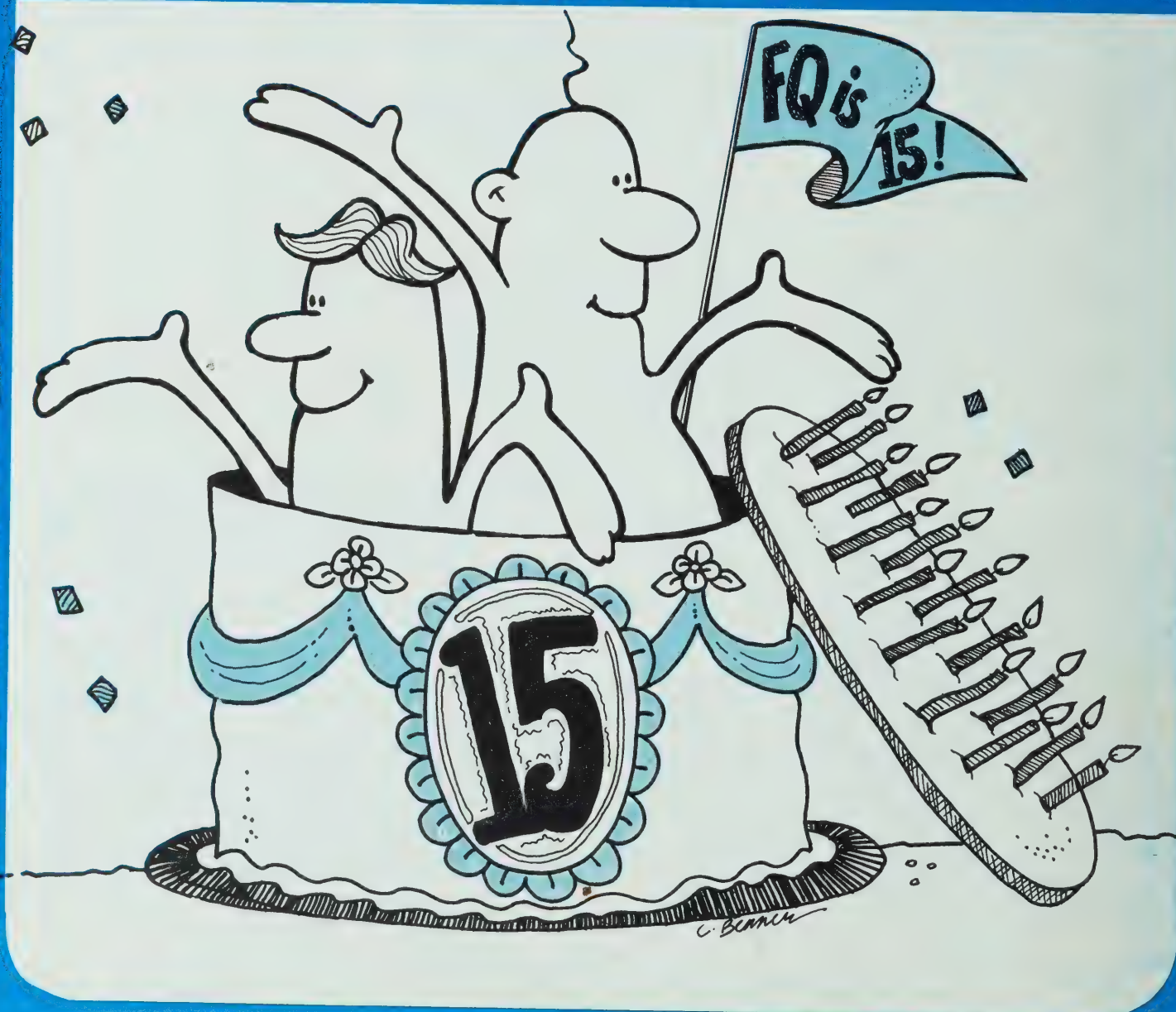
Charles Gordon is a columnist with *The Ottawa Citizen*, Ontario, Canada.

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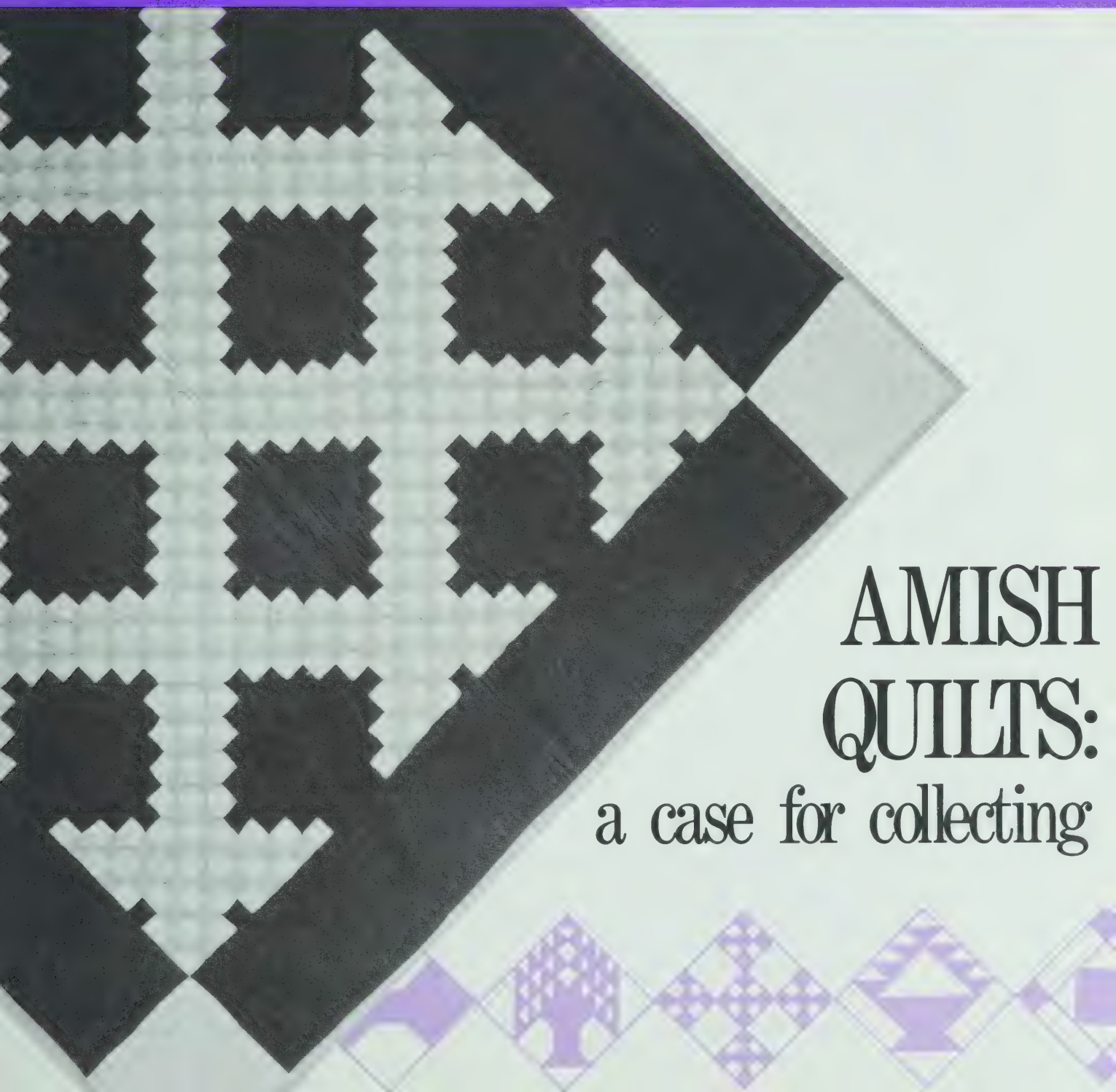
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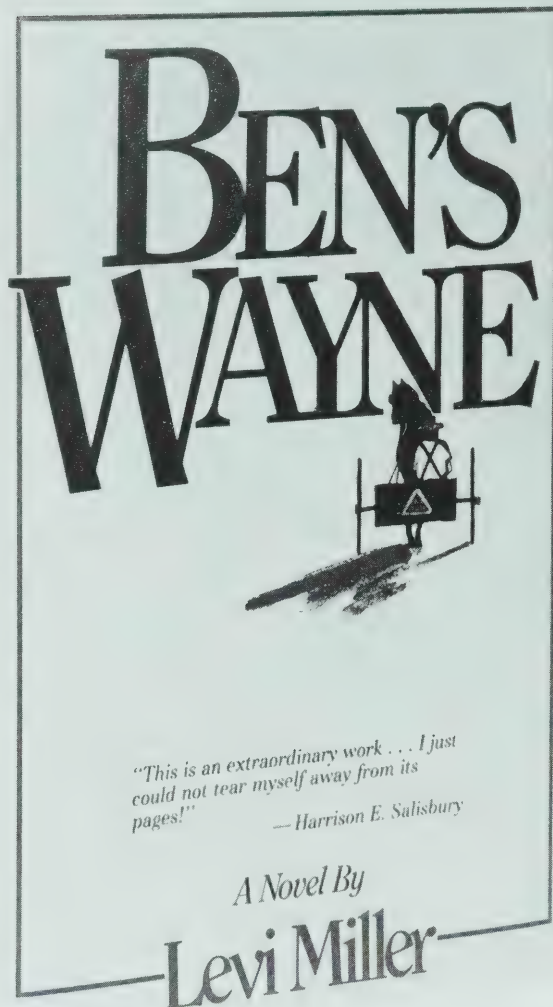


AMISH
QUILTS:
a case for collecting

Extraordinary!

BEN'S WAYNE

Miller



Ben's Wayne, by Levi Miller
Hardcover, 165 pages, \$14.95 (\$20.95 Canadian)

Ben's Wayne depicts the coming of age of 18-year-old Wayne Weaver, an Amish young man in Holmes County, Ohio. During the summer and fall of 1960, Wayne finds himself caught between his father, Ben, and his older brother, Roy, who has left the Amish faith.

"This is an extraordinary work — a book which in its own style, words, plot and very being becomes a symbol of the plain decency of the Amish people. I don't quite know how to convey this union of style and subject.

"It must be read to be believed. There is not a single false note. You know that these are real Amish people. Every act, every word, every attitude is just right.

"I just could not tear myself away from its pages!"

—Harrison E. Salisbury
Noted author and long-time writer
for *The New York Times*

The author, a Holmes County native, captures the delights and difficulties, the earthiness and restrained emotion of Amish life. Sympathetic yet unsentimental, he portrays the joys and contradictions of the Old Order attempt to be separate from the surrounding society without self-destructing. Truly an extraordinary story!

Available at your local bookstore or directly from the publisher.

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or Canada, call collect 717/768-7171

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Levi Miller was born into an Amish family in 1944 in Holmes County, Ohio, the largest community of Old Order Amish in the world.

He studied American literature at Malone College (B.A.) and Bowling Green State University (M.A.). Currently he is



program director at Laurelville Mennonite Church Center in western Pennsylvania. Levi lives in Scottdale with his wife, Gloria, and their three children.

exploring the
art, faith and
culture of
Mennonite
peoples

Summer 1989

Vol. 16, No. 2

FESTIVAL

Quarterly



On the cover . . .

Rebecca Haarer explains why she
collects quilts and why preserving
items from the past is important.



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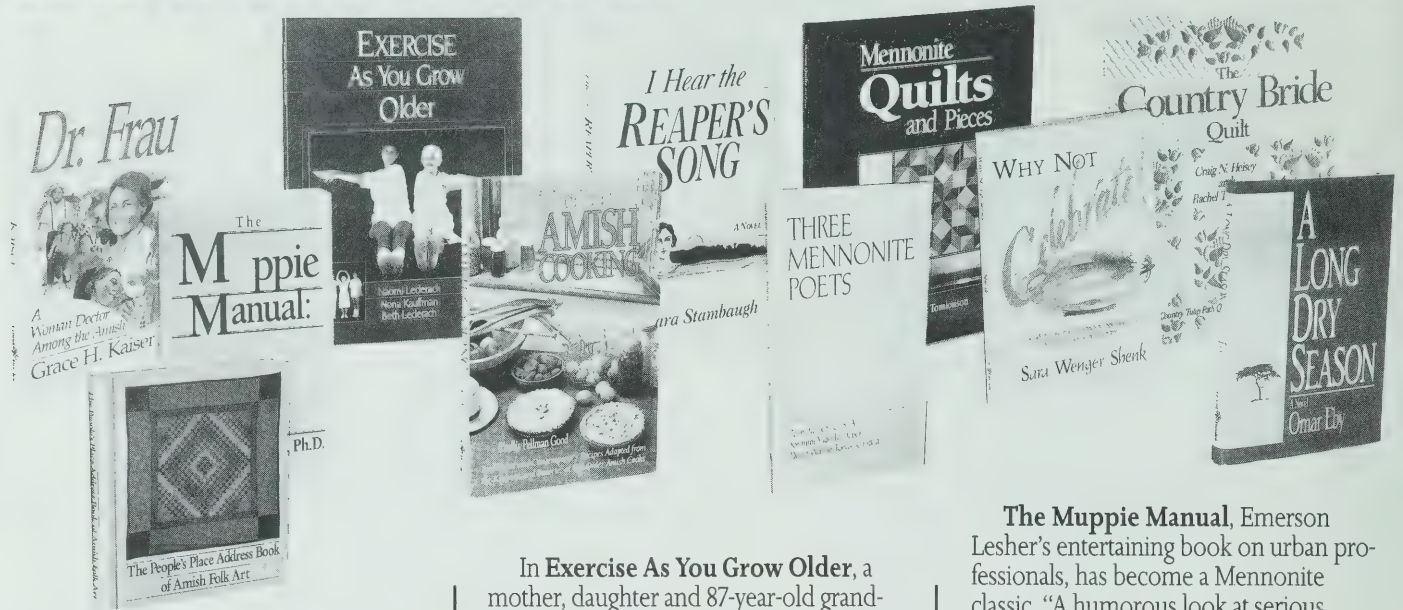
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Good Books = Good Gifts



Wondering what to get a friend or family member for that special occasion?

Dr. Frau tells the story of Grace Kaiser's 28 years as a family doctor among the Amish. "An intimate written account," *Library Journal* said. Now in paperback.

by Grace H. Kaiser
Hardcover, \$14.95
Paper, \$8.95

Mennonite Quilts and Pieces shows a dazzling array of quilts from Kansas, along with scenes of prairie life and stories from quilters. "A treasure," said the *Lincoln (Nebraska) Sunday Journal-Star*.

by Judy Schroeder Tomlinson
Paper, \$15.95

Why Not Celebrate! offers 150 ideas for celebrating life's large and small events in families, small groups or retreats. "A nourishing, full-course reflection on the celebrative life," Duane M. Sider wrote in *Festival Quarterly*.

by Sara Wenger Shenk
Paper, \$9.95

The People's Place Address Book of Amish Folk Art offers 40 color photos of antique Amish folk art and quilts, along with space for more than 800 names. "It makes a splendid gift," the *Midwest Book Review* said. from *The People's Place Collection*
Concealed spiral, \$14.95

In Exercise As You Grow Older, a mother, daughter and 87-year-old grandmother outline an exercise program that you don't have to be young or a fanatic to follow. "Clearly written and amply illustrated," *Publishers Weekly* said.

by Naomi Lederach, Nona Kauffman and Beth Lederach
Paper, \$9.95

A Long Dry Season portrays conflicting values in Africa. Caught between the beauty of the land and the hardships of the people—and between his wife and his sense of mission—Thomas Martin struggles with the measure of his life. "Good fiction first and foremost," *Booklist* said.

by Omar Eby
Hardcover, \$14.95

I Hear the Reaper's Song captures tragedy and crisis in a Pennsylvania Mennonite community in the 1890s. The *Washington Post* called the novel "beautifully written" and "a fine performance by a writer of considerable ability."

by Sara Stambaugh
Hardcover, \$12.95
Paper, \$8.95

Three Mennonite Poets offers selected works from three of the finest Mennonite poets writing today. "Accessible and relevant to any reflective person," said Jeff Gundy in *Gospel Herald*.

by Yorifumi Yaguchi, Jean Janzen and David Waltner-Toews
Hardcover, \$13.95
Paper, \$8.95

The Muppet Manual, Emerson Leshner's entertaining book on urban professionals, has become a Mennonite classic. "A humorous look at serious changes in the Mennonite community," the *Associated Press* called it.

by Emerson L. Leshner
Paper, \$4.95

The Country Bride Quilt features the patterns for one of the most popular quilts in North America, along with two other original quilt designs. The book includes actual-size, ready-to-use templates, clear instructions and color photos of the quilts.

by Craig N. Heisey and Rachel T. Pellman
Paper, \$12.95

The Best of Amish Cooking offers traditional and contemporary recipes adapted from the kitchens and pantries of Amish cooks. Also stories and color photos. A Main Selection of *Better Homes and Gardens Book Club*.

by Phyllis Pellman Good
Hardcover, \$19.95

Available at your local bookstore or directly from the publisher.

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FESTIVAL *Quarterly*

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good, David Graybill

Hope and History

The plaque on the hotel door in Washington said, "History in the Making." Underneath that heading was the name "Dan Topping" and a date in 1964.

Throughout my stay—and in the days thereafter—I found myself reflecting on the sign. Who was the man commemorated and what had brought him to this room a quarter century earlier? Why had the hotel put up a plaque to a figure who was now so obscure?

I thought about the sign, and what is called "history," as I watched the violence in Beijing, elections in Poland and the funeral of Khomeini in Iran. What would be the meaning of these events 25 years from now? Did they herald new directions or were they merely the bubblings of a world in constant, and often pointlessly bloody, motion?

Coverage on TV—or remembrance on a plaque—does not necessarily mean that an occurrence has any lasting significance. Most of today's news stories become tomorrow's trivia questions. Only in retrospect can events be judged with any reliability or movements understood.

Who would have predicted that Chinese students would stage an occupation of Tiananmen Square, or that the government would end six weeks of admirable restraint with a massacre of enormous proportions? What observer of Poland would have guessed at the dimensions of Solidarity's comeback, eight years after the union and the movement for a more open society had apparently been

crushed?

For Christians especially, the events of the past few months suggest a paradox. On one hand, political progress is fragile. To put one's faith in social change is to become disillusioned or to despair. The People's Army murders Chinese students; Noriega brutally steals an election in Panama. Argentina, a once-wealthy nation, suffers food riots and its young democracy hangs by a thread.

On the other hand, evil does not triumph forever. Poland's people receive a voice in how they are governed. The United States and the Soviet Union try to outdo one another in arms control proposals, rather than new weapons systems.

Christians, it seems to me, must seek an uneasy balance between these two views. We must neither underestimate the power of unjust people and systems nor deny the possibility of change. Similarly, we must speak out with struggling people around the world, while remembering that all parties and ideologies—including reform or revolutionary movements—are flawed and corruptible.

Often, as with the developments in China or Poland, it will be impossible for most of us to affect events directly. Still, we can watch, listen and pray. In doing so, we can become better able to see what matters and what doesn't, and to respond sensitively to voices of hope and pain, whether they come from the other side of the world or our own street.—**DG**

Why So Few?

Once a year we bring together the staff members who work with our various projects into day-long retreat for a "Focus Day." Why do we exist? Have we lost our focus? What new projects should we pass up or pick up? Are the results more positive than negative, or is it time to change our direction?

Our board of directors recently spent a day together, asking the same questions. (Phyllis and I believe that our projects will be more focused, less arrogant, and more effective for others if we practice a regular soul search.)

Interestingly, one of the most intense discussions this summer on both our staff day and our board day was sparked by the question, "Why so few?" I'd like to put the question to our readers and invite your response.

Why aren't there more members of Anabaptist-related groups after 464 years? It seems a wonderful approach to Christian faith, this Anabaptist-Mennonite vi-

sion. Catholicism, for instance, was on the ropes in 1525, and to hear historians tell it, one would think that followers of the Anabaptist vision should have many more members around the world than Catholics—or even Protestants. But if we count every group in every country, including the Amish and the Hutterites, we don't number even one million persons!

What do you think? We urge **FQ** readers from around the world, from many different groups within our faith family, to ponder this. Why so few? Why hasn't our stream of Christian faith caught on?

I do not mean to be cynical or clever. Nor am I pouting or discouraged. But if someone—a neighbor, a seatmate on the plane, a serious journalist—asked you quietly, "Why has your view of Christianity never really caught on?"—what would you say?

Please do write us your thoughts.—**MG**

Thank you for your excellent article "Should They Leave? Should They Stay?" (Winter-Spring 1989 issue). I have a two-fold reply, based on opportunities I had to visit Mennonites in the Soviet Union and to interact with the *Umsiedler*, as the Russian immigrants are called, while we lived in Germany in 1985-87.

First, I would never criticize those who decide to leave. Many of them have suffered more than most of us can imagine. They are entitled to their skepticism about the future.

Second, I have a special blessing for those who decide to stay. They have the language and cultural orientation which are needed to propagate Christian faith in a land which has long been closed to such a ministry.

Edgar Stoesz,
Akron, Pennsylvania

We are renewing our subscription, though, I must admit, somewhat against our better judgment. Several things continue to nag at our decision.

If the publishing has been at a loss for all of the 14 years and would seem to have increased each year, is there some reason why corrective action was not instituted earlier?

We tend to agree with the man who wrote, some time ago, questioning the reason for the "great open spaces" throughout the magazine.

What was the matter with the original *Festival Cookbook* that another (twice as costly) needed to be published?

In spite of these criticisms, we have enjoyed most of the issues of the *Quarterly* and hope that its publication may continue.

Gordon Liechty,
Berne, Indiana

Editor's Note: Most bookstores find spiral-bound books difficult to display, spine-out. (Most are not willing to promise publishers face-out display of their books.) In order to increase the market for The Festival Cookbook, we issued it in a wire binding while still keeping the original spiral-bound edition in print. Both editions continue to sell.

I am greatly enjoying, feeding on, the 15th-year anniversary double issue. It has, besides giving me lots to think about and rejoice in, renewed my interest in renewing my subscription.

Keep up the good work. Thanks again.
Brendon Bass,
Bethel, Maine

We have been readers of *FQ* for quite a few years, and I can say most of the reading has been interesting and profitable. However, we were disappointed that you would print material such as "Number One" by the Krabills in the American Abroad column (Winter-Spring 1989 issue).

We have not been able to figure out what the real reason could be for publishing such an article. While it does state facts and normal processes, a church publication is not the place for such an article. This is how we see it.

Also, we have respect for the Amish, and we do not find the story "Relatives" (Winter-Spring 1989) very interesting reading. Even if such happenings occur, within their families, do these need to be so publicized? Some of the language is just plain foul, and we have no intention of ever spending any money to buy the book.

Wayne and Ada Gross,
Eureka, Illinois

Appreciated your last issue (double) of *Festival Quarterly*. Congratulations for the 15 years of enjoyable and stimulating service! You deserve to celebrate a little.

May I express special appreciation for recent articles by Sandra Cronk. She seems to reflect on her Quaker background in a most helpful way for us Mennonites. May we see more of her writings. Her perspective on ministers and ministry (Winter-Spring 1989 issue) is "must" reading for all.

Jake F. Pauls,
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.



I Collect Quilts... They Collect Me

by Rebecca Haarer

Today we are in a great period of story-telling that ironically parallels the development of global communication technologies. We are telling both personal stories and cultural ones. The voices of astronauts and cosmonauts, past and present quilters, victims of psychological, physical and sexual abuse, along with many others, together form the present world story.

Today we are also—as never before—needing to consider the matter of preservation. Never have our rivers and oceans been so toxic, our air so “thin,” our immune systems so weakened. We are becoming threadbare and so we are becoming conscious of preserving the planet, preserving the best in our individual societies, preserving quilts and memories and our lives. To accomplish that task requires using that part of every human which can nourish and caretake—the feminine part of ourselves. So the story of the quilt, a symbol of the feminine, is ultimately the story of conscious caretaking.

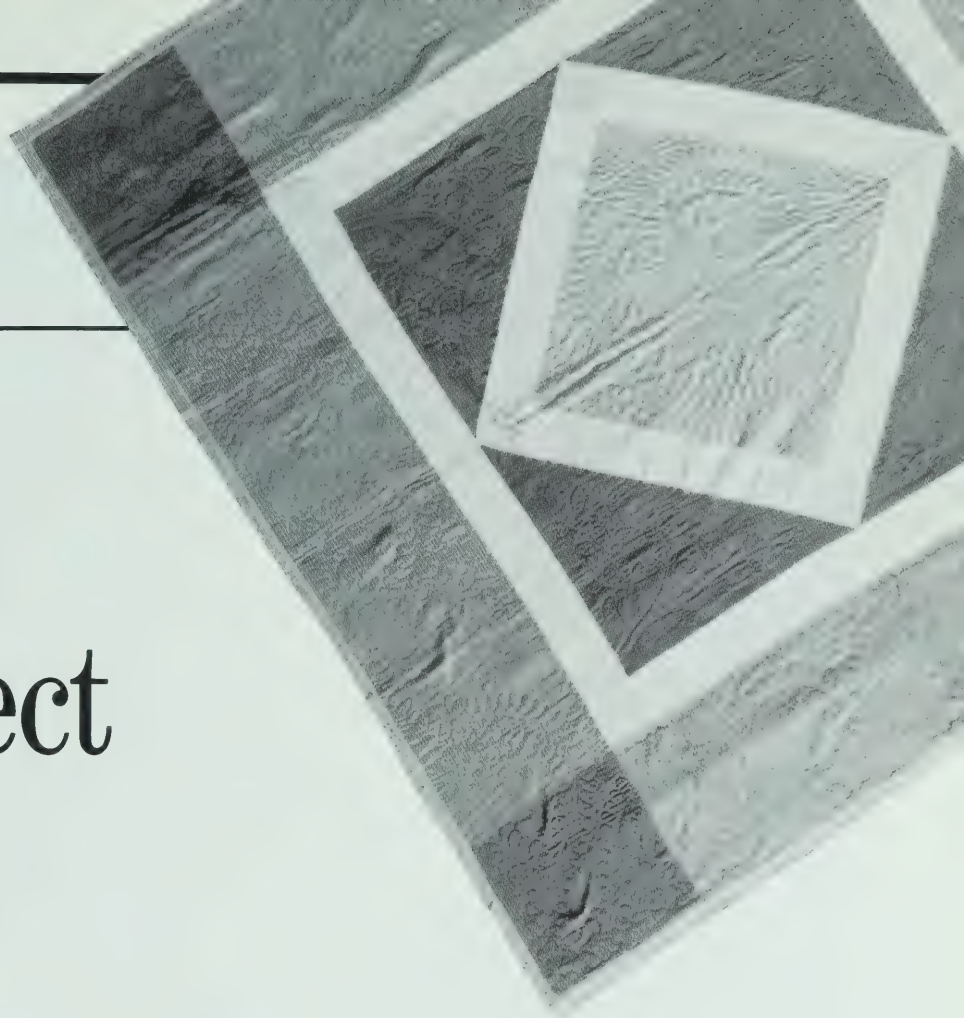
What Are the Amish Decorative Arts?

Amish decorative arts are a picture story of the Amish.

In its traditional use of solid color fabrics, the Amish quilt distinguishes and symbolizes Amish separation from the larger world. It is an expression of Jacob Amman’s admonition to be plain and separate from worldly ways.

The quilt carries in its design code a cultural value: “plain” and “contained” equals modesty and separation from the world.

Decorative arts of the Amish are increasingly considered to be fine examples of American folk art. They are regularly taking up residence in museum and private collections to document our American experience. At this larger public and cultural level they are now valued as art, with all the attendant procedures associated with the buying and selling of art.



It was the Whitney Museum in New York City, which, in 1971, included Amish quilts in its show "Abstract Design in American Quilts." Soon thereafter came two books showing Amish quilts, both by Robert Bishop, curator of the Museum of American Folk Art, both published by E.P. Dutton. At the same time, antique dealers began running ads in the Amish newspaper, *The Budget*. Amish farm and personal estate auctions started attracting groups of quilt buyers, soon identified as the "quilt mafia."

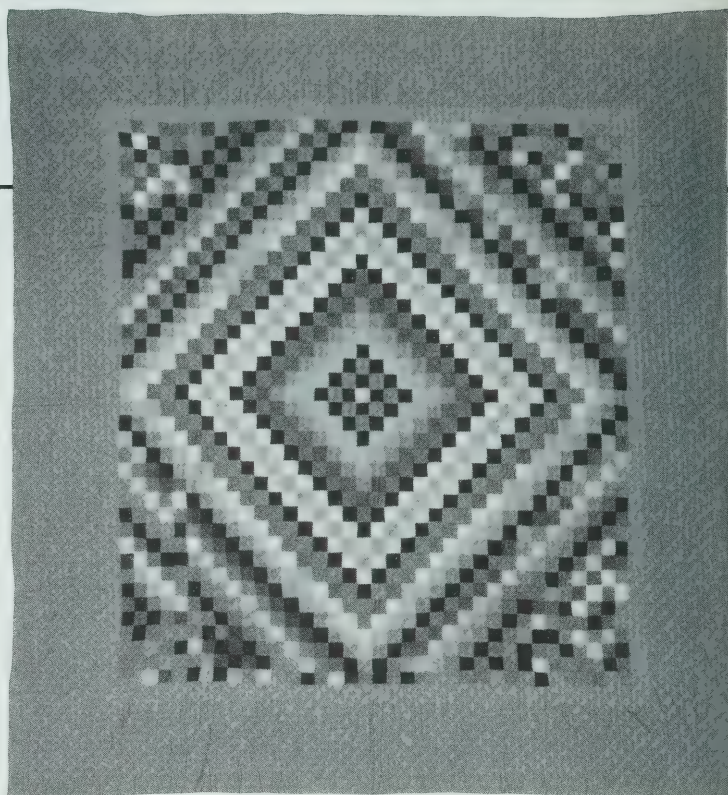
This trend started in the eastern Amish communities, but quickly traveled to Ohio and only slightly later to Indiana and other, smaller Amish communities. Earlier in this century, Amish and Mennonite fraktur and furniture had been collected by antique and art dealers. Some decorated furniture from Amish and Mennonite craftspersons was sold during the Depression for several dollars a load. Material at that time left families who had to sell or who wanted to replace old with new. But it is only in the last 20 years that Amish material has become widely sought after and popularized by the public as art.

How Art Forms "Collect" People

The Amish, through their cultural symbols, are co-creating a new experience between themselves (through their decorative arts) and the American public. It is this co-creative process that most interests me from my own experience of living in an Amish community and as a collector of some of the symbols of their lifestyle.

I believe that as we move toward an object that draws our attention, we cease to be just a quiet spectator or observer; we become a participator. The object is really collecting us to it. A sort of dance of interaction between that root symbol and the outsider occurs. That moment, that place, is invisible to most people, however, because we are trained to see only the "them and us" of life. It seems to me that conscious caretaking requires the development of the ability to see the interconnectedness that collecting involves.

I accidentally became a collector of Amish material. I was just out of college. I had been trained to teach art to children. An Amish acquaintance of mine, while on a trip to Holmes



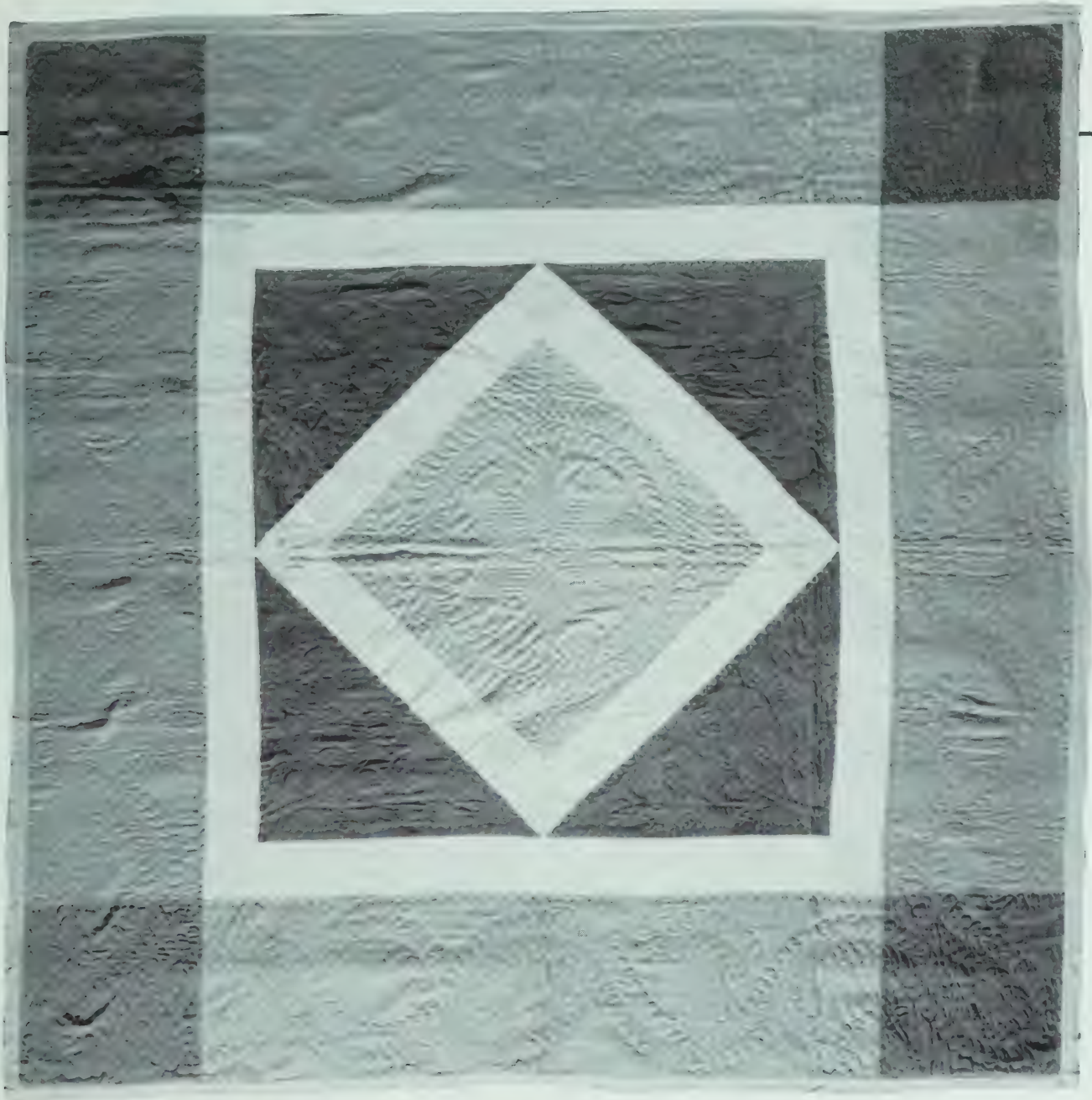
photography by Jonathan Charles

County, Ohio, to buy 500 pounds of Swiss cheese, invited me to rent the Daudy Haus (grandpa house) on his farm for \$25.00 a month. I immersed myself into rural LaGrange County country living—and came in touch with doctoring with herbs, foot treatments, gardening, sunrises, sunsets, afternoon and evening visits, rug weavers, rugs from scratch, quilts from scratch, furniture, bread and pies and poetry from scratch. The people—and their furniture, quilts, gardens and clothing—were grounded, solid, simple, contained. It was to this essence that I was drawn, it seemed for a kind of healing. Literally, I was recovering from a severely broken left foot. But the life there drew me and I became a participant in lifting symbols of the Amish culture out of their world and into mine. I was becoming a co-creator of a new way of looking at old things.

Simultaneously, as the art and antiques world ventured in with their thirst for Amish quilts, they too began to participate in Amish life, also co-creating the new meaning of the quilt.

continued on page 10







How Did This All Begin?

In the early 1960s, computer technology and the Vietnam War were exploding. And so we went quilting, weaving and spinning through solar energy, herbal medicines, esoteric studies, re-nurturing, remembering, putting back together and piecing together a new level of awareness.

Looking in from outer space, we saw that the earth is clearly round; we saw our need to acknowledge the interconnected web of all existence of which we are all a part. We began coming home to our nurturing instincts, that feminine part of our psyche. We became advocates of wholeness.

Every town and county festival offered quilting and spinning demonstrations. Amish communities became popular places to visit; in fact, they were swirled into tourism that matched the acceleration in computerized global communication. Within the antique world, interest in folk art soared. Interest in women's work escalated. Quilts became not only an art form but a way for a woman to tell her story. Many Amish and Mennonites were stunned and found this whole development surprising and even amusing.

At one level people were coming to the Amish for quilts, furniture and homemade bread. At a greater level they came to be part of a dance of interconnectedness that we all are called to do. Through involvement with one another's culture, one another's art, we become less distant and become more connected. When we preserve a people's art, we are, in fact, also preserving them, valuing them.

By collecting one another's art we are co-creating new and deeper ways of knowing each other. We cannot take our collections with us; we can be fundamentally re-shaped by how we have been with our collections. That makes conscientious caretaking a meeting place for two individuals—the maker and the collector—a meeting-ground for two cultures. It allows for two definitions of one quilt.

Rebecca Haarer, Shipshewana, Indiana, is a collector of quilts and other Amish folk art.



art by Cheryl Benner

China's Hundred- Year Revolution

by Michael Sprunger

*Editor's Note: Michael Sprunger of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, grew up in Taiwan, worked for a year in Hong Kong and earned a master's degree in East Asian studies from the University of Kansas in 1988. Because of his knowledge of Chinese culture and politics, **Festival Quarterly** invited him to share his perspective on the origins of the recent turmoil in China and what it means for Mennonites.*

For the last three months, I like other North Americans have watched the conflict in the People's Republic of China with a mixture of horror and amazement. The scale of the student protests, the violence of the government response and the speed of the still unfolding events have astonished even the most informed students of Chinese affairs.

What we are seeing is the continuation of a revolution by which China will eventually propel itself into the modern community of nations. It is a process on which the church has exerted considerable influence in the past, and in which Christians in China and elsewhere may again play a positive role.

What Are the Roots of the Protests?

This spring's events are part of a revolution of rising expectations. This revolution did not begin in April. It began a hundred years ago.

When Mao Zedong entered Beijing on October 1, 1949, he ended a century of Chinese humiliation. During the late 1800s and early 1900s, foreign nations and Chinese warlords partitioned the country into autonomous territories and spheres of influence, ending 4,000 years of dynastic rule. Hong Kong—due to return to Chinese control in 1997—was born when British gunboats forced China open to the sale of opium.

In many ways, today's military and political turmoil resembles the struggle that ended the Qing dynasty in 1911. Then as now, the leaders of China found the basis for their legitimacy eroding with each passing year. As more and more people turned to Western and Christian institutions for education, the Confucian system of government from the emperor on down

In many ways, the turmoil today resembles the struggle that ended the Qing dynasty in 1911. Then as now, the leaders of China found the basis for their legitimacy eroding with each passing year. From the emperor on down, the entire system of government came under increasing criticism.

came under increasing criticism. Traditional education created artists and poets, critics said, but it did nothing to prepare Chinese society for an onslaught of foreign cultures, religions and political institutions, which had no intention of adapting themselves to Chinese ways.

What Role Did the Church Play Before Mao?

If foreign military and economic power undermined the nation's governing consensus, it was religious institutions that

gave Chinese of the metropolitan and coastal areas a vision for a new China. By 1930, mission societies in Europe and North America had combined to build 200 or more schools in China—schools with a Western-style curriculum.

These schools had an important influence in educating Chinese leaders. They also created strong links between the Chinese elite and foreign Christians, including some political leaders in the United States and elsewhere. When Madame Chiang Kai-shek, a Wellesley College graduate, returned to the U.S. to raise support for the Nationalist cause, she directed a large portion of her efforts at the church.

Leaders on both sides of the Chinese Civil War, which followed the Japanese occupation during World War II, were graduates of foreign schools. Sun Yat-sen was educated in England, Chiang Kai-shek in Japan and Chiang Ching-kuo, the recently deceased premier of Taiwan, in Russia. Chou En-lai and Deng Xiao-ping studied in France.

Why Did Missions Become Suspect?

As Harvard professor John K. Fairbank points out, mission societies and the educational opportunities they provided led China to the point of revolution—but then could not participate in it. While mission schools and Western universities introduced Chinese students to new political and social ideas, they did not possess the patriotic aspirations or cultural sensitivity necessary to take part in such comprehensive change.

Like Westerners today, these educators tended to define progress in China in terms of the nation's Westernization. Their lack of respect for Chinese culture repelled many of the same students who were attracted to Western political thought and the idea of democracy. The frequent paternalism in the classroom produced a bittersweet combination of gratitude and suspicion toward the West and toward the church. This ambivalent attitude has persisted among educated Chinese to this day.

Why Did China Isolate Itself?

With the triumph of the Communists in 1949, China began to turn away from the rest of the world. In part, this was a response to the greatest single accomplishment of the revolution—the reunification of a nation that had been divided since the 1840s. After years of foreign domination, the Chinese could chart their own path.

Along with this came an increasing suspicion and fear of anything foreign and an emphasis on Communist orthodoxy. China should depend only on itself, the reasoning went, and should be led by those people who had thrown out the foreigners and their Nationalist allies. "Redness," or knowledge of Communist ideology, became the basis for political advancement.

How Did the Current Conflict Develop?

In the late 1970s, the end of the Cultural Revolution brought a new openness to the West. Deng Xiao-ping, the political survivor, became a political and economic reformer. Conservative resistance mounted as Deng removed Mao's chosen successor, Hua Guo-feng, and promoted reformers such as Zhao Ziyang and Hu Yao-bang.

As political, cultural and economic exchanges increased, so did the number of people who went abroad to study. The China Educational Exchange program and Goshen College helped to renew ties between North American Mennonites and the people of China—connections that had been broken some 30 years earlier.

As Chinese students returned to their homeland from overseas, they brought new attitudes and understandings. If China was to succeed in the modern world, they believed, it would have to develop more political flexibility. Chinese leaders would have to become educated technocrats, who emphasized pragmatism over ideology.

This was a threat to the entrenched bureaucrats, including—ironically—the man who had made the exchange programs possible: Deng Xiao-ping. On June 6, 1989, the conflict between the new and old Chinas, the future and the past, seemed to be encapsulated in the image of a young man standing alone before a column of tanks from the 27th Army. In that moment, a young and idealistic Chinese citizen stood nose-to-nose with the barrel of a slow, powerful and aging machine of his government. Before our television sets, we as Mennonites saw a modern equivalent of the courageous nonviolence our forebears showed in 16th century Europe. We saw what we as a people used to be—and what we wish we were.

How Should Mennonites Respond to the Crackdown?

Attracted as we may be by the students' example, or by the Western symbols of the protest movement (such as the demonstrators' version of the Statue of Liberty), our support of change in China must be cautious. It would be easy—and wrong—to view the conflict in Cold War, ethnocentric terms, in which progress is again identified with Westernization and evil with communism and an Eastern worldview.

Practical considerations, rather than emotions, must guide our response. The current turmoil in China has and will affect the Chinese church and Western educational exchange programs in concrete ways. Among Mennonites, the recent events may occasion some reassessment of our own exchange programs. The continuation of these programs, some people may argue, will be interpreted as support of the Chinese government's crackdown. Yet suspension of these exchanges could hurt individuals in China who particularly need our

support.

Within China, the "Three-Self Church" (self-propagating, self-supporting and self-governing) led by Bishop Ding Guang Xun appears to have taken a stand in support of the students. This is especially significant because Ding's church has been accused of being a government tool.

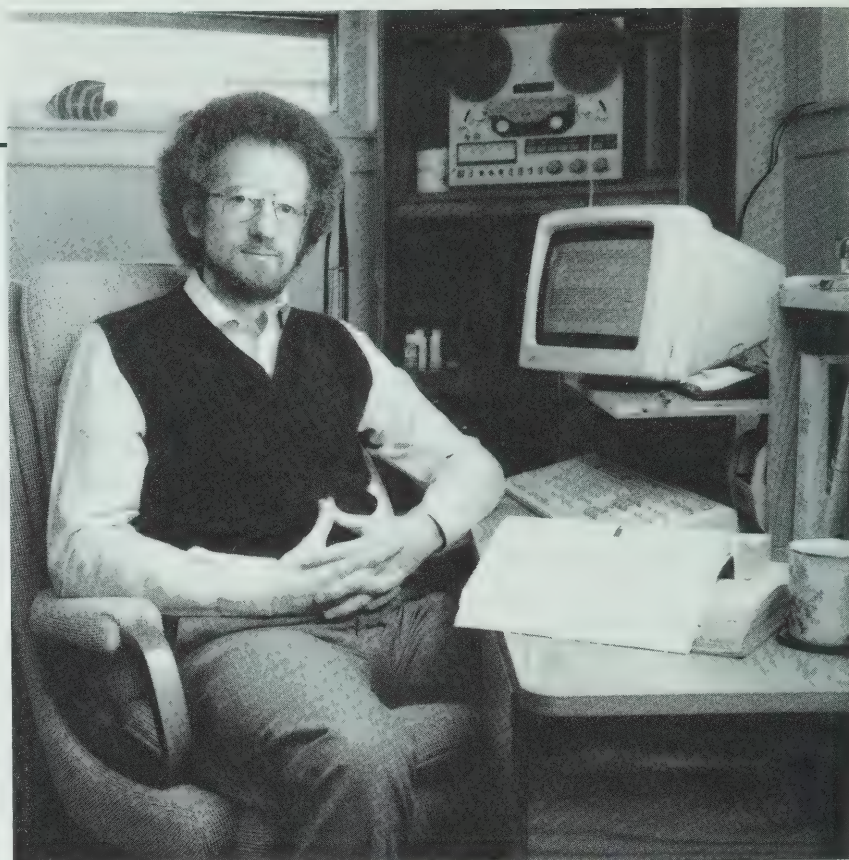
Some people might argue that the best way to show support for Ding would be to withdraw from dealings with the current government. Yet to do so would be counterproductive, because it would prevent Mennonites from playing even a limited role in China. The credibility Mennonites currently enjoy with the Chinese government stems in part from the church's refusal to make rash decisions and its willingness to work with people with whom it disagrees. This is not the time to abandon these principles.

Though the immediate future for China is unclear, the long-term movement toward modernization is irreversible. As the situation in China continues to change, Mennonites must encourage a course of transition that is peaceful and appropriate to Chinese society. Perhaps most importantly, we must allow the time necessary to complete this revolution—even if it takes another hundred years.



I Felt Insignificant

by Philip Yancey



photography by Carlos Vergara

A typical dinner-table conversation in our house goes like this:

"How was your day, Janet?"

"Rough. I met a homeless person who'd been living in Lincoln Park and hadn't eaten in three days. After assisting him I learned that 89-year-old Peg Martin had died. And then I discovered that someone had broken into the church van and stolen the battery again." After filling in the details of those adventures, Janet asks about my day. "Uh, let me think. What did happen today? Oh yeah — I found a very good adverb!"

Our daily routines, not to mention our personalities, could hardly differ more. Janet, vivacious, outgoing, gregarious, heads a church-related ministry to senior citizens in one of Chicago's poorest neighborhoods. Her office is on Hill Street, the seamy locale made famous by the TV show *Hill Street Blues*. Her days are full of adventure and people: Often she serves meals to 70 people at a time, and every week she deals with several dozen clients.

Meanwhile I, reclusive, reserved, sit at home in my basement office, staring at a computer screen in search of the perfect word. (So far, computers only process words, they don't compose them.) The main "event" in my day occurs around noon, when the mailman arrives. Occasionally the telephone rings. And once a week or so I may meet someone

**Sitting home, I have
trouble imagining that
my daily routine
makes a difference.**

for lunch. The daily regimen of a writer is not what you'd call glamorous.

The vast differences in our lives used to bother me. Following my usual course of introspection and self-doubt, I would tend to discount my own work and accept blame for not having a more direct impact on people. "Janet puts into

practice what I write about," I would say, only half-joking, to friends. I left unstated the clear implication that what I did was somehow less valuable, less worthy.

I suppose I encounter my own version of the lonely housewife syndrome: sitting home all day, with such a narrow focus, I have trouble imagining that my daily routine makes much difference to the world or anyone in it. Yes, I get mail from readers, but such letters come long after the act of writing, and the impact they describe is very indirect and vicarious. I observe no immediate results comparable to those seen by my wife, who can watch the actual facial expressions change on a hungry person fed, a homeless person sheltered, a grieving person comforted.

In addition, Janet comes home with stories so rich in fascinating detail as to make any writer drool. As I write this article, for example, she is visiting a lady named Beulah in the hospital. Beulah was born in 1892 to a wet nurse on a Louisiana plantation. That's right — a

plantation! Her mother, freed from slavery long before, had stayed on the plantation. Beulah got bounced around from the plantation to New Orleans to Tennessee to Chicago. She turned 75 before Congress ever got around to passing the first civil rights bill.

Tonight Janet will come home full of stories Beulah has dredged up from her childhood days along the levees of the Mississippi River. The two world wars, the Great Depression, the Russian Revolution—you name a major event of the 20th century and Beulah can resurrect a story about it.

I listen to such stories and think to myself, "If I could have Janet's job, I'd never experience writer's block again." But then sober reality sets in to self-correct my fantasies. "There are two problems, Philip: You'd be terrible at Janet's job, and besides, you'd have no time left over to write." And so the next morning, after eating my cereal, I head downstairs to spend another day making the familiar insect clicks of my computer keyboard.

Over time, I have come to see that the very differences between us—in personality, outlook and daily routine—actually represent a great strength. Janet provides me with a new set of eyes into a world I barely know about. My own faith is tested as I hear of her attempts to bring hope to the lives of those who have so little. Sometimes, like now, her experiences even edge their way into my writing.

On the other hand, I can offer Janet calmness, reflection and balance. I try to make our home a haven: a place for her to lick wounds, to gain perspective, to recharge for the next day's battles. (Again, the reverse housewife syndrome—is this not what at-home wives offered their career husbands for centuries?)

The New Testament frequently uses the image of a human body to illustrate the church. A body composed of many members with many gifts can accomplish far more than a one-celled organism. Individual cells may suffer an apparent "disadvantage": a human eye cell, for example, never gets to experience touch, or hearing, or anything at all but vision.

Over time, I have come to see our differences as a strength. Janet gives me new eyes, while I offer reflection.



photograph by Carlos Vergara

But because of its specialization, that cell can contribute a wholly new level of sight (amoebas can see enough to galumph away from light, but that's about it).

The same principle applies to marriage. I no longer view Janet's work with a sense of competition. Rather, I marvel at the difference in temperament that allows her to spend her day dealing with situations that would probably drive me crazy. I have learned to take pride in her work, to see it as a part of my own outreach. By serving her, and offering a listening ear, I can strengthen her and thus help assure that her vital work will continue.

On good days, I remember this principle, pray for Janet and look for ways to help equip her for her demanding and wonderful work. As for bad days—well, you'll probably find me sitting in front of a computer screen, looking a little cross-eyed, daydreaming of the great novels I could write if I spent my time on Hill Street instead of in my basement.

This article first appeared in the Spring 1989 issue of Marriage Partnership, published by Christianity Today, Inc.

From Silence To Sound

Music as Meditation

by Carol Ann Weaver

In this era of transition between exclusive and inclusive language in reference to God, music as meditation may be a vital key to our understanding of spiritual wholeness, healing and celebration. In the midst of debates over God-language and people-nouns, we may need something more powerful, worshipful and humanizing than any of our divisive forms of speech. Silence may once more allow us to discover music as our true minister, the most effective means through which we connect with our inner selves, with one another and with our Creator.

Long recognized as a link between our subconscious and conscious, music is more deeply associated with emotional and spiritual awareness than are any of our verbal or visual expressions. Philosopher Susanne Langer maintains that the flow of music, with its constancy and changes, parallels the workings of our deep emotions. Because both music and emotions move through time, rather than being realized all at one moment like a finished painting, music possesses a unique capacity to speak to our emotions.¹

Likewise, our sense of the spiritual and transcendent is more clearly expressed in non-verbal sounds of music than in concrete, logical speech. Many traditions view music as the medium through which the body and mind are centered and the spirit is freed.

The Sufi people of India regard music as their chief means of meditation, using

it to open the soul, heart and intuition. Charismatic groups sing in tongues. The U.S. composer and philosopher Pauline Oliveros teaches sonic meditation techniques in which, beginning in silence, breath is expressed as sound.

In their goals and in the ever-changing mixture of sounds which they produce, both sonic meditation and singing in tongues can be compared to black gospel

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singing. In this tradition, participants may "worry" a note, or sing personal variations over a predominate note or phrase. This allows for a canopy of sound which is highly varied, yet unified in spirit.

Blues and early Dixieland jazz arose out of the black gospel tradition. In Dixieland jazz, the players simultaneously perform personal variations of the same song. The result is called "heterophony"—one tune variously approximated by many players. Javanese gamelon music

works along similar, heterophonic lines—many interpretations of one melody—providing for true richness of sound.

What all of these styles have in common is individuality of voice and melody, within a unity of spirit. Perhaps we could learn from these approaches to allow for more freedom of expression, to pay more attention to the song within each of us, and to have less fear of our individual, natural voice qualities.

Singing with a natural, untrained voice, as many of us do when no one is listening, can be a truly spiritual experience. In social settings, however, we are taught early on to sing in culturally conditioned ways, whether it be the fast vibrato of a Mennonite choir member or the intentional twang of a country singer. In our schools and churches we have learned to sing *together*—starting and stopping at the same time, matching the same pitches and even cutting off consonants at the same time, as if with one voice.

In this age of specialization, we have come to rely too much on the trained singer and instrumentalist. We have weeded out the sound of untrained voices from our music ensembles, just as we have chemically removed natural wildflowers and plants from our overly-manicured lawns. As we have preferred exotic trees and shrubs to native plants, so we have admired the sounds of professional groups over the sound of

Who is God?

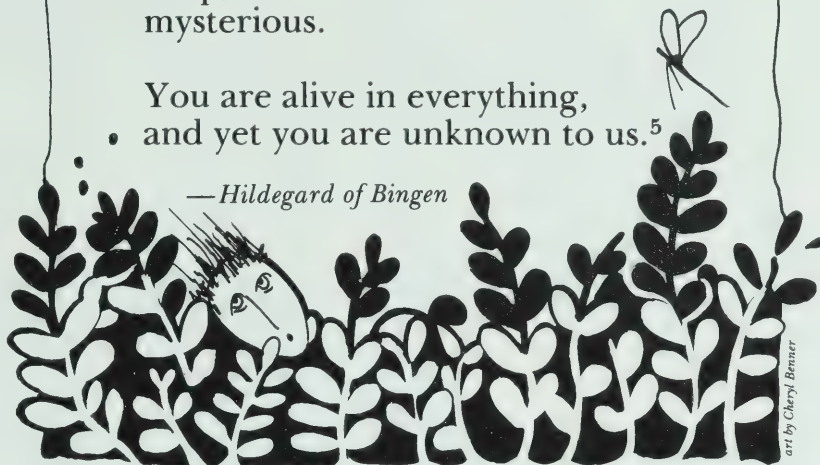
You are music.
You are life.

Source of everything,
creator of everything,
angelic hosts sing your praise.

Wonderfully radiant,
deep,
mysterious.

You are alive in everything,
• and yet you are unknown to us.⁵

—Hildegard of Bingen



our own natural voices. (Oh, to sound like a boys' choir from Austria, or a Mendelssohn choir from Big City, USA!)

In the process, however, we have denied a part of who we are. Musician and philosopher Peter Michael Hammel says of the natural voice: "Everyone has this gift. God has given [each person] a particular pitch, a natural tone. . . . There are as many voices as souls. They cannot be classified."²

Our private and corporate meditations may be times for us to get in touch with our natural voices, allowing them to speak for the voices which often lie hidden within us. Imagine the marvelous bedlam that would ensue if, instead of singing one of our orderly, four-part hymns on a Sunday morning, each of us would be invited to create our own melodic and lyric responses to a sustained chord or pitch from an instrument. Or imagine our worship services beginning with a Quaker-like period of quiet, out of which individual responses to the moving of the Spirit would be expressed in outpourings of improvised song, coming from one person or many people at once.

Music, unlike speech, can be coherent and meaningful when many different voices are present at one time. The most sophisticated composers attempt to create interplays between many different voices at one: Orlando di Lassus writes a 40-voice canon; a modern composer writes for an 80-piece orchestra or a 24-track recording.

In addition to variety of voice and expression, we can develop more respect for the origin of sound—silence. Walter Klaassen, a Mennonite historian and nature lover, reminds us that "virtually everything that happens that is of any importance takes place in silence. The globe turns into the sun without a sound, and the light of the sun floods the world in absolute stillness."³

Our private and public meditations could benefit from longer times of silence and contemplation. But many of us find silence very uncomfortable. Organization has become more important to us than spontaneity. Most of our corporate worship hours are spent in

organized speech or rehearsed music, not unlike the well coordinated TV shows we watch.

Yet insights and revelations rarely come during highly structured programs of events. Rather, inspiration and creativity seem to arrive best on the wings of silence and openness. By eliminating quiet from our lives, we hold back much from ourselves, from one another and from the Spirit of God, which moves noiselessly through our beings.

"Silence," Klaassen says, "is the fundamental reality of our being, and the sooner we learn it, the sooner we shall grow up."⁴ Yet out of silence in any forest comes the mighty crash of a falling tree or the waking songs of birds. We need not cling to silence as a form; rather, we can allow it to nurture music of its own nature. Just as music is able to unleash deep emotions and sounds of our inner spirit, so also is music able to contain majestic canopies of silence. What makes charismatic singing in tongues or a Beethoven string quartet so sublime is the silence—pauses between singers, rests between notes. As we respect these pauses, we may be able to trust the resultant music of the soul.

Philosopher Mary Daly refers to God as a verb, and a verb implies movement. So too, silence and sound are verbs which move within our spirits, ever linking us with the original DNA—the God over all and within all. As we seek to rename our experience of this God who moves, we can rely on messages from the eternal source within—in silence and in wordless sound. Thus, in both our private meditations and our outward forms of worship, we may ground ourselves in the quietness and dynamic music of the Spirit who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Carol Ann Weaver is a pianist, composer and member of the music faculty at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

Notes:

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2. Hamel, Peter Michael. *Through Music to the Self* (Boulder, Colo.: Shambhala Press, 1979).
3. Klaassen, Walter. "Learning in Silence from Silence," *Mennonite Reporter*, October 24, 1988, Vol. 18, No. 21.
4. Ibid.
5. Uhlein, Gabriele, ed., *Meditations with Hildegard of Bingen* (Santa Fe, N.M.: Bear and Company, 1983), p. 28.

Healing the Problems of Growth in Japan

by Noboru Aratani

Though relatively few in number, Christians in Japan have played an important role in offering new directions to the society around them. When Christianity came into Japan about 400 years ago, it helped to improve education, welfare, medicine and respect for human rights. Christianity accelerated the modernization of Japanese society at a time when economic growth promised answers to poverty, sickness, oppression, ignorance and a wide range of other ills.

Today, however, another change of direction is needed. We need to ask what growth means and to what ends it should be guided. As the place where repentance and salvation take place, the church should lead the way in offering a new direction to Japanese society.

Costs of Economic Growth

After a brief slowdown caused by the oil crises of the 1970s, the Japanese economy is now booming again. Under pressure from countries seeking to balance trade deficits, the government has urged increased consumption of foreign goods. The Japanese market is flooded with products and foods from all over the world.

Commodities come through a complicated marketing system, labeled with special brand names and wrapped in many layers of elaborate paper and ribbons. This packaging approach wastes resources and creates large amounts of garbage. In addition, exaggerated advertising claims mislead consumers.

While the Gross National Product is up, so are prices. Living space is cramped and costly, especially in the big cities. Because of a steep rise in land prices, buildings are torn down even

though they are still usable, to make way for new, more profitable structures.

Along with rapid economic growth has come a larger military. Japan has a peace constitution in which it totally renounces war, yet it has been steadily building up its armed forces. The government also has been increasing the number of nuclear power plants, in spite of strong public opposition.

Loss of Nature and Neighbors

As in many other nations, people in Japan are moving in large numbers from the country to the city. Although Japan's climate and natural conditions are excellent for farming, the rural villages are declining. Meanwhile, a rapid increase in the number of cars threatens the nation's efficient system of public transportation. Such developments break down community and cause alienation among people. In the process of acquiring wealth, people are losing a priceless inheritance—nature and neighbors.

According to economists, increased consumption will stimulate international trade and therefore boost employment. But a growth-oriented economy tends to make people feel uneasy and to reduce their ability to support themselves in traditional ways. In addition, it robs other countries of their resources and our offspring of their birthright.

Need for Creativity

In order to change society, we need to change ourselves. This is not easy. We would rather change our environment than our own ways of thinking and living. Money satisfies our selfish desires and interferes in our inner growth.

We will need courage in order to break free from the idolatry of money. In addition, we in Japan will need outside ideas. Ours is an island country with a homogenous population. It is hard for us to differ from one another and to think creatively. Moreover, the sins of our economy—greed, theft and even murder—are part of a global pattern of sin. Creating peace is an international task.

In today's world, governments find it difficult to find and pursue mutual goals. A model of mutual support is needed. Can Christians provide such an example and show how to work together across national boundaries?



Noboru Aratani is a teacher and a member of the Japan Mennonite Christian Church Conference (Hokkaido). She represents the conference on the General Council of Mennonite World Conference.

Michael Kriebel's Garden Art



FQ/Kenneth Pellman

by David Graybill

Some artists create with a chisel, pen or violin. Michael S. L. Kriebel does some of his best work with a hoe.

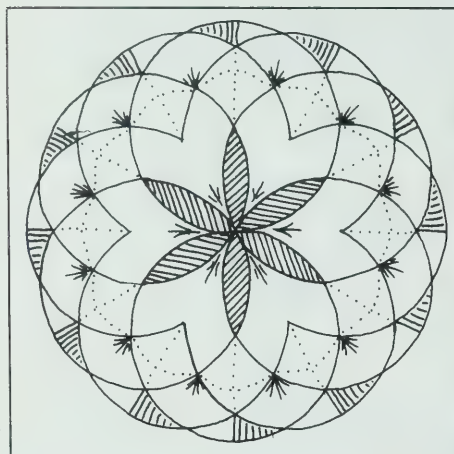
Kriebel's favorite studio is the three-quarter acre tract surrounding the house where he lives with his wife, Carolyn, and two-year-old daughter, Rosanna. Here, on a hillside near Manheim,

Pennsylvania, he sculpts the soil into gardens, paints with multi-colored flowers and frames the yard with trees and bushes, like a painter or photographer composing a scene.

Kriebel, a high school teacher who attends an Old Order River Brethren church, became interested in gardening

when he was a sixth grader in Harleysville, Pennsylvania. But the roots of his interest extend much further back than that, he says.

Through research in a genealogy book, he has discovered that one of his 18th century ancestors, Susanna Schultz Kriebel, was "very fond of flowers and



Kriebel says that gardening sometimes provides inspiration for his fraktur, although the flower designs he creates are "stylized" and "more orderly than anything in nature."

FQ/Kenneth Pellman



had many varieties in her garden." Since then, one of his grandmothers and other family members have grown plants or flowers, he says.

From the time Kriebel was a boy, his father has enjoyed growing trees and bushes. These include meticulously-trimmed maples and "white pines in the shape of cones. They look like chocolate kisses."

Kriebel's own interest in gardening developed after he was tested for allergies and was told he couldn't have pets.

"I figured plants were the next best thing," he says, "so I started with houseplants. My mother hated to take me shopping because I always came home with something."

From indoor plants, it was "a natural step" to start flower beds and a garden. His parents helped him to plant marigolds and to start a daffodil collection which at one time included 40 varieties.

"I even transplanted some weeds to see how big they would grow. I figured

they were free plants," he recalls.

When Kriebel was 14, he talked his dad into letting him start a 10 × 12 foot vegetable garden. Later, he planted a 16-foot square herb garden, which won a local award.

After graduating from high school, Kriebel majored in chemistry at Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. While attending college, he became acquainted with the River Brethren church. An even smaller denomination than the Schwenkfelders—the Germanic Protestant group in which he grew up—the River Brethren combine Mennonite, Brethren and German revivalist influences.

Kriebel visited members of the group in Lancaster County and Franklin County, Pennsylvania. In 1983 he met Carolyn Keller, a nurse from Iowa who was working in Franklin County. The couple were married the following June.

In 1985, the Kriebels moved to their present house, part of which dates back

to 1770. Growing things are everywhere, inside and in the yard. Houseplants in each room filter particles in the air and provide humidity in wintertime or when the air conditioner is on. (Air conditioning is required because of Michael's asthma and allergies.)

The porch is lined with hanging and potted plants. Just to the left of the main entrance, between two rose bushes, Kriebel plans to build a lean-to greenhouse.

In front of the house, two flower beds burst with pansies, orange marigolds and startling purple impatiens. Around the corner are zinnias, corn, a grapevine, a maple tree with two swings and a moss garden.

On the south side of the house, Kriebel has planted a ginkgo tree and hazelnut shrub, five kinds of wild violets, daffodils, tulips, wild geraniums and a variety of mints. In the main garden, behind the house, he grows vegetables, fruits, herbs and flowers, including beans and tomatoes, oregano and horseradish,

rhubarb, strawberries and a dozen types of roses. Planting a row of flowers next to the vegetables increases pollination, he explains.

Whenever possible, Kriebel relies on organic farming methods rather than chemicals or power devices. He fertilizes the garden with manure and uses lime to neutralize the acid in the Pennsylvania rain. He does use a rototiller in the spring and fall, and for tilling the corn and beans. All the other crops and flowers, however, are cultivated by hand. ("If I don't use a rototiller, I can plant my things much closer," he says.)

Kriebel's gardens are carefully arranged for visual impact as well as practicality. The traditional way to garden is in rows and straight lines, Kriebel says. But, "I don't like straight lines, they don't look natural. I want our property to look like it just happened."

The flower beds in front of the house are placed so that a motorist passing on the road will not be able to tell where flowers stop and lawn begins, Kriebel explains. Elsewhere, bushes and gardens have been located where they will partially obstruct a view of the rest of the property. Because not all of the space can be seen at once, he believes, it seems larger than it actually is.

The inventiveness and careful design that characterize Kriebel's gardens also go into another of his spare-time activities—creating *fraktur*, or Pennsylvania German illuminated writing. Since his late teens, he has made his own renderings of quotations and sayings, illustrated with flowers, birds, animals and geometric designs. He sells his pieces through The People's Place Gallery in Intercourse, Pennsylvania, and at art shows and folk festivals.

During the school year, Kriebel teaches church history, typing and music at Terre Hill Mennonite High School. For a chorus program this past spring, he composed a six-part piece based on Psalm 8, which celebrates God's creation and human responsibility for the earth.

For the most part, Kriebel's varied activities complement rather than compete with one another, he says.

Doing one type of work all the time would bore him, he believes.

In many ways, the most difficult of his activities is gardening, he says. Plants and flowers require constant attention, he points out. This makes it hard to take long trips during the summer.

In addition, his best efforts can be undone by drought, such as last year's dry spell which stunted his vegetables and roses. Moreover, his health prevents him from working during the hottest hours of the day and limits his activities at other times. He often has to wear a dust mask when he is outside, and Carolyn mows the lawn.

So why does he garden? It's not for money. Kriebel sells some of the herbs

and vegetables he grows, and his family eats much of the rest. Still, Michael says, his expenses for seeds and a small amount of insecticide offset the income and food savings.

Gardening relieves stress, Kriebel notes. But the psalm he selected as a musical text suggests a further explanation—that raising plants and flowers is his creative response to the work of God. The maker of heaven and earth, says the psalmist, has given humankind dominion over all of nature. For Michael Kriebel, the materials of sun and water, seed and soil, are both a trust and an artistic tool kit—a canvas and palette with which he fashions a colorful and ever-changing tribute of praise.



Greed Seeks the Gullible

by Peter J. Dyck

• **Nine steel sculptures by John Mishler** were exhibited at the Gilman/Gruen Gallery in Chicago from June 9 to July 12. Mishler is an art instructor at Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana. Many of his sculptures are kinetic, featuring moving parts that twist in and out of the main form.

• **Fourteen prints by German artists** were displayed at two Pennsylvania Mennonite churches this past spring and early summer. Titled "The Art of Sharing, the Sharing of Art: Responses to Mennonite Relief in Postwar Germany," the exhibit featured works created by West German artists after World War II. The pieces were made as a way for the artists to thank Mennonite Central Committee and other relief organizations for their efforts to rebuild a ravaged nation. Akron Mennonite Church organized the exhibit, which included works from the Kauffman Museum in North Newton, Kansas, and the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana. The prints were displayed at the Akron church from April through early June. An exhibit at Blooming Glen Mennonite Church was scheduled to run through July 23.

• **The RittenhouseTown historic site in Philadelphia** has begun a development project in connection with 300th anniversary events in 1990. William Rittenhouse, the first Mennonite minister in the New World, opened a paper mill on the grounds in 1690. The Rittenhouse homestead, one of seven historic buildings on the site, is operated by the Germantown Mennonite Church Corporation under a lease from the city of Philadelphia. Plans call for repair of the RittenhouseTown buildings, creation of a visitors' center, on-site public archaeology programs and continuing historical research. The project's sponsor, a volunteer group called Friends of Historic RittenhouseTown, hopes to raise \$1 million for phase one of the effort.

• **A Russian Mennonite Bicentennial symposium** will be held in Winnipeg on November 9-11. The meeting will examine 200 years of Mennonite life in Russia. Sponsors include the Mennonite Heritage Centre and Centre for Mennonite Brethren Studies, both of Winnipeg, and Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

• **P. J. Malagar**, bishop of the Mennonite Church in India, has been named to the minorities commission for the state of Madhya Pradesh in the central part of the country. The three-member commission is responsible to deal with issues affecting members of minority religious groups—Moslems, Sikhs, Christians, Parsees and Buddhists. The post has a rank of state minister, just below a cabinet-level position in state government.

This is a drama about shysters and gulls. It continues to unravel. Act I is finished, but Act II is far from resolved. It is a story about Mennonites—specifically, Old Colony Mennonites in Texas and Bolivia.

Act I. The year is 1977. Enter several American land agents (the bad guys).

Across the border in Mexico are 40,000 Mennonites (the marks). Some of them are restless. In the Chihuahua colonies, for example, there are as many as 700 landless families. Others are tired of various restrictions, while still more worry about Mexico's uncertain politics. The American land agents offer to sell them property in Texas.

The Mennonites fall for it. It seems so easy when the land agents talk to them. Why not?

For the simple reason that there is a border between Mexico and the United States. Mennonites know, or ought to know, that crossing frontiers can be a difficult affair.

These Mennonites had crossed so many borders that they had almost lost track. From Holland, their forebears had gone to Prussia in the 16th century. In 1788 they went from Prussia to Russia, where their colony became known as the "old colony." In the 1870s they left Russia and settled in Canada. In the 1920s they left Canada and went to Mexico. Now, in 1977, several hundred were ready to pull up stakes again.

The American land agents gave the Mennonite scouts the red carpet treat-

ment. They helped them across the border, gave them free meals and hotel rooms and wouldn't allow them to pay for anything. They showed them the land and assured them that as soon as they owned land in the United States the border problem would evaporate.

The not very worldly-wise Mennonites believed them. Trust was high on their code of ethics.

So they bought land, lots of land, thousands of acres for hundreds of thousands of dollars. One group paid a million dollars just for livestock and equipment. And that's when the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service arrived, informing the Mennonites that their 60-day tourist visas had expired. It was time for them to leave the country.

The rest of the story is filled with pathos and tears, enormous financial losses and a lot of confusion. Elfrieda and I went to Seminole, Texas, to see how Mennonite Central Committee could help these afflicted Mennonites. During our week with them, we held nightly meetings, visited them in their homes and tried to find a solution to their problem.

Because of MCC's intervention, as well as the good offices of Senator Lloyd Bentsen and the efforts of some other honest people, a private immigration bill was passed in October 1980, allowing 650 of these Mennonites to remain permanently in the United States.

Act II. The year is 1988, the place Bolivia. Enter certain bankers in Santa Cruz and their friends, the private money



lenders (shysters). Looking around they see as many as 20,000 Mennonites (prospective suckers) in their country. The Mennonites need capital to expand their farming operations, to clear land and buy equipment. The plan: offer them money at a reasonable rate of interest but don't let them see the fine print.

The banks direct their offer specifically at the Mennonites. The interest rate is to be 13 percent a year—not bad for Bolivia. The borrowers will have five years to repay. That, too, is good.

The snag comes when the trusting Mennonites go to the bank to claim their loans. They are told that the money has not yet been released from the central

The Old Colony Mennonites believed the Texas land agents and the Bolivian bankers. Trust was high on the Mennonites' code of ethics.

bank. At the end of the month it will be there. Around the corner, the Mennonites learn, are private money lenders from whom they can borrow the much needed funds to tide them over until the bank loans come through.

Trusting the bank officials, the Mennonites borrow money, not at 13 percent a year but at 6 percent a month, or 72 percent a year. A few even borrow at 8 percent a month—96 percent a year.

At the end of the month, however, the money still has not arrived at the bank. Nor is it there after the second or third months.

The shysters' greed knows no limits. A few Mennonites are told that if the money arrives and they are not in town that day to claim it, it will go to other borrowers. If they sign a certain form, however, the money will be held for them. A dozen or more sign, only to discover that the document states that they have already received the money!

Although the bank loan never comes through, many of the Mennonites try to pay the high interest on the private loans. Some sell animals, machinery and even land. When they fall too far behind, they are thrown into jail.

One young man applied to the bank for a \$3,000 loan to hire a bulldozer to clear more land. When the bank referred him to the private money lenders, he only borrowed \$2,000 because of the 8 percent a month interest rate. Perhaps seeing the handwriting on the wall, he made every effort not only to pay the interest but the principal. And he did—almost. He repaid \$1,700. The last \$300 he couldn't swing.

So he landed in jail. By year's end he owed not only \$300 but \$3,700, in addition to the \$1,700 he had already repaid. There was nothing that his pregnant wife and five small children or anyone else could do.

William Janzen of MCC, who recently went to Bolivia to investigate the situation, reported: "It is estimated that 300–400 Old Colony Mennonites owe three and a half million U.S. dollars to creditors."

Not all of them have clean hands. A few borrowed with little thought of how they would pay it back. They spent the money on themselves, somewhat after the fashion of the Prodigal Son in Luke 15. All, or most of them, had been warned by the church not to borrow from the private money lenders.

A dozen or more are still in prison and the other several hundred are fearful, wondering when the police will come for them, too.

If I were telling this story live to an audience, I'm sure that at this point many hands would go up with suggestions of what to do for the Mennonites in Bolivia. And there would be a preacher or two ready to moralize on the situation.

Since this is an article rather than a forum, I must conclude with a quick reference to the story of Abraham pleading with God not to destroy Sodom. In the Genesis account, he persuades God to spare the city for the sake of 50 righteous people, and eventually for 10.

Those Old Colony Mennonites may not have much education, and they certainly are not wise in the ways of the world, but some of them have clean hands. Right now, I'd like to take a walk with the Lord and start pleading for them. For the whole lot.



Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife, Elfrieda, live in Akron, Pennsylvania.

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Welcome



The People's Place, a person-to-person heritage center, a three-screen documentary about the Amish, a hands-on museum, a superb book shop, and a film set among the Mennonites.



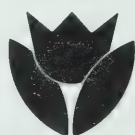
The Old Country Store, the finest in handmade quilts and local crafts by more than 250 Amish and Mennonite craftspeople. Fabrics at bargain prices.



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The People's Place Gallery, a fine gallery featuring art by Mennonite-related artists. (Also a large exhibit of the works of artist P. Buckley Moss.)



The Village Pottery, featuring pottery by a dozen superb Mennonite potters. Both functional and nonfunctional.

All of the above are open daily (9-5) except Sundays and Christmas Day. Call 717/768-7171 or write The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse, PA 17534.

MUSEUMS

Illinois

Mennonite Heritage Center of the Illinois Mennonite Historical & Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 819, SR 116, Metamora (309-367-2555). Mid-Apr. - mid-Oct. Fri. - Sat. 10-4, Sun. 1:30-4:30. Admission: donation. Museum of early Mennonite life in Illinois; historical, genealogical libraries, archives. Information on annual Heritage Series available on request.

Indiana

Menno-Hof, SR 5 South, Shipshewana (219-768-4117). Mon. - Sat. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission: donation. Interpretation center. Displays and activities about early Anabaptists and present-day Mennonite and Amish groups.

Mennonite Historical Library, Good Library 3rd Floor, Goshen College, Goshen (219-535-7418). Mon. - Fri. 8-12, 1-5, Sat. 9-1. Closed Sundays, holidays, Saturdays during college vacations. Admission: free. Primarily for researchers in Mennonite history and genealogy; holdings also include rare and other unusual Mennonite-related books.

Kansas

Kauffman Museum, Bethel College, N. Main & 27th, North Newton (316-283-1612). Tues. - Sun. 1:30-4:30 or by appointment; closed major holidays. Admission: adults \$2, children 6-12 \$1, group rates available. Cultural, natural history of Central Plains with focus on Mennonites; restored 19th-century homesteader's cabin, farmstead with house, barn.

Mennonite Heritage Museum, Highway K-15 & Main, Goessel (316-367-8200). June - Aug.: Tues. - Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; Sept. - Dec., Mar. - May: Tues. - Sat. 1-4. Admission: adults \$2, children 12 and under \$1, large groups please call ahead for appointment. Artifacts from early households, farms, schools, churches; restored historic buildings; Turkey Red Wheat Palace.

Pioneer Adobe House Museum, U.S. Highway 56 & Ash, Hillsboro (316-947-3775). Mar. - Dec.: Tues. - Sat. 9-12, 2-5, Sun. and holidays 2-5. Admission: free. Restored Dutch-German Mennonite immigrant adobe house, barn, shed; displays on adobe house culture 1847-1890, Turkey Red wheat, Hillsboro history.

Warkentin House, 211 E. First St., Newton (316-283-0136 or 283-7555). June - Aug.: Tues. - Sat. 1-4:30; Sept. - May: Fri. - Sun. 1-4:30. Admission: adults \$2. Sixteen-room Victorian home, built 1886 for Bernhard War-

kentin, who was instrumental in bringing Turkey Red wheat, as well as Mennonite settlers, to Kansas from Russia.

Manitoba

Mennonite Village Museum, Steinbach (204-326-9661). May: Mon. - Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; June: Mon. - Sat. 10-7, Sun. 12-7; July - Aug.: Mon. - Sat. 9-8, Sun. 12-8; Sept.: Mon. - Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; Oct. - Apr. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2, students and senior citizens \$1. Restoration of 19th-century southern Manitoba Mennonite village with houses, church, schools, more.

Maryland

Penn Alps, National Road (Alt. Rt. 40), Grantsville (301-895-5985). Memorial Day - mid-Oct.: Mon. - Sat. 9-8; mid-Oct. - May: Mon. - Thurs. 11-7, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 9-8. Situated between a still-functional 1797 grist mill and a nationally-renowned 1813 stone arch bridge. Working craftspeople (summer only), restored historic buildings.

Ohio

German Culture Museum, Olde Pump St., Walnut Creek (216-893-2510). June - Oct.: Tues. - Sat. 1-5. Admission: by donation. Costumes, furniture, fraktur, quilts and other artifacts from eastern Ohio Germanic folk culture. • "History in Photographs," Ohio Germanic culture as preserved in historic photos, through Oct. 28.



Sauder Farm & Craft Village, SR 2, Archbold (419-446-2541). Apr. - Oct.: Mon. - Sat. 9:30-5, Sun. 1:30-5. Admission: adults \$4.75, children 6-18 \$2.50, children under 6 free. Collection of artifacts, rebuilt log homes, shops, of settlers in mid-1800s; working craftspeople.

Ontario

Brubacher House, c/o University of Waterloo, Waterloo (519-886-3855). May - Oct.: Wed. - Sat. 2-5; other times by appointment. Restoration and refurbishing of Mennonite home of 1850-90, slide-tape presentations of Mennonite barnraising and settling of Waterloo County. Admission: \$1 per person, Sunday school classes \$.50 per person, under 12 free if accompanied by parent.

The Meetingplace, 33 King St., St. Jacobs (519-664-3518). May - Oct.: Mon. - Fri. 11-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1:30-5; Nov. - Apr.: Sat. 11-4:30, Sun. 2-4:30. Feature-length film about Mennonites, by appointment. Admission: \$1.25 per person for groups making

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Muppie and Bmuppie

by Emerson L. Leshner

Why aren't there Business Mennonite Urban Professionals (Bmuppies)?

My highly objective data sources from North American urban centers inform me that few Muppies (Mennonite Urban Professionals) earn a living from business or entrepreneurial activities. In fact, my sources tell me, finding a Bmuppie is as rare as finding a Muppie who drives an American car or eats ham loaf.

Why is it that Mennonites who have moved to the city have become involved in the professions rather than business? This seems especially puzzling because many rural and suburban Mennonites who left the farm are involved in business activities. Among suburban Mennonites, business is almost as universal as farming used to be among all Mennonites.

Small businesses seem no more attractive to Muppies than large ones. Few Muppies work for large urban corporations and few work in small retail or commercial

Why haven't Muppies become involved in business? It's even hard to find a Mennonite real estate agent in the city.

businesses in the city. It is hard to find a Muppie who has moved to the city to start a new business, although large numbers of Muppies have moved there to start or join professional activities.

Even such God-ordained and ethnically appropriate fields as construction, restaurants, food processing and manufacturing have failed to attract Muppies. Why haven't Muppies gotten in on the housing redevelopment boom of the U.S. Northeast? Why haven't Muppies franchised shoofly or whoopie pie gourmet bake shops around Philadelphia?

Why hasn't some Muppie entrepreneur moved to Washington, D.C., to produce brass plated woodstoves? Why isn't an entreprenuring, socially responsible Muppie in Los Angeles negotiating with Mennonite Central Committee Self-Help to supply items from the barrio of East L.A.? (California is a different country, isn't it?)

Bmuppies are so scarce that it's even hard to find a Mennonite real-estate agent in the city.

Skeptics will point out that some Muppies do participate in running business en-

terprises. This usually happens when a professional becomes too successful and is asked to join in managing a facility in his or her field. This amounts to entering through the back door, however.

Where Bmuppies do exist, they are usually found in non-traditional fields. For example, some Muppies have become involved in financial services, such as banking or brokering.

I believe there are at least three reasons why Bmuppies are rare, and why their numbers are unlikely to increase.

First, the migration of Mennonites to the city may have ended for awhile. Few Muppies—let alone Bmuppies—seem to be moving to the city these days.

Second, business opportunities appear to be greater in suburban areas than in cities. Thus, Mennonites may be reflecting the larger economic context by focusing on the suburbs.

Finally, Muppies grew up in a time when "business" and "entrepreneur" were dirty, ungodly and materialistic words. It is not consistent with the theological unconscious of Muppies to become Bmuppies.

Thus, it is not only living in the city that sets Muppies apart from other Mennonites. Equally important is Muppies' "professional" rather than "business" orientation.

I believe that some of the conflict among Mennonites in the future may be between business and professional persons. Members of the two groups may view each other as having separate values and lifestyles.

Will it be possible for these two worlds to come together in the church?



Emerson L. Leshner is a professional who works at Philhaven Hospital, Mt. Gretna, Pennsylvania. He lives in the city of Lancaster, just minutes away from the Greenfield and Granite Run industrial parks.

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reservations; others by donation. A Mennonite interpretation center; 28-minute documentary film *Mennonites of Ontario*.

Pennsylvania

Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 388). Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Sat.-Sun. by appointment. Admission: free. Collection of artifacts; e.g., plain clothing, church furniture, love feast utensils, Bibles.

Germantown Mennonite Information Center, 6135 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia (215-843-0943). Tues.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. for groups by appointment. Admission: donation. Meeting-house and artifacts related to the Germantown Mennonite community, oldest in America. Also available for tours: Johnson House, 18th-century Quaker home in Germantown; 1707 house of William Rittenhouse, first Mennonite minister in America and responsible for first paper mill in colonies. "Images—The Germantown Mennonite Meetinghouse," continuously-building exhibit of photos, sketches, paintings, other depictions of Germantown church.

Historical Center, HCR 63, Richfield (717-694-3211). Tues. 7-9 p.m., Sat. 9-4. Admission: free. Family Bibles, fraktur, tools, clocks of Juniata County Mennonites; archives and books.

Mennonite Heritage Center, 24 Main St., Souderton (215-723-1700). Wed.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. 2-4. Admission: free. Exhibits reflecting experiences from nearly three centuries of Mennonite life in southeast PA, symbolized in art, artifacts, literature, documents.

Mennonite Historical Library and Archives of Eastern Pennsylvania, Grebel Hall, Christopher Dock High School, 1000 Forty Foot Road, Lansdale (215-362-0304). Wed.-Thurs. 10-4, evenings and other times by appointment. Collection includes genealogical and local history resources, 16th & 17th century Bibles and rare books, 19th & 20th century personal collections, church records dating from 18th century.

Mennonite Information Center, 2209 Millstream Rd., Lancaster 17602 (717-299-0954). Open 8-5 daily except Sundays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Admission: varying. Film, *A Morning Song*; guided tours of Lancaster County; Hebrew Tabernacle Reproduction.

The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9-5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: varying. Amish and Mennonite information and heritage center; 3-

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Walking with the Wrong Guy

By James and Jeanette Krabill

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screen documentary *Who Are the Amish?*; hands-on museum, Amish World, including Henry Lapp, Aaron Zook folk art collections; full-length feature film, *Hazel's People* (May-Oct. only).

The People's Place Quilt Museum, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: \$3 adults, \$1.50 children. Antique Amish quilts and crib quilts; small collection of dolls, socks, mittens, samplers and miniature wood pieces.

Springs Museum, Rt. 669, Springs (814-622-2625). June-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 1-5. Admission: adults \$1, children \$.50. Artifacts from homes, farms, shops of early settlers in Casselman Valley; extensive rock and fossil collection.



1719 Hans Herr House, 1849 Hans Herr Dr., Willow Street (717-464-4438). Apr.-Dec.: Mon.-Sat. 9-4, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas; Jan.-Mar. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2.50, children 7-12 \$1, children under 7 free, group rates available. Restoration and refurbishing of oldest building in Lancaster County; "Lancaster Mennonite Rural Life Collection." • *Heritage Day*, Aug. 12. Admission: adults \$3, children 7-12 \$1, under 7 free. • *Snitz Fest*, Oct. 7. Admission: same as Heritage Day.

South Dakota

Heritage Hall Museum and Archives, 748 S. Main, Freeman (605-925-4237). May-Oct.: Sun. 2-4; Nov.-April by appointment. Admission: adults \$1.50, \$.50 Grade 7-12; Grade 6 and under free. Cultural artifacts; South Dakota natural history; historic church, school and pioneer home with functional Russian oven. Archives on Mennonite history with emphasis on Hutterite colonies.

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"Experience the difference." That was the way he announced his fall campaign up and down the Ivory Coast. In the newspaper. On posters and billboards. On television every Sunday morning. November 6-8, 1987, would be an important weekend around here. Jimmy Swaggart was coming to town.

Not everyone was thrilled with his arrival. The powerful Roman Catholic hierarchy in particular flexed every diplomatic muscle possible to block his path. "Just another American sect," they said. "The Catholic church," responded Jimmy, "is a monstrous heresy in total contradiction to God's Word." And so in typical Swaggart style, bucking hell and high water, came the King of Baton Rouge.

Rarely in our 10 years in Ivory Coast have we seen so much attention given to a visiting celebrity. There had, of course, been the pope. And President Mitterand of France. But Jimmy Swaggart was by

Rarely have we seen a visiting celebrity get so much attention.

such standards a little known quantity, and a rather curious one at that. An English speaker in a former French colony. An emotional, Bible-pounding entertainer in a country where religious discourse is generally delivered in a formal, dispassionate manner.

"Experience the difference," was the Swaggart slogan. And different Jimmy was.

On the night we attended the crusade, the outdoor soccer stadium in Abidjan was stacked to the rafters. A sea of 12,000 expectant faces waited for Jimmy's word from the Lord. The stage was set for a command performance. The traveling band. The choirs. And the grand piano flown in for the occasion.

Jimmy arrived on the playing field at two minutes before starting time, chauffeured in with police escort from his five-star hotel suite across the lagoon. He gave a brief wave to the crowds, then made a quick step up to the podium. And the show was wholly rolling.

First came greetings all around, with a special word from wife Frances: "When we got off the plane the other night, my granddaughter looked up at me and said, 'Isn't this place wonderful! We must be in heaven.'"

An adorable two-liner. These Swaggarts were simply irresistible! From that

moment on, the crowd knew it was in for a marvelous evening.

And that was before Jimmy began to sing. What an incredible voice! Drifting out with full amplification across the city's 2 million unreached inhabitants. "Let's sing that old favorite, 'Alleluia, Alleluia.' Join me on the second stanza if you're hearing it for the first time."

It was never more obvious how Jimmy can claim to save 100,000 souls a week. You just can't help yourself on the second stanza. Even Muslims hummed along.

And then came the message. "Jesus and the Devil are struggling for control of this world," thundered Jimmy. "And the Devil's got the upper hand. If Jesus were *really* here tonight, there'd be no thieves in our land. If he were *really* king, drug dealers would run for their lives and porno peddlers flee in shame."

The crowd fell silent as the call went forth. "And so I'm asking each of you, whose side are you on tonight? Are you walkin' with the Devil? Or are you walkin' with the Lord?" Eight thousand people poured onto the field to receive firsthand Jimmy's benedictory prayer, delivered part in English and part in Spirit-filled incantation: "Hun da sheek kulaba sone do roshay ketab do rotundail!"

Our son Matthew was deeply impressed with the evening. With the lively music, the strange tongues. The challenge to walk with the Lord. And so it was not easy for us and for the rest of this country when word leaked out in February 1988 that Brother Swaggart had for at least three months been sneaking through the back kitchen door and had been caught red-handed with his fist in the cookie jar.

Roman Catholics here had no reaction to the scandal. "Just another American sect," they must have thought. But Matthew was perplexed.

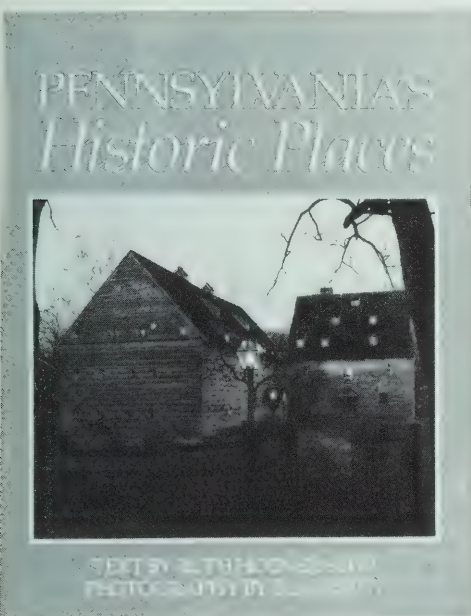
"Why did they call Jimmy Swaggart a 'fallen angel' in the newspaper today?" he wanted to know. "Well, Jimmy did something nasty," we told him. "Not *that* nasty," he countered. "Jimmy walks with the Lord, doesn't he?"

"Three months ago, Jimmy seems to have forgotten whose side he was on," we had to tell him. "And when he did, he started walking with the wrong guy."



James and Jeanette Krabill are studying at Selly Oak College in Birmingham, England, after living for several years in Ivory Coast.

- Pinchpenny Press, Goshen, Indiana, has published **Strength, Struggle and Solidarity: India's Women** by Dorothy Yoder Nyce. The book is an amplification of two lectures which Nyce prepared for the C. Henry Smith Peace Lectureship.
- Timothy Miller is the author of **Shaman's Voice**, a collection of five short stories published by Pinchpenny Press. Miller is a 1989 graduate of Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana.
- Herald Press has published **Rebecca** by Mary Christner Borntrager and **Letters to American Christians** by John K. Stoner and Lois Barrett. *Rebecca* is a sequel to Borntrager's book *Ellie*.



- Ruth Hoover Seitz is the author and Blair Seitz the photographer of **Pennsylvania's Historic Places**. It is published by Good Books in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission.
- Two Mennonite magazines won awards from the Evangelical Press Association this past May. **The Mennonite**, published by the General Conference Mennonite Church, received second-place awards in the categories of "Poetry" and "1-, 2-, 3-Color Cover." The Mennonite Brethren magazine **The Christian Leader** received a fourth-place award in "Reporting" for its coverage of the first worldwide Mennonite Brethren missions consultation, held in 1988 in Curitiba, Brazil.
- **Hans Rufnacht** has stepped down after 47 years with *Der Zionspilger*, the official publication of the Swiss Mennonite Conference. For 40 years he was editor of the periodical, which prints articles in German and French. For the past seven years, he was president of its publication committee.
- The first issue of **Youthguide**, a quarterly publication for Mennonite and Brethren youth workers, is scheduled for distribution this fall. The editor is Susan Janzen. Subscriptions can be ordered from Faith and Life Press, Newton, Kansas.

- Mennonite Central Committee Canada has published **The Problem of Abortion: a Service Response**. The pamphlet describes possible actions in response to the issue and conference statements on abortion.

- **The Windmill Turning** by Victor Friesen won two of the four prizes in the 1989 Alberta Book Industry Awards. The book, a compilation of Mennonite folklore, received the Book of the Year and book design awards. It is published by the University of Alberta Press.

- Kindred Press has published **Please Carry Me Lord** by Rose Cornelson. The book tells of a Manitoba family's experiences with illness, bereavements and acts of nature.

- Eric L. Ratzlaff is compiler and editor of **Twenty-five Years of Loving Care in the Tabor Home, Clearbrook, B.C.** The book is published by the Tabor Home Society.

- The Committee on Women's Concerns Report has published a **special newsletter issue on incest**. The issue includes the stories of Mennonite women who have dealt with incest and ways in which individuals and congregations can respond to the problem. The special issue was put together by Ethel Metzler and is available from Mennonite Central Committee.

- A special **magazine issue on sex and the media** has been published by *Media and Values*, a quarterly publication supported by a variety of groups, including the Mennonite Church. The issue is available from *Media and Values*, 1962 S. Shenandoah St., Los Angeles, CA 90034.

- Bethel Mennonite Church in Winnipeg has published a congregational history. **Bethel—Pioneering in Faith** is edited by Betty Dyck and is available from the church at 870 Carter Ave., Winnipeg.

- E. Morris Sider is the author of a biography of Brethren in Christ evangelist John L. Rosenberry. The book is titled **Called to Evangelism: The Life and Ministry of John L. Rosenberry**.

- **Factory on the Plains** tells the story of Lyle Yost and Hesston Corporation, the farm implement company that he founded. The book is written by Billy H. Jones of the Wichita State University Center for Entrepreneurship and is available from Faith and Life Bookstore, Newton, Kansas.

- Refugees in Central America, Southeast Asia and North America tell their stories in **Journeys of Hope**, a film and video available from MCC. The 28-minute release is available for free loan in either 16mm film or VHS video cassette format.

- The 16mm film series **The Mennonite Brethren Church: A Missionary Movement** is available for rental from the Center for MB Studies in Fresno, California, and Hillsboro, Kansas. The three-part series consists of illustrated lectures by J.B. Toews on the history of MB missions.

- **Conflict in the Church: Division or Diversity?** is a 12-minute slide set prepared by Mennonite Conciliation Service. It is available from Mennonite Central Committee.

continued from page 26

GALLERIES

Indiana

Goshen College Art Gallery, Good Library, Goshen College, Goshen (219-533-3161). Jan.–June, Sept.–Dec.: Mon.–Sat. 8–5, Tues. 8 a.m.–10 p.m., Sun. 1–5; July: weekdays only 9–5; closed Aug., holidays. Admission: free.

Mennonite Mutual Aid Gallery, 1110 N. Main (SR 15N), Goshen (219-533-9511). Admission: free.

Kansas

Bethel College Fine Arts Center Gallery, Bethel College, North Newton (316-283-2500). Sept.–May: Mon.–Fri. 9–5, Sun. 2–4. Admission: free.

Hesston College Gallery, Hesston College, Hesston (316-327-8164). Feb.–May, Sept.–Dec.: Mon.–Fri. 9–5, Sat. 11–5, Sun. 2–5. Admission: free.

Ohio

Kaufman Gallery, Main St., Berlin (216-893-2842). Apr.–Dec.: 1–5 p.m. Admission: free. Works of contemporary Mennonite artists and Amish folk art.

Marbeck Center Gallery Lounge, Bluffton College, Bluffton (419-358-8015). Daily 8 a.m.–11 p.m. Admission: free.

Pennsylvania

Aughinbaugh Art Gallery, Climenhaga Fine Arts Center, Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 276). Mid-Sept.–early May: Mon.–Thurs. 9–4, Fri. 9–9, Sat.–Sun. 2–5. Admission: free.

The People's Place Gallery, The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9–5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: free. • "Gifts from the Earth," porcelains and signed stoneware, Dick Lehman, through Sept. 4.

Virginia

Eastern Mennonite College Gallery, EMC, Harrisonburg (703-433-2771). Sept.–Apr.: Mon.–Thurs. 7:45 a.m.–11 p.m., Fri. 7:45–5, Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5. Admission: free.

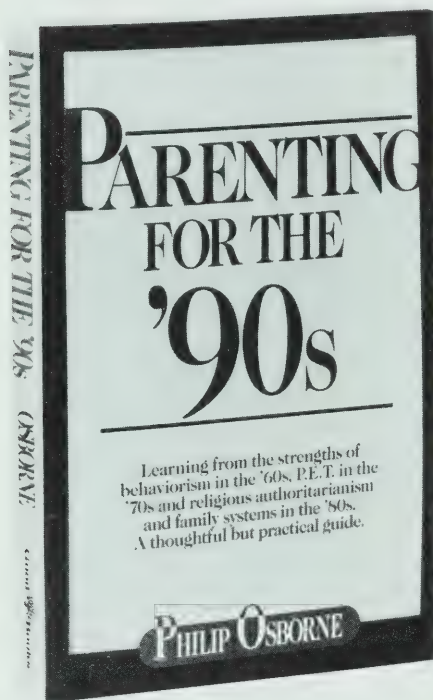
If you know of additional museums and galleries displaying work by or about Mennonites and related peoples, please send information to **Festival Quarterly**, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

Parenting for the '90s,
Philip Osborne. Good Books, 1989.
314 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Jake Thiessen

Childrearing has always been an exercise in hope and faith in the face of uncertainty. It has the potential for bringing both joy and pain like no other human activity. While in most cases adults choose to have children, it is an experience that often seems out of control. It is not surprising that most childrearing books focus on bringing the process under control.

As anyone who has been to a bookstore, Christian or otherwise, knows, there is no shortage of books offering advice to parents. Often aimed at parenting a child of a specific age or with a specific problem, these books typically provide parents with information that is narrow, neglecting the



complexity of family relations. The net result is that parents are frequently left with a false sense of direction. With *Parenting for the '90s*, Philip Osborne has given parents a much-needed road map covering the range of childrearing philosophies, the different types of problems that typically come with children, the developmental stages of childhood and the complexity of family interaction.

By beginning with a perspective on parenting advice, Osborne makes a significant contribution to the popular literature on childrearing. Advice to parents often comes fast and furiously with little regard for contradictions. Parents are told on the one hand that the "sin nature" is present from birth, then told that a two-year-old

shouldn't be held responsible for expressions of jealousy toward a new sibling. Osborne's outline of three basic perspectives on parenting helps us understand contradictions such as these. By placing childrearing experts such as Dobson, Gordon and Skinner in the context of specific philosophies, parents are helped to understand the goals of each expert.

Fortunately, Osborne doesn't stop with a simple presentation of the basic perspectives on parenting. He goes on to add an alternative perspective based on his understanding of Anabaptist theology. His adult-believers position makes room for both sin and immaturity in the child's life. Unlike other efforts to develop a Christian understanding of parenting, this perspective does not require that we consider children to be either sinful or sinless. Rather, it acknowledges the child's freedom and responsibility to grow into appropriate behavior and emphasizes the parents' responsibility to gradually nurture children into adulthood.

After providing us with the lay of the land, Osborne moves to the specifics of parenting. He divides parenting into four areas: a) the No Problem area, b) the Child's Problem area, c) the Parent's problem area and d) the Mutual Problem area. His discussion of each of these areas is thorough, engaging and readable. Examples of typical parent-child interactions in each area bring the concepts presented to life. Guided by the belief that discipline is the sum of everything the parent does to move the child in the direction of long-term goals, Osborne leaves us with the sense that his suggestions could work without leaving the impression that they are the only ones that will work.

If Osborne offers nothing else, he provides parents with a balance between direction and freedom. His appreciation for the breadth of parent-child interaction and his avoidance of simple solutions give parents a framework for constructive, healthy childrearing. *Parenting for the '90s* will be useful not only to parents but also to church discussion groups and classes on parenting.

Jake Thiessen is an Associate Professor of Family Studies at Messiah College and a marriage and family therapist in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.

FQ price — 7.96

(Regular price — \$9.95)

Doing What Is Right: What the Bible Says About Covenant and Justice,
Lois Barrett. Herald Press, 1989. 96 pages, \$4.95.

Reviewed by Gloria Martin Eby

While no serious Christian would want to be seen as opposed to justice, the relative value assigned to various ways of acting justly has often divided us. Barrett's book does not begin by trying to solve these tensions but allows the biblical texts to provide a more inclusive way to approach the question.

Barrett manages to be both thorough and concise in her biblical survey. The Bible clearly places justice in the context of covenant. A covenant establishes a relationship. Justice has to do with keeping or restoring that relationship and is concerned with the wrongdoer as well as the wronged.

This is not a soft treatment of "doing right." It is clear throughout that justice pays attention to the wrongs involved in oppression and poverty. The book is helpful because it reminds us that our concern for justice cannot be primarily motivated by guilt or worry about the consequences to our own selves. We are concerned for, actively seek and do justice because we love one another, just as God has loved us.

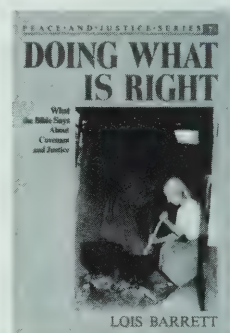
Perhaps the biggest problem with this book is whether we have the ears necessary to hear it. How do people educated to think in terms of individual rights and freedoms understand the language of covenant community and justice? How do people increasingly accustomed to breaking covenants, often in the name of self-fulfillment, hear the words about "being right with" others?

This is a helpful and readable book on a difficult subject.

Gloria Martin Eby is dean of students at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

FQ price — \$3.96

(Regular price — 4.95)



Moneywise Meditations, John H. Rudy. Herald Press, 1989. 160 pages, \$6.95.

Reviewed by J.B. Miller

Moneywise Meditations provides thoughtful observations on a variety of issues related to finances and stewardship. Divided into eight chapters, the book focuses on such topics as charitable and personal giving, mutual aid, wills and estate planning.

John Rudy's meditations are insightful and thought provoking. While most have been printed elsewhere, the issues addressed are timeless, and the conversational writing style makes it easy to read one meditation and then pick up the book again a day or two later.

The pieces are short, but almost every one contains a memorable statement. Among them: "The growth of the church may depend upon the quality of our everyday business and professional lives," and "We can talk until we are blue in the face. We can preach with vigor. We can respond at every testimony meeting. We can use the biblical vocabulary. But maybe, as someone has said, the real story of our Christian dedication is told on the stubs of our old checkbook." Pretty frightening stuff!

This book is not just for the business person. The issues are ones that all of us need to confront, regardless of our day-to-day environment.

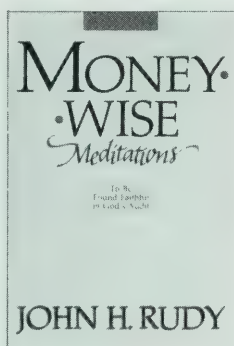
Rudy strikes a good balance between affirming business and money on one hand, and raising serious questions about what we do with the financial resources we are accumulating. The message is not delivered with a hammer. Instead, it sneaks up and grabs you when you least expect it.

Attractive in design, the book would make an excellent gift for anyone interested in the issue of accountability for our many resources.

J.B. Miller is a banker with Citizens and Southern National Bank of Florida. He attends Bahia Vista Mennonite Church in Sarasota.

FQ price — 5.56

(Regular price — \$6.95)



I'll See You Again, Myron S. Augsburger, Herald Press, 1989. 234 pages, \$7.95.

Reviewed by Eve B. MacMaster

Myron Augsburger has written a biography of Felix Manz, the 16th century Anabaptist leader, in the form of a historical novel. This venture into popular fiction, like Augsburger's *Pilgrim Aflame*, will undoubtedly reach a wider audience than do the works on which it is based.

While Augsburger's book resembles much popular fiction in form, its pacing and characterizations suggest a Sunday school pageant. As described by Augsburger, the 16th century Anabaptists emerge from medieval Catholicism speaking and acting like 20th century evangelicals. Felix Manz observes Swiss scenery and Italian art with the eyes of an American tourist.

All historical works, whether scholarly or popular, reflect the writer's view of past events. Augsburger's interpretation of the origins of the Anabaptist movement follows Harold Bender's "Anabaptist Vision" of 1944. This view stresses discipleship and sees Anabaptism as the logical outcome of the Protestant Reformation and thus a spiritual ancestor of modern evangelicalism. It sees the movement as motivated by purely religious concerns, sprung full-grown from a small group of educated men studying the Bible and disputing theology in Zurich.

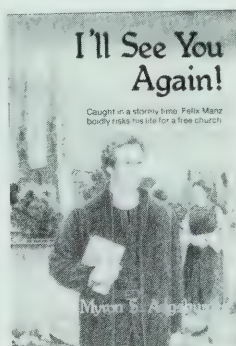
A new generation of historians and theologians have found more complexity and pluralism in Anabaptist origins. Their research has discovered a mixture of social, political and economic motivations in a movement that developed by trial and error in response to an unfolding situation.

Hopefully, Augsburger's book will stimulate discussion and lead its readers to further reading on the subject. Any attempt to reach the masses with the important story of the origins of the Anabaptists should be encouraged.

Eve MacMaster is the author of the Story Bible Series, published by Herald Press, and editor of WMSC Voice.

FQ price — 6.36

(Regular price — \$7.95)



Ben's Wayne, Levi Miller. Good Books, 1989. 165 pages, \$14.95.

Reviewed by Anna K. Juhnke

Wayne, son of Ben, is an 18-year-old Amish youth growing up in 1960 in Holmes County, Ohio. He tells his own story, sprinkled with Pennsylvania Dutch expressions and rich with the detail of everyday Amish life. Wayne rejoices in the skills of haying and threshing, and he captures the uneasy swaggering of the young men, known as the *Buwe*, on their Saturday nights in town and Sunday mornings at church.

Ben's Wayne resembles a vivid journal.

In it Wayne can reveal things he would never talk about, including his guilt for sexual fantasies and for times when he fails to stand up for what is right. It is also journal-like in having rather little plot, despite some powerful events, and rather limited development of the other characters. Malcolm, the Quaker who is attracted to Amish ways, seems mainly a convenient excuse for explaining the Amish to the reader.

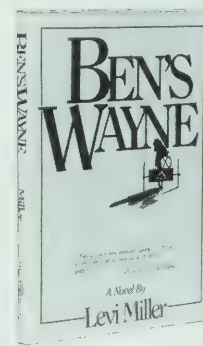
Malcolm's short-lived movement toward the Amish contrasts with the theme of Amish people seeking more freedom. Wayne has a "wild" brother who joined the army, a restless girl friend and an intellectually probing, evangelical brother-in-law. But Wayne himself is contented with the Amish way, even when he has seen the world, working in a Cleveland hospital as an alternative to military service.

Ben's Wayne is no doubt an expression of author Levi Miller's nostalgia and appreciation for his own Holmes County past. But it is also an authentic glimpse of the strengths and strains within an Amish person and community who resist the lure of the outside world.

Anna K. Juhnke is a professor of English at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

FQ price — 11.96

(Regular price — \$14.95)



The Riddle of Amish Culture, Donald B. Kraybill. Johns Hopkins University Press, 1989. 320 pages, \$8.95.

Reviewed by David Kline

My first reaction to this book was annoyance. Just about every aspect of Amish life has been analyzed and written about. The California condor must feel neglected by comparison.

I didn't get far into *The Riddle of Amish Culture*, however, before I was impressed with Kraybill's knowledge of the Amish and his clarity in writing.

The author focuses on the Amish community in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In addition to being the oldest and most densely populated Amish settlement, the Lancaster community is on the edge of encroaching urban sprawl and has grappled with such problems as modernity, tourism and public schools longer than other settlements.

Kraybill traces the Amish from their Anabaptist beginnings through the pain of the Ammann-Reist division in Europe, the 18th century journey to America and settlement on the fertile limestone soils of eastern Pennsylvania.

The 20th century and its technology brought new challenges. Some compromises were made, but when the item at stake threatened the family, church or community—as did the tractor for field work, the automobile or electricity—it was rejected.

Today a movement from farm work to business and factory work concerns Amish people. Is it possible to have a non-agrarian Amish community? Kraybill asks. Will *Gelassenheit* (yielding to one another) be discarded by a younger generation of entrepreneurs?

A letter from a non-Amish friend arrived for me today. Enclosed was an advertisement for *The Riddle of Amish Culture*, on which my friend had written the question, "Is this any good?" I will write and tell him, "Yes, it is."

David Kline is an Amish farmer who lives near Fredericksburg, Ohio.

FQ price—\$7.16

(Regular price—8.95)

Creating Communities of the Kingdom: New Testament Models of Church Planting, David W. Shenk and Ervin R. Stutzman. Herald Press, 1988. 229 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Hubert Schwartzentruber

In the last several years, many titles on church growth have been added to the list of books to aid congregations and individuals in faithful evangelism. Shenk and Stutzman both write out of a background of involvement in mission. David Shenk grew up in Tanzania where his parents were missionaries. He holds a doctorate in anthropology and religious studies, and is overseas director for the Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Charities.

Ervin R. Stutzman has served as associate director of home ministries of Eastern Board and as a bishop in the Lancaster Mennonite Conference.

The book is divided into thirteen chapters, drawing heavily from the book of Acts as both model and authority for missions.

The authors take into account the context in which the message is preached but remain rooted deeply in scripture. The reader is frequently reminded of the importance of a congregation. The foundational theology of the church is well presented in the book, whereas this is neglected in some of the church growth materials.

The value of this work is that one is given an understanding of the nature of the church. The authors do not play down the social justice aspects of ministry. They also deal with cultural issues which any healthy church in today's society must encounter. There is a helpful chapter on leadership, which notes: "There is a distinct difference between managerial gifts and leadership gifts. Managers do things right, but leaders do the right things."

This book is an important resource for congregations that are serious about their call to share their faith.

Hubert Schwartzentruber, Toronto, Ontario, will move to Pennsylvania in August to become a pastor and overseer in Franconia Mennonite Conference.

FQ price—\$7.96

(Regular price—9.95)

Saigon, Illinois, Paul Holder. Vintage Books, Random House, 1988. 229 pages, \$6.95.

Reviewed by Kenneth J. Nafziger

The information on the back cover made me purchase *Saigon, Illinois*: "Classified as a conscientious objector by his draft board in Malta, Indiana, Jim Holder sets out for Chicago to perform alternative service to his country in a large municipal hospital . . . How many lives can Holder touch and still keep his pacifist center in its place?"

"None" seems to be the answer in this novel, as Holder encounters and participates in death, killing and regimentation as a CO which are strikingly like the death, killing and regimentation of the much-deplored Vietnam War. He seems untroubled by the parallels until near the end, when, pursued by the FBI and nostalgic for the past, he drives his Nova all the way to the California coast. There, the car dies, and he swims out into the Pacific toward "an invisible point in the west."

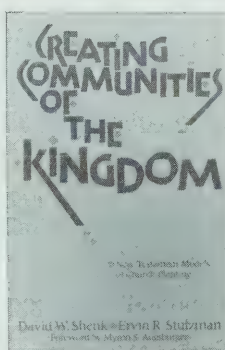
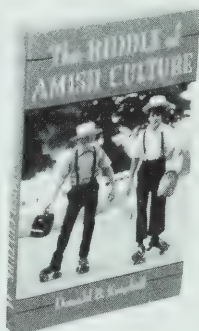
The subtle argument, in spite of Holder's lack of internal debate, is that conscientious objection may make little or no difference if that position is only head knowledge (of the sort Holder demonstrates before the draft board) or merely a cultural/ethnic way of life (his roots are in a church "a lot like the Mennonites and Amish").

The novelist, who grew up in the Church of the Brethren, draws superb three-dimensional characters, with vivid interior and exterior lives. He skillfully evokes memories of the Vietnam War through subtle parallels in Holder's story. But I was left wishing that this important topic would have been dealt with in a novel with greater ethical substance.

Kenneth J. Nafziger is a member of the music department at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

FQ price—5.56

(Regular price—\$6.95)



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Quantity	Regular Price	FQ Price
A. FQ's Own Book!		
_____ The Festival Cookbook: Four Seasons of Favorites (<i>Good</i>), spiral	\$17.95	\$14.36
_____ The Festival Cookbook (<i>Good</i>), comb binding	9.95	7.96

B. Books As Reviewed

_____ Parenting for the '90s (<i>Osborne</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
_____ Doing What is Right (<i>Barrett</i>), paper	4.95	3.96
_____ Moneywise Meditations (<i>Rudy</i>), paper	6.95	5.56
_____ I'll See You Again! (<i>Augsburger</i>), paper	8.95	7.16
_____ Ben's Wayne (<i>Miller</i>), hardcover	14.95	11.96
_____ The Riddle of Amish Culture (<i>Kraybill</i>), paper	8.95	7.16
_____ Creating Communities of the Kingdom (<i>Shenk and Stutzman</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
_____ Saigon, Illinois (<i>Hoover</i>), paper	6.95	5.56

C. Past Offers

_____ Hungry, Thirsty, A Stranger: The MCC Experience (<i>Kreider and Goossen</i>), paper	14.95	13.46
_____ The Role of the Church in Society (<i>Peachey</i>), paper	4.00	3.50
_____ The House Church (<i>Birky</i>), paper	18.95	15.16
_____ The Best of Amish Cooking (<i>Good</i>), hardcover	19.95	15.96
_____ Discipling in the Church (<i>Jeschke</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
_____ The Brethren in Christ in Canada (<i>Sider</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
_____ Freedom for the Captives (<i>Gallardo</i>), paper	4.95	3.96
_____ When Kingdoms Clash (<i>Shenk</i>), paper	4.95	3.96

D. Books as Advertised

_____ Ben's Wayne (<i>Miller</i>), hardcover—p. 2	14.95	11.96
_____ The Best of Amish Cooking (<i>Good</i>), hardcover—p. 4	19.95	15.96
_____ The Country Bride Quilt (<i>Heisey and Pellman</i>), paper—p. 4	12.95	10.36
_____ People's Place Address Book of Amish Folk Art, hardcover concealed spiral—p. 4	14.95	11.96
_____ Parenting for the '90s (<i>Osborne</i>), paper—p. 36	9.95	7.96
_____ A Long Dry Season (<i>Eby</i>), hardcover—p. 40	14.95	11.96

Subtotal: _____

Quantity	Regular Price	FQ Price
E. Other Noteworthy Books		
_____ Living More With Less (<i>Longacre</i>), paper	8.95	7.16
_____ More-With-Less Cookbook (<i>Longacre</i>), spiral	11.95	9.56
_____ From Amish and Mennonite Kitchens (<i>Good and Pellman</i>), paper	11.95	9.56
_____ The Politics of Jesus (<i>Yoder</i>), paper	7.95	6.36
_____ An Introduction to Mennonite History (<i>Dyck</i>), paper	12.95	10.36
_____ Perils of Professionalism (<i>Good and Kraybill</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
_____ The World of Amish Quilts (<i>Pellman and Pellman</i>), paper	15.95	12.76
_____ Mennonite Quilts and Pieces (<i>Tomlison</i>), paper	15.95	12.76
_____ Dr. Frau (<i>Kaiser</i>), hardcover	14.95	11.96
_____ I Hear the Reaper's Song (<i>Stambaugh</i>), paper	8.95	7.16
_____ Three Mennonite Poets (<i>Janzen, Yaguchi, and Waltner-Toews</i>), paper	8.95	7.16
_____ My Harp is Turned to Mourning (<i>Reimer</i>), paper	10.95	8.76
_____ Why Not Celebrate! (<i>Shenk</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
_____ Mrs. Tibbles and the Special Someone (<i>Wine</i>), hardcover	12.95	10.36
_____ The White Feather (<i>Eitzen</i>), hardcover	9.95	7.96
_____ The Muppie Manual (<i>Leshner</i>), paper	4.95	3.96
_____ Exercise as You Grow Older (<i>Lederach, Kauffman, and Lederach</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
_____ Rich Christians in an Age of Hunger (<i>Sider</i>), paper	7.95	6.36
_____ What Would You Do? (<i>Yoder</i>), paper	6.95	6.36
_____ Repairing the Breach: Ministering in Community Conflict (<i>Kraybill</i>), paper	3.95	3.16
_____ The Upside-Down Kingdom (<i>Kraybill</i>), paper	6.95	5.56
_____ Mennonite Women (<i>Rich</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
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Muffins and Metaphors

by Glenda Knepp

Isn't it amazing how we try to divide God's world and all its creatures into manageable, understandable segments? We use binomial nomenclature on our plants and animals, the Dewey Decimal System for our books. To classify people, we have categories for complexion (color and "season") and personality (from the four temperaments of Hippocrates to the 16 Myers-Briggs types).

Are we trying to be little gods in our attempt to bring order out of chaos? Or are we simply working out Genesis 1:28, exercising dominion and exploring our God's creation?

Some of us enjoy entertaining these questions, others would rather make a good muffin. I try to balance the two activities. Today, I'd rather spend my time on relationships than on stirring up batter. Sharing with God, family, friends, the unchurched—these are the things that matter most. But I know that God can use food or a hot cup of tea to nourish relationships.

I remember Angela, a young mother whose eyes were soft as baby Scott nibbled on french fries. I think of talking with sister Sue over salad in Pennsylvania, and the early morning joy in wheeling little Kyle to the deli for a warm, chewy bagel. Muffins can be important.

In that spirit, I offer the following recipe, devised with the help of Chad's taste

buds and many cookbook combinations. It produces a moist muffin, healthfully competitive with those bakery ones.



Branful Muffins

Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ C. boiling water over $\frac{1}{2}$ C. wheat bran.

Let cool.

Mix together:

$\frac{1}{4}$ C. oil
 $\frac{1}{2}$ C. sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ C. honey
1 T. dark molasses
1 egg OR 2 egg whites
1 C. buttermilk OR sour milk
cooled bran mixture.

Add:

$\frac{3}{4}$ C. whole wheat flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ C. unbleached flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt (optional)
1 C. wheat bran

Prepare muffin tins with grease, oil or non-stick cooking spray. Bake muffins in preheated 350 degree oven for 10 minutes. Check progress, and relocate in oven or lower heat as necessary. Bake an additional 5-7 minutes until done.

A word of caution: these muffins burn easily.

Maybe relationships are like these baked treats—we need to be alert in them, checking and adjusting our times together and the intensity of our meetings.



Glenda Knepp, Turner, Michigan, speculates that the "perfectionistic part" of her temperament attracts her to making muffins.

A Quiz for Thoughtful Christians

Please read the ten statements below and circle the letter to the left which best represents your opinion and feelings.

Not Sure	Agree	Strongly Agree	Disagree	Strongly Disagree	
A	B	C	D	E	1. By being a professional, one automatically contributes to one's community.
A	B	C	D	E	2. Mennonite professionals should be reluctant to use professional titles such as "Dr." or "Professor."
A	B	C	D	E	3. The words "Mennonite" and "professional" are contradictory.
A	B	C	D	E	4. Professionals are more equipped to minister to others.
A	B	C	D	E	5. Mutual aid and professionalism are opposite concepts.
A	B	C	D	E	6. Mennonite professionals should charge less than other professionals.
A	B	C	D	E	7. Mennonite colleges should aim to graduate more professionals.
A	B	C	D	E	8. Mennonite pastors should not be too professional.
A	B	C	D	E	9. Mennonite women who've raised a family are better equipped to handle the stresses of professionalism than Mennonite men.
A	B	C	D	E	10. The money doesn't really matter that much to Mennonite professionals.

—Phyllis and Merle Good

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Unhitching a Mental Harness

by Keith Helmuth

Some years ago, when we decided to turn our gardening skills from domestic to commercial use, I began to research the tools required. I had already been exposed to the cheerful propaganda of the Troy-Bilt Tiller Company. Although I think I am pretty well immune to advertising, there seemed to be a certain logic, honesty and concern for good gardening packaged with the sales pitch.

I had used the tine-driven, hop-and-lurch tillers and knew this design would never serve for the market gardening we had in mind. I had once used an ancient Gravelly and understood that these were rugged machines, but they seemed cumbersome and were three times the Troy-Bilt price.

The small diesel-powered hand tractors of Europe were not yet being imported to North America. This was in the days when Troy-Bilt had but one model in red bars and dropped those spinning tines into the soil of North hill Farm, I made good use of its legendary abilities. The Farm Loan Board, to whom we were applying for a mortgage, required a five-year development plan showing how we believed our market garden venture was going to pay off in cash surplus.

Central to our scheme was keeping input costs low through organic management of soil and crops. I told the loan board, which included some seasoned farmers, that I would be using a tilling machine to incorporate crop residues,

Once we begin to use
a device or
technology, it
becomes increasingly
difficult to think of
doing things any other
way.

cover crops and animal manures into the soil, making our garden plots the scene of continuous composting activity. I added, with a touch of bravado, that I would even be able to till under standing corn stalks. That raised a few eyebrows, and everyone wanted to know more about this marvelous machine.

We took the opportunity to lay out the feed-the-soil-and-let-the-soil-feed-the-plant school of agriculture. Although the tenor of the times was chemicals all the



way and get bigger or get out, these men were less than a generation removed from many of the old ways of farming, and they seemed to realize we were talking a currently peculiar but basically sound kind of sense. We got the money and the tiller and began the work of feeding the soil, customers and ourselves.

The equipment of our farm includes a tractor and plow. We used these tools to open new ground for garden plots, but once open I fell to rototilling with the single mindedness of a new convert. Those who keep sheep know that these animals' manure comes from the barn in chunks which even a good spreader mainly reduces to smaller chunks. As good as the Troy-Bilt is, it took a mighty lot of tilling to put these seasonal tons of sheep manure underground.

So sold was I on the virtues of rototilling that it never occurred to me for a number of years that it would be far better to plow under the manured gardens in the fall, harrow in the spring and use the rototiller mainly for the preparation of seed beds. I cringe a little when I now think of all those hours unnecessarily spent, patiently following that machine, breathing its exhaust fumes, my ears assaulted by its noise. Perhaps early stupidities are meant to keep us humble in our later years.

I have come to the conclusion that much of our technology is a kind of mental harness. Once we put it on, it becomes increasingly difficult to think of doing things any other way. Our motor vehicle addiction is a case in point. But my tiller story has another chapter. The mental harness with which it reigned in my imagination has come to be released in stages. I have recently found another way to dramatically reduce tiller use.

Because we use animal manure, we have an annual weed as well as a food crop. Spreading manure is sowing weed seeds. Large-scale composting is one way to cut down on the weed cycle, but that requires another application of high-energy technology. I just spread the manure and plan for cultivating and weeding.

Here again the rototiller seemed a mighty blessing. But during the past several seasons, I have discovered that the old, high-wheel, hand-push cultivator actually does a better job uprooting small weeds and laying them out to the withering power of the sun. The rototiller tends to bury the weeds, and in a short time the roots are re-established in the moist, aerated soil and are pushing up vigorous new growth. The hand cultivator takes only a little more time, does a much better job and enables me to loosen the soil within inches of small plants without putting them in mortal danger, as the big tiller does.

Bringing the tiller into action requires a routine of checking the oil, topping up the fuel, inspecting for loose bolts and leaking seals, and then walking the machine from the barn to the work site. With the hand cultivator, I simply pack it up at the point of last use and proceed directly to work. Many small margins of time, too brief to bring out the tiller, can thus be turned to good account.

The rototiller is noisy, heavy to handle and spews noxious fumes directly into the area from which I must draw my next breath. Not only is it hazardous to my health but it is pretty hard on many valued co-workers in our organic system — toads, spiders, ladybugs, earthworms and many lesser folk whose homes are near or in the soil.

Using the hand cultivator is safe, quiet and pleasant work and, within reason, invigorating. The powered tiller requires full attention to be focused on the narrow compass of the machine itself. A lapse of attention and directional control can wipe out a section of seedlings. The hand cultivator allows a broad spectrum of attention. One is more aware of plant growth and condition. One may easily stop to examine insects. One can see, hear and feel the garden in a different way as the curved cultivator tines draw small rolling furrows through the loose soil.

We have now passed the high point of our market garden operation, and each succeeding year sees more garden in cover crops and less in food crops. Hence, my rediscovery of the hand cultivator is well timed for reasonable use.

Not so long ago, being "modern" meant converting as much as possible from metabolic power to petrol power. What with the global greenhouse effect, the internal combustion engine no longer seems so up-to-date. In fact, it now seems retrograde, even ignorantly "old fashioned." I have heard that planning authorities of Los Angeles County, leading that region from smog to sunlight, have decreed that, in addition to motor cars, gasoline-powered lawn mowers will soon be a thing of the past in their jurisdiction. Remember the saying that what starts in California soon becomes a continental trend? Anybody want to buy a sheep?

Last week, as I was going to pick up a shipment of parts for my bicycle shop, a neighbor was out in the morning sun with horse and cultivator, quietly and neatly hilling up the potato rows in his garden. The chickens had come out in their nearby fenced yard to fluff their feathers in the dust. It had been a cool night and a trace of woodsmoke still trailed from the kitchen chimney. I half closed my eyes as I surveyed the scene and thought: "This could be 200 years ago; or it could be a century hence." But, of course, it was nothing less than this present shining moment! I awakened from my reverie and hastened on, having customers with bikes to repair and five rows of garlic still to cultivate.



Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale, diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."

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EUROPE 90C June 25- July 13 Wilmer Martin, John L. Ruth

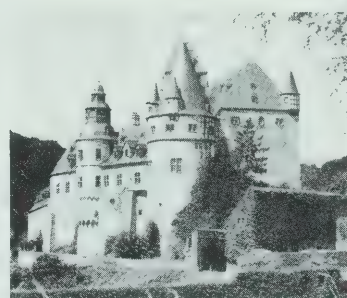
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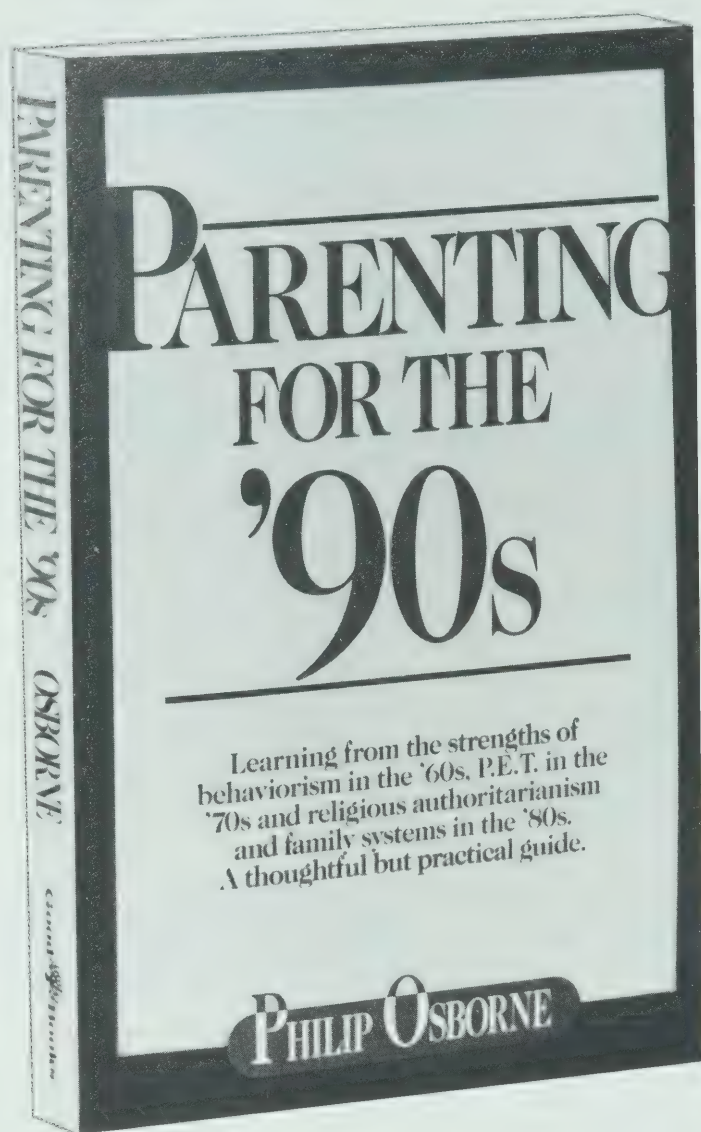
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Philip Osborne has taught in the Psychology department of Hesston College since 1971 and has served there as Associate Academic Dean since 1978. His academic reputation as a teacher is strong, resulting consistently in some of the highest class enrollments on campus. During the last 15 years Osborne has been active in various community educational and mental health services. His Ph.D., received from George Peabody College in 1974, is in Psychology. Osborne is a native of Hesston, Kansas. He and his wife Lorna are the parents of three young adult children.



Author Phil Osborne

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Chocolat—A moody, understated memory portrait of a French girl who grew up in Africa in the '50s (her father was a district superintendent). Full of unspoken injustices, repressed sexual attraction and sorrowful beauty. Slow. In French. (6)

Criminal Law—A well-crafted thriller about a lawyer who wins acquittal for his client, much to his regret. Wit against wit. (6)

Dead Poets Society—Director Peter Weir creates another studio picture that looks like an independent one. Robin Williams shines as the captivating teacher at a rigid prep school in 1959. He instills in his students a passion for literature and life. Broad appeal for an unlikely subject. Superb acting and directing, yet lacks classical dimension. (8)

Do the Right Thing—Perhaps the best film of recent years. By one of the most talented directors anywhere, Spike Lee. The entire film explores one block of Bedford-Stuyvesant during a 24-hour period. Classic and reckless simultaneously, tame and passionate, tiny and universal. The ensemble cast, including Lee as Mookie, the pizza delivery boy, creates a world of

laughs and regrets, hatred and affection, purpose and despair. A thoughtful, daring black director dissects racism in this powerful, unsettling classic. (9)

Field of Dreams—Reviewed below. (8)

Ghostbusters II—A satisfying but not outstanding sequel. A pink slime running under the city, created by the city's collective bad vibes, threatens to destroy New York City. The Ghostbusters march again. Sorta funny. (5)

Heathers—A nasty, cutting satire of American youth which loses its way between humor and sermon. Three high school girls, each named Heather, make life miserable for the average folk. Lehmann's offbeat style shows promise. (5)

High Hopes—An eccentric English film about eccentric souls who must endure Margaret Thatcher's iron-fist hell. Wildly funny at spots, heavily politicized and uneven. Warm heart under all that grim, though. (6)

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—The tempo's the same, the adventure less, the char-

acterizations thin (Sean Connery is good) and the content senseless. Ah yes, some nonsense about the Holy Grail. Uninspired. (3)

The Karate Kid Part III—By itself, weak; as a sequel, super weak. A local bully forces Daniel to fight again. Heart, yes—but that's it. (3)

Kung Fu Master—A French film about a 40-year-old woman who falls in love with a 15-year-old boy. Sensitive but implausible. (3)

Little Vera—A Russian film, landmark in its frankness (by Soviet standards) of sexuality and especially in its gritty portrait of the Soviet working-class family. Drunkenness, violence and a wish for love. So-so as films go. (5)

Loverboy—Sleazy exploitation fare about a pizza delivery boy who sells his sexual favors to wealthy female customers. (1)

Milk and Honey—A poor Jamaican woman (superb performance by Josette Simon) moves to Canada as a nanny. When she later brings her son illegally, the principal of the school, with mixed motives, helps her. Poignant. (6)

Miss Firecracker—A wonderfully engrossing film about a family of eccentrics in a small Mississippi town. Holly Hunter plays the self-doubting Carnelle with great skill. A delicious sort of offbeat feast. (7)

The Rainbow—Ken Russell's trashy version of D. H. Lawrence's novel about the sexual awareness of a young woman falls flat. (3)

Scandal—Self-conscious, unfeeling and ineffective yarn recounting the sexual scandal which brought down MacMillan's Conservative government in the '60s. (3)

Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills—Awful. Silly drivel about servants seducing their employers. (1)

See No Evil, Hear No Evil—Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder team up as a blind man who meets a deaf man and they get into trouble together. Funny adventure story which doesn't patronize. The goods guys win, of course. (6)

Field of Dreams—Ray Kinsella, played by Kevin Costner, has moved from Brooklyn to Berkeley to his wife's home state of Iowa, where he and Annie are raising corn and their young daughter. One day while working in the field, Ray hears a voice that prompts him to plow under his crops and build a baseball diamond. By doing so, he believes he will bring back his father's hero, Shoeless Joe Jackson of the 1919 Chicago White Sox.

Based on a novel by Canadian writer J.P. Kinsella, *Field of Dreams* has received numerous comparisons to last year's *Bull Durham* (which also starred Costner) and to a hit from the current season, *Major League*. Lumping these disparate films together as "baseball movies," however, is about as appropriate as drawing parallels between the Yankees of Ruth and Gehrig and the 1989 Atlanta Braves.

Bull Durham featured lively characterizations, while *Major League*'s strengths were its outrageous premise (the Cleveland Indians change from klutzes to contenders) and wonderfully filmed game sequences. *Field of Dreams*, by contrast, is a quiet fantasy that works on a variety of levels. Most obviously, it's a story about following one's hopes and intuitions. But it's also a tale of reconciliation and second chances, a portrait of a loving, supportive marriage, and a fable about finding one's purpose in life.

Full of understated wit, *Field of Dreams*

both celebrates and pokes fun at the 1960's-style idealism of its characters. "What a Day for a Daydream" by the Lovin' Spoonful plays in the background as Ray tries to explain his first encounter with The Voice. "You're from the '60s," sneers Terence Mann, a reclusive novelist played by James Earl Jones, when Ray appears uninvited at his door.

Charming though it is, the vision created by screenwriter and director Phil Alden Robinson has its blind spots. Though Mann is black, all of the ballplayers the movie depicts are white. If the film can redeem Joe Jackson, who was part of a team that threw the World Series, why can't it include some of the great Afro-American players of his era—athletes who were good enough to play in the majors but were barred because of racism? Also, a PTA meeting at which parents want to censor Mann's books comes across as forced, although it provides a showcase for Annie Kinsella, played by Amy Madigan.

Like a good young ball club, however, *Field of Dreams* overcomes its errors and occasional lapses in judgment. At the movie's heart is an innocence and wonder, a willingness to reach for what could be rather than to settle for what is. While a few viewers may dismiss this attitude as quaint or sentimental, many others will find it as timely and inspirational as a game-winning home run. —DG



Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.

At the MEDA Convention

By Katie Funk Wiebe

• How does one ensure that the annual report is read? Mennonite Economic Development Associates (MEDA) had its own solution at the November 1988 convention in Tampa, Florida: print it in red ink!

• At the same convention, Myron Augsburger of Washington, D.C., reported that while strolling with his wife, Esther, through a cemetery in the Cotswood mountains, they found a gravestone with an epitaph highly suitable for Mennonites: "He died in committee."

• Several decades ago, Paul Martin, also a MEDA member, married Betty Neff, the daughter of a well-to-do landowner. After a few weeks of marriage, he broached the subject of her cooking, indicating he hoped that she would soon learn to bake bread like his mother did. Her response was quick: "I'll learn to bake bread like your mother does if you'll learn to make dough like my father does." He said she soon fulfilled her side of the bargain, but didn't indicate how quickly he met his.

• A Mennonite executive was shipwrecked and wound up stranded on a desert island with a college student who had

been a crew member on the boat. The businessman took it calmly, but the young man worked himself up into a panic.

"How can you just sit there?" he cried. "Don't you realize we're marooned on this forsaken rock, hundreds of miles from anywhere? No one even knows we're alive! If you aren't worried, you must be crazy!"

"No son, I'm not worried," the executive replied. "Let me tell you why. A few years ago, my company started doing fairly well for itself. At the end of our first really good year, I decided to raise our corporate donations to match. We gave \$50,000 to missions, another \$100,000 to MCC, and the same to our college."

"Since then, my company has done even better. And every time we've doubled our revenues, I've doubled our donations. Well, son, the spring fund drives are on. I know they're going to find me!" — adapted from *The MarketPlace*, MEDA publication.

• One elder in the Mennonite Church was nearly vehement in his defense of plain clothes. He insisted that his wife and children all wear plain dress, including the covering. One day a visitor to the com-

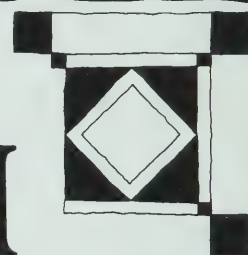
munity who had heard about the elder's strong position, but who was unfamiliar with horticultural practices in the area, walked by the elder's front yard. As he noticed the netting covering the cherry tree to protect the fruit from birds, he commented: "What commitment! Even his trees wear coverings," he commented.

The editors invite you to submit stories that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes—we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas 67063. She will credit contributors of the items she selects.



Katie Funk Wiebe is the author of many books and articles, and an English professor at Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas.

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They Shout, But Don't Listen

by Robert Maynard

In our otherwise peaceable Brooklyn neighborhood, one of the great distractions was the fighting neighbors. She worked days, he worked nights, and they fought every morning. They could awaken the roosters and even the earthworms with their raucous din.

The odd thing about it, my mother said once at dinner, is that their arguments (no one could escape the details) did not seem to suggest they disagreed all that much. "They don't," my father answered. "They're just shouting too loud to hear each other."

Often since, I have witnessed that phenomenon: People shouting at each other so loudly that no communication could possibly occur. No place is that marvel any more visible or poignant today than in America's contemporary class war. I mean

Only the problem grows worse. That is much the way with families that shout at each other. Shouts escalate to greater and greater dehumanizing violence. Each level of hostility amply justifies more. The gulf grows wider. We can never build enough cells to keep up.

Lou Harris, the pollster, has just done for the nation what my parents wished they could have done for the neighbors. He has taken the trouble to listen to the voices of the majority of the people we call the underclass. Then he asked the same questions of mainstream Americans: What did they think the underclass needs?

Many Americans would be surprised at what the Harris poll of America's two social poles said. The underclass overwhelmingly said education, training for a good job and access to decent housing were

rhetoric, is a washout as a leader on this subject so far. He seems to have no real depth of understanding of the corrosive and deadly implications of permitting this underclass to grow unchecked. Because of that, he fails to convey urgency and vision to the rest of the country.

The misperception is that the violence we see on television from the drug wars, the assaults and the murders defines the entire inner-city population. The truth is that 80 percent of the violence is committed by less than 5 percent of the population.

The problem is that society has thrown the full weight of its social sanction—to say nothing of its psychic energy—against the visible violence. We ignore the silent violence, the daily wasting away of the individual and social potential of the vast

The U.S. now exceeds South Africa
in citizens per capita who are behind bars.
Only the problem grows worse.

the shouting match (actually it can be more vicious than words) between America's voting middle class and this nation's burgeoning underclass.

As the powerful pathology of poverty takes deeper root in whole communities, we can hear and see the vicious collision of values created by the gangs of Los Angeles, the drug havens of Detroit and drive-by killings in Oakland.

Society's shocked response has been the lock and key, which is as good as a shout—a burst of social hysteria. We now exceed solitary South Africa in the number of our citizens per capita who are behind bars.

their primary ambitions.

By similar margins, Americans at large said they were most willing to assist those in the underclass by paying for improved education, job training, employment and access to better housing.

If the people in the so-called underclass want the same things the society is willing to support, why is so little being done to solve this sickening problem?

The two most likely culprits are the lack of imaginative leaders at the national, state and local levels, and the presence in our society of a massive misperception about who lives in America's slums.

President Bush, for all his campaign

majority.

Members of this majority, overwhelmingly women and small children, are the victims of our national shouting match. It is a deadly indulgence with no good end in sight. It is just like the neighbors, only much more dangerous.

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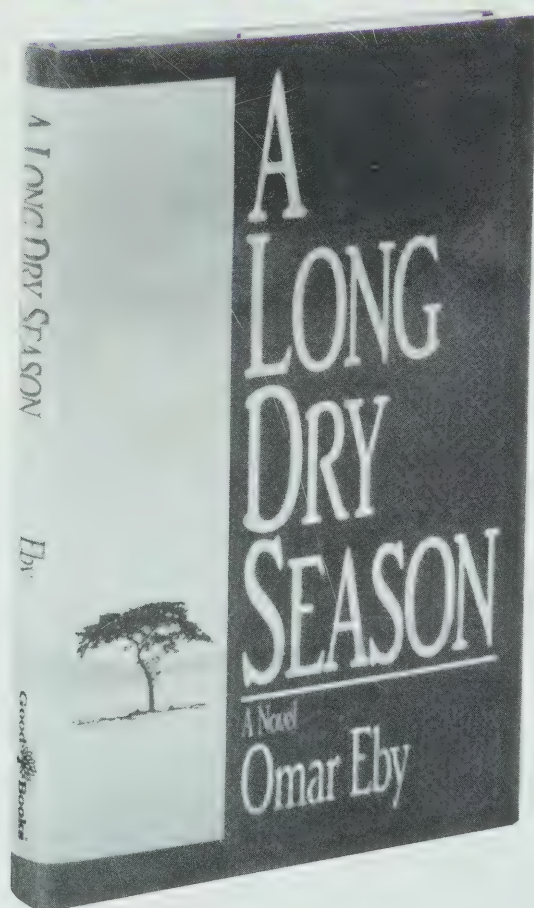
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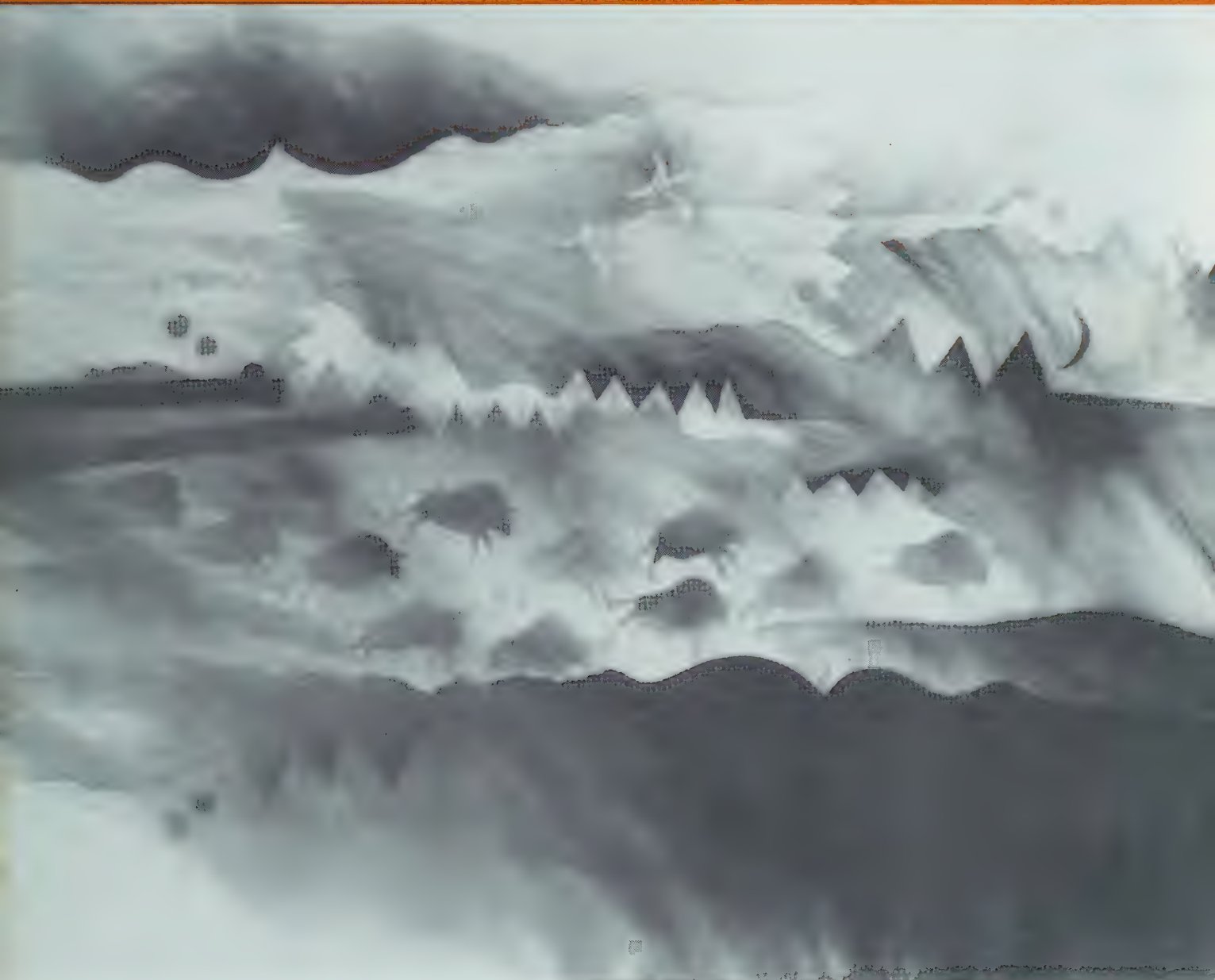
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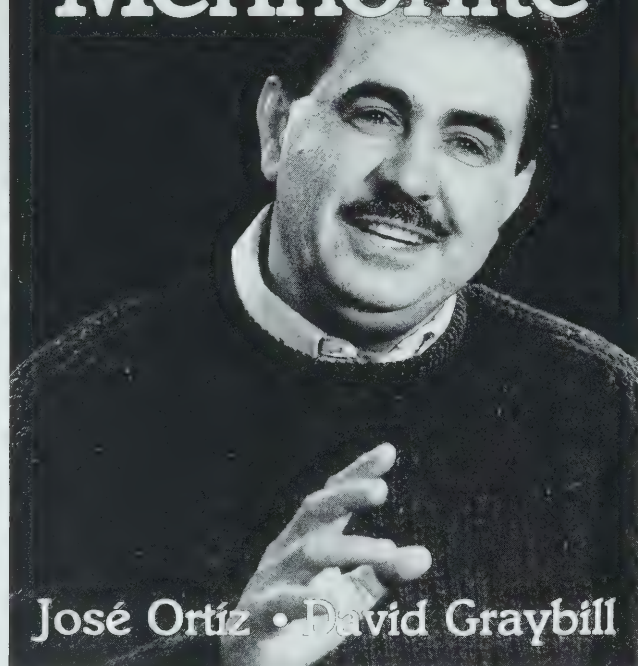
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Once a Germanic people, Mennonites today are increasingly multicultural. An Hispanic professor and church leader talks candidly about finding a place in the faith community, being a Puerto Rican in Anglo society, raising children in North America and teaching in Puerto Rico, Central America and the U.S. Midwest.

José Ortiz has written a delightful and inspiring book. It is a valuable resource to all who struggle with their identity as a part of a Christian community that is vastly different from one's own culture and people.

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— **Katie Funk Wiebe**

About the Authors

José Ortiz is director of the Department of Hispanic Ministries at Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana. He is the Author of **iVen! Camina con Nosotros** (Come, Walk With Us), a study book about Anabaptist-Mennonite beliefs.

David Graybill is a magazine and book editor from Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



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On the cover . . .

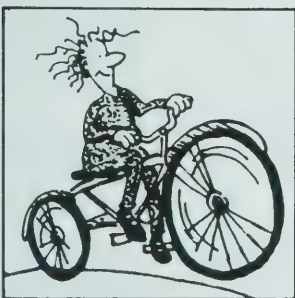
Clearing the Land by Robert Regier



Belden C. Lane reflects on myth and its relationship to theology, as he considers the legacy of Joseph Campbell.



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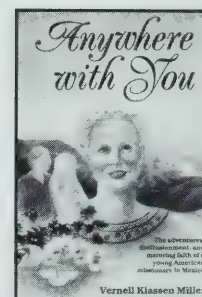
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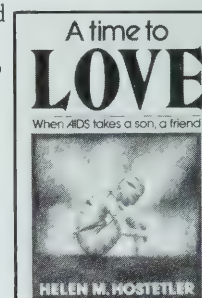


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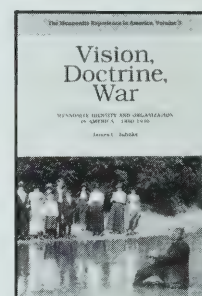


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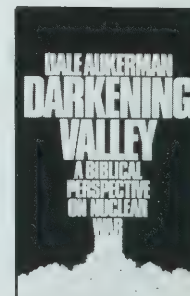
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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good, David Graybill

What Do Mennonite Meetings Tell Us About Mennonites?

Big Mennonite meetings seem to be the order of this era. We may not gather as frequently for Wednesday night prayer meeting as we once did, but the crowds are growing at conference and denominational assemblies, at Mennonite business conventions, at college homecomings and confabs at Mennonite camps. (Somewhere in this world there must always be a Mennonite planning committee in session.)

I confess to being too close to this activity to draw cold, objective conclusions. But a few questions and some reflections have followed me into this interlude between two of the biggest Mennonite gatherings—the past summer's joint Assembly of the Mennonite Church and General Conference Mennonite Church, and next summer's Mennonite World Conference.

1. Might it be true that we who are no longer clear about who we are (as Mennonites) find that getting together to talk about that fact holds some comfort?

2. What's the difference between Mennonites who go to these churchwide and interchurch events, and those who don't? Economics? Sociability? Comfort, or lack of it, with the institutional church? Strength or weakness of congregational ties? Distance from the center (or fringe) of the "Mennonite world," geographically and emotionally?

3. Most of us look for a particular combination of features at these events—the posing of issues for discussion and the preaching of good sermons for inspira-

tion. What upsets us is if the program tilts too strongly in one direction or the other. Too few seminars and too little debate—and some of us observe that the church has settled into drivel. A slight to the sermon side—and others of us chafe about how intellectually prosperous and how spiritually destitute we've become.

4. Do the youth have a better time at these assemblies than the adults, or does it just look that way? Youthful enthusiasm is enviable, but so is adult maturity. In any case, the chance to bring our varied styles together in joint worship sessions is a bonus at these events. That highly charged occasion on a hot summer evening this last August made me wonder if such a combination wouldn't benefit our home congregations as it did that week-long Assembly.

5. When Mennonites fellowship or have "after church" or eat together, what do we talk about? Is there anything distinguishing about our informal conversation? When we get together formally, regardless of who we are, we seem to like to talk about many of the same big issues—the relationship of church and state, living what we believe, how to foster peoplehood without being exclusive. Do we also have common agenda in our informal time, whether we're Indonesian or Zairean, GC or MC, city-dweller or suburbanite? Do we visit on subjects peculiar to our particular family of faith?

Watch and listen!—PPG

Music and Promises

It was one of those delicious human experiences. An exquisitely magnificent afternoon in downtown Lancaster, bride and groom greeting us at the door, the hush of deliberate romance in the air. Music, and more wonderful music, from "Tis a Gift to Be Simple" to "Bridge Over Troubled Water," including a piano romp by Pastor Rempel. And then a visual history of the two.

The groom shared the joy and sadness of leaving single life. The pastor spoke of the quest for the Holy Grail. A baby cried. "Love is as strong as death," we were told, quoting the ancient song. The parents of

the bride and the sister of the groom read some poetry and scripture. The congregation sang. The sun beamed.

We wish Dave and Brenda well. You as readers may or may not see a change in our Managing Editor's touch. But I know I was touched on the afternoon of their wedding, the simple, affectionate interweaving of the senses, the heart and the spirit in a special moment. "There is nothing love cannot face," we were reminded. Amid the music, the sunshine and the promises, there was splendid hope for us all. —MG

Editors' note:

We are grateful that so many of you have responded to our editorial question, "Why So Few?" (FQ, Summer 1989) We print here some of the first letters we have received in regard to the matter of why there aren't more members of Anabaptist-related groups after 464 years.

We hope to hear from more of you. We hope, too, that those of you who live outside North America will also join this conversation.

Cultural Lag

I want to respond briefly to your "Why So Few?" We are talking, I take it, about our Mennonite brotherhoods which have often failed but in varying degrees are Christ's and living by his Spirit. As I see it, the situation in our own country is ironical. While on one hand we talk the Anabaptist vision, on the other we are busy confirming the hedonistic culture in which we live and eagerly welcoming its support. It may well be that the catalytic agent—at least a major one—inducing this change is the quasi-evangelicalism we embrace. But even in this we may be passing through a cultural lag, for no less an evangelical than Carl F.H. Henry has come out with *Twilight of a Great Civilization, The Drift Toward Neo-Paganism* (Crossway Books, 1988). Two things seem to be pertinent: to rediscover the Anabaptist vision is not the same as recovering the Anabaptist vision; also, in the New Testament and in our own experience the faithful church is a struggling minority. We don't have to be "big" in numbers to be effective witnesses.

Irvin B. Horst,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

A Relationship, Not a View

Why so few indeed (Summer 1989 **Festive Quarterly**)? I was actually asked that question (more of a charge or challenge than a question) by a Lutheran bishop sitting next to me at a Bluffton College concert (after telling me of the "more than a thousand" that he had baptized in his 40 years), and by others at the "Anabaptist Stories" events that I do. And if the question is "Why has your view of Christianity never really caught on?", my response tends to run a little like this.

The reason is, I believe, that what you are referring to is not simply a "view" of Christianity. It is instead the type of relationship we have with this person Jesus the Christ. Following Jesus, meaning living in obedience to His expectations of us, is much more demanding than simply hav-

ing a view about Christianity. Even if what you are referring to as a view is more than casual thoughts about Christianity, people tend to gravitate toward options that reduce change, especially change in their own lives.

But the gospel of Jesus Christ, whether it is His own gospel in Luke 4 (release for the captive, sight for the blind and freedom for the downtrodden), or Paul's gospel about Christ (He lived and died and rose again for the forgiveness of sin, which demands repentance) is in its essence a demand for change.

A view of Christianity that transforms the demands of Christ on us into a reasonable and culturally acceptable religious ethic will always be more popular; simply because it demands less change, it is closer to what we already want, security, prosperity and success. But a life that surrenders to what God wants will be a life that is radically changed. It is this surrender, or yieldedness to God (*gelassenheit*), that lies at the core of the Anabaptist "view" of Christianity, but surrender is of course the very thing that is resisted by every human and national urge. A modern example of this resistance would be the enormous growth and popularity of American Evangelicalism (in the form of the teaching of Swindoll, MacArthur, Gothard, DTS, Trinity, et al), which offers the hope of making internal faith in Jesus reasonable by dispensationally making His life-changing message irrelevant. The genius, and, at the same time, limitation of Anabaptism was that it took Jesus seriously for all time, rather than what was reasonable or acceptable.

Or, I might just tell the questioner the story of the great hunter who, while walking in the woods, came across a sparrow lying in the middle of the road, chirping madly with his spindly little legs in the air. The hunter asked, "What do you think you are doing?"

The sparrow looked up at the hunter and said, "That tree behind you is about to fall and my call is to warn and protect those who pass by."

The hunter laughed in disbelief at the sparrow, and finally said, "And I suppose

you think you are going to protect me with those spindly little legs."

To which the sparrow answered, "You do what you can, you do what you can."

Lynn Miller,
West Liberty, Ohio

Numbers and Peace

Though not a Mennonite, I want to respond to Merle Good's important question in the Summer 1989 FQ: "Why so few?" It is only natural for anyone cherishing some perspective on truth to wonder why others don't cherish it too.

One obvious partial answer is that past successes in gaining converts make future conversions easier. Past failures are also perpetuated. My own denomination, American (Northern) Baptists, has a current membership of roughly 1.6 million. But Southern Baptists number about 14.3 million members. So when a Southern Baptist family moves to another town or state they have nine times the likelihood of finding a church of their denomination as an American Baptist family would. I'm sure that in our mobile society this would work to an even greater disadvantage for Mennonites. Moving to a different town and finding no Mennonite church there, they would attend some other church and eventually be lost to the stream of the Anabaptist-Mennonite tradition.

Surely another disadvantage numerically is the basic unpopularity of peace church convictions. We must face the fact that most people, including most professing Christians, subscribe to the "peace through (military) strength" axiom. Though the Founder of their religion is a pacifist, this is a truth they hurry to deny. It is no wonder that in the Beatitudes after a blessing upon peacemakers He followed it immediately with one of those who would be persecuted for His sake.

I have a high regard for Mennonites and feel deeply that the peace church witness must be continued. But I don't think it will ever become so popular that a majority of Christians would subscribe to it.

Not even Jesus, with all His faith and hope, expected this to happen—see Matthew 7:13-14. So while we are concerned about “Why so few?”, we need not let the question devastate us. We can still share the joy He promised and the satisfaction in trying to carry out His teachings.

Milan Lambertson,
Ottawa, Kansas

Lack of Vision

I was sufficiently interested in your editorial question “Why So Few” to write a response. It seems to me that people are members of a particular group through birth or conversion and assimilation. Mennonites have never been known (to my knowledge) for evangelism. A legalistic, agriculturally based cultural milieu doesn’t seem to be attractive to non-believing seekers. When friends or acquaintances ask what religious background my family was and I say Mennonite, they invariably say, “Oh, like the Amish?” When I lived in San Francisco and L.A., they would say, “What’s that?” Outside the circle of Mennonites, people perceive Mennonites as a quaint charming nice wholesome group far removed from the realities of their lives and the marketplace.

I don’t hear of Mennonites engaged in church planting, evangelism through relationships with non-believers or seeker-oriented church services. In fact, you would be hard pressed to find a Mennonite church in many/most? areas.

I will give an example out of my parents’ lives for an illustration of why so few. My parents and a group of other couples left a particular Mennonite church in the early ’50s when that church became blatantly unbiblical in its handling of communion. They started another church using the name Mennonite and began visiting people in the community. People came to know Christ and started attending the church. However, the Mennonite conference insisted that these new believers adopt the Mennonite dress code and that the church stop its radio broadcast. The church leadership chose to leave the Mennonite conference and be independent. Currently this church is quite large (probably about 800 adults).

I certainly appreciate the values I was raised with and the solid foundation my family heritage rests on. I hope, though, that people never become preoccupied with their cultural identity and history to the degree that they lose an eternal perspective of what matters to God.

To answer “Why has your view of Christianity never really caught on?” I would say—The Mennonites have never, in my observation, attempted to or *had a vision for spreading their view of Christianity*. Church leaders seemed too focused on petty, concrete matters to have a larger vision for the world. Those who had such a vision left the Mennonite church. Church leaders who quibbled over the length of covering strings, whether a woman’s hair was parted in the middle or whether she wore short sleeves in the summer hardly will have much of an impact on the larger community.

Martha Miller,
Timonium, Maryland

Connection With Anabaptist Tradition

For some time I have wanted to tell you how much I enjoy reading the **Festival Quarterly**. The articles are well written, thoughtful and interesting. It is one way in which I can continue a connection with the Anabaptist tradition (my background is Brethren in Christ, although now I am closest to unprogrammed Friends).

The question of why the groups within this tradition have not grown significantly has occurred to me as it has to Merle Good, as stated in the Summer edition of the **Quarterly**. No satisfactory answers are apparent, at least to me, although it may have to do with the unique responsibility which is placed on each individual in the

practice of his or her religion.

One of the reasons that I enjoy the **Quarterly** are the essays by Keith Hel-muth. They always make a valid point in an entertaining manner.

Eugene R. Heise,
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Demands of the Gospel

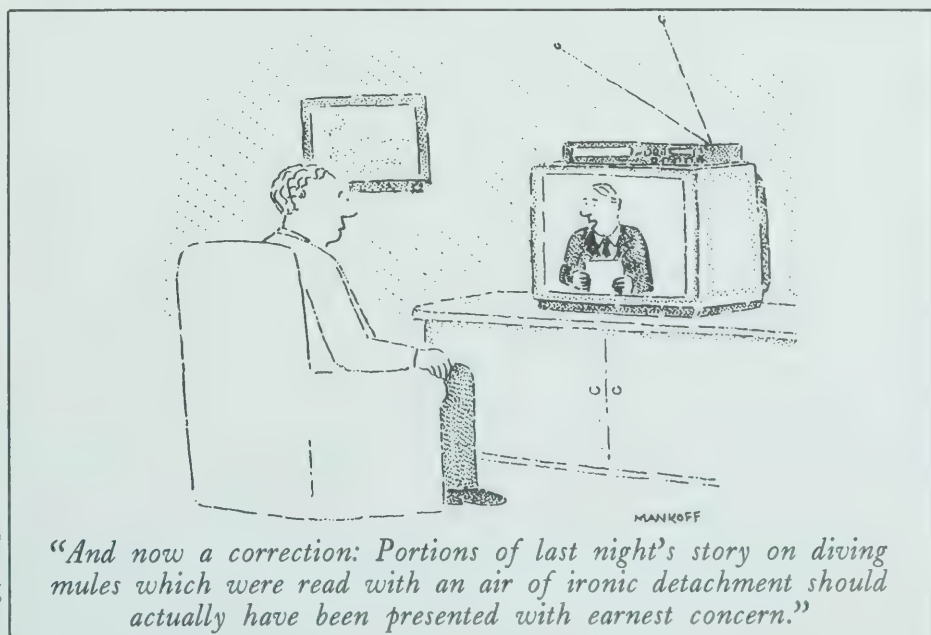
In your Summer issue editorial you asked, “Why so few?” In response I would like to suggest several reasons.

First, because the Anabaptist pattern of discipleship in the Mennonite tradition is too costly for most people. We recall that Jesus only had a few true followers resulting from his intense form of evangelism. He also stated that many are called but few are chosen.

The Gospel is very demanding. This is true with our Anabaptist doctrines in comparison to many other religious groups who often practice a more free and loose form of discipleship.

Second, even we Anabaptists haven’t been too willing to pay the price for evangelism and witness. With strong opposition in the world, and our weak motivations, we have rather reluctantly become the quiet in the land. We have failed in giving our witness.

Evangelism is primarily a one to one process, which for many is fraught with obstacles and discouragement. As a church we have tried the mass and public forms with only limited success. The



“And now a correction: Portions of last night’s story on diving mules which were read with an air of ironic detachment should actually have been presented with earnest concern.”

growing churches are not increasing by this process, but by the personal approach.

Third, Anabaptism strikes at the heart of society to make a vital change. This is the most vulnerable and hurtful place which often creates a repulsive reaction. It is counter to material patterns and forms of success, or even acceptance. Anabaptism is failure-oriented. It calls for sacrifice, giving and even death. Most people are not enticed nor willing to consider the cost of this kind of discipleship.

I am not saying that people in other religious groups are not Christian. I believe that many of them are. But there is a difference between following the call of Anabaptist and first-century discipleship in the areas of peace, *agape* love, sacrifice and service, along with separation from the world. Of course, many of us Mennonites are not doing so well either. However, basically, this is our tradition and attempted way of life for Christ.

*J.J. Hostetler,
Goshen, Indiana*

Ashamed To Be Mennonite

In my early teens I was ashamed of my Mennonite identity: the white prayer veiling, the Sunday morning cape dress and dark stockings, and all the things I daren't do because I wore those symbols. I was ashamed because few could see beneath the symbols to view the heart I had for God.

I think the world in general continues to focus on the outward symbols upon hearing the word "Mennonite" or "Amish." Distinctive dress and differing lifestyles are cultural identities. Very few people desire to change their culture. Therefore, few are attracted to our groups although we may be sincerely right underneath our symbols.

Much of the Mennonite church has rejected the outward symbols for these reasons. Instead, our focus is on peace, justice and discipleship as identifying symbols. We even study our 16th century forefathers to prove that they, too, emphasized these areas.

"Outside people," however, see us only as another peace sect. Sects come and go with the tides of time. At times it's popular and profitable to preach civil peace and justice. At times it gets in the way of other priorities.

As long as our primary focus for peace and justice is on changing civil systems rather than on heart attitudes, we'll have a small following. We work so hard at

changing our world from the outside-in when it needs to be an inside-out process. Jesus preached heart peace and performed acts of justice and mercy that healed the sick, raised the dead, cast out demons and freed prisoners from Satan's bondage. He seldom lacked for followers.

Of course, focusing on heart peace is an evangelical theme, and reveling in the grace of God (as opposed to our good works of justice) is a charismatic theme. We're Anabaptists, we're reminded again and again.

Jesus, however, never commanded us to boast, "We're Anabaptists, while they're only Calvinists or followers of Luther." Instead, Christ called us to work for unity, to come under the Lordship of Christ, not Menno.

I think God must be saddened and angered by how much time we spend patting ourselves on the back for our superior interpretation of His Word (or is it Her Word?). Petty things like gender, dress and whose forefather surpassed the others have robbed us of the energy needed to attract a lost world for Christ.

*Ruth Mellinger,
Orange Walk, Belize*

Jesus' Followers

"Why So Few?" I would like to answer with another question—"Why did Jesus have such a few followers who remained close to the end of his earthly life?"

*Mrs. Arnold Lowenberg,
Donnellson, Iowa*

Weak on Evangelism

Why so few?

1. Mennonites asked for a greater commitment. We are not to be "Sunday Christians." So many groups are satisfied with their people being less committed than we are. That can scare people away, if they think the commitment is too great.

2. We've never been real strong on evangelism and counting the number of people that come to the Lord. We've been taught to live our faith and not always talk our faith.

If a salesperson is after a sale he must talk his product, many times he'll get the sale.

Mennonites have had an attitude that if you ask me about my Christianity, gladly we'll explain, but we don't offer. Then "take it or leave it," not pushy.

I see some of this changing. Some of my

statements should have been "I" not "we" but that is how I see it.

Some of the change toward more evangelism is probably good but very difficult for me—and I'm actually quite young. It's more comfortable to live my faith.

Enjoy your magazine! Thanks for your work!

*Shirley Hochstetler,
Kidron, Ohio*

Mennonites and Poets

After letting Merle's question about why there aren't more Mennonites float around in my head for a while, it suddenly occurred to me to suggest that there aren't very many Mennonites for the same reasons there aren't very many poets. Both are callings whose rewards are lacking in glitter and pizzazz; their attractions are subtle, intangible, hard to explain to outsiders, especially compared to BMWs and Monday Night Football. Both seem easy but demand all one's energy if they're to be done well. They generally don't pay, and if you manage to make them pay everyone suspects you of selling out, often with good cause. Even people who admire Mennonites or poets vaguely from a distance aren't often interested in getting much closer; they somehow sense that it might cost them something, and they are right.

I suppose this is a question we're bound to ask, especially in a culture as bound by "success" as we are. But it's one I am reluctant to give too much space. Measuring success by numbers tends remarkably to corrupt; witness TV evangelism and American public education, where a recent study shows that according to test results children in 48 states are now "above average." It's close to impossible, I suspect, to be both a believers' church—a church of those called out from the mass—and to be "successful" in mass terms. In the same way, it's very hard as a poet to work out on the borders of one's mind and feeling and still write things that will be "popular" and accessible to a large mass audience.

All this isn't to say we shouldn't be trying to enlarge our communities as vigorously and responsibly as we can. But I think that focusing too much attention on numbers will distract us from the more important question, which is whether we are doing the best, most faithful work we can.

*Jeff Gundy,
Bluffton, Ohio*

Kaleidoscope of Feelings

"Should They Leave? Should They Stay?" (Winter-Spring 1989 issue) was the stimulus of a lively discussion on a recent Sunday morning in an adult class at Northern Virginia Mennonite Church. The excellent variety of commentary and perspectives featured in this article triggered a kaleidoscope of thoughts and feelings for class participants.

One suggestion for future **FQ** exploration emerged. What are the perspectives of Mennonites now who have emigrated to West Germany? What are their most difficult adjustments? How is their faith tried and strengthened in this new land? How has the promise of prosperity unfolded?

Thanks for your consistently challenging and timely articles. We enjoy **FQ** cover to cover.

Shirley Peachey Roth and Louise Otto Hostetter, Vienna, Virginia

Wide Coverage

We have found your magazine very informative and enjoyable and look forward to each new issue. Thank you for your very wide coverage of Mennonite concerns.

Helen and William Quapp, Coaldale, Alberta

Interesting and Educational

Glad you decided to keep on printing. Am enjoying the Winter/Spring 1989 issue. The article "Ten Things American Mennonites Should Understand About Canadian Mennonites" was quite interesting and educational, as was the article "Discovering and Nurturing Ministers."

Rebecca Byler, Mt. Eaton, Ohio

Narrow Perspective

Outspokenness has its price. The price, this time, is that I have no interest in a subscription to your magazine. The reason? I didn't appreciate your publisher's opinion of the GC/MC merger as stated in *Gospel Herald* [the official Mennonite Church magazine]. Since you Lancaster Mennonites have only seen fit to affiliate yourselves with the MC for several decades, and are now (again) resisting a broader perspective than that of your own

county; I scarcely see any value in trying to gain a national perspective on Mennonites from a Lancaster County publication.

John Tiessen, St. Paul, Minnesota

Good Grasp of Events

The Summer issue of **Festival Quarterly** arrived and it has been good reading. I especially appreciated the article by Michael Sprunger entitled "China's Hundred-Year Revolution." He has a good grasp on what is taking place and

what might develop.

May God continue blessing you in your essential ministry.

Bert Lind, Brockton, Massachusetts

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.

"Simple Living" Isn't Simple

If Joel Kauffmann were to try his hand at what he calls "simple living" (Winter/Spring 1989 issue), he would quickly see what a resounding misnomer that expression is when applied to economic and social activity which aims to be ecologically adaptive. Those who endeavor to create land-based sustainable settlement patterns under the allure of "simplicity" are soon faced with a disconcerting choice—either give up entirely the notion of "simple living" or beat a retreat to the world of urban consumerism.

I have traveled a good deal and the simplest living I have seen takes place in cities, where you simply trade your time for money and then acquire everything else you need by reaching for the wallet. As for "self-sufficiency," the concept is nonsense in the context of an ecological world view. The goal is sustainability for human communities, not self-sufficiency.

In extolling the virtues of world trade consumerism, Joel Kauffmann makes a typical North American mistake about economics. He seems to think money is a basic resource and increasing the production of money a primary economic activity. Please consider a brief review of three systems.

In a rational approach, the natural ecosystem is understood as the basic resource, the continued health of which governs the development of the human production system. The production system, in turn, should govern the monetary system, making it a tool of equitable distribution for goods and services. The governing influence between these three systems should, from a rational perspective, flow from the ecosystem to the production system to the monetary system. In fact, we now have this critical relationship exactly reversed. The

governing influence is flowing the wrong way.

Because the production of money is seen as the primary economic activity, the monetary system governs the production system which, in turn, impacts the ecosystem without regard for anything except the production of money. We now understand that this is a recipe for disaster. Joel Kauffmann's call for enlightened consumerism, which backs off a little on this destructive pressure, is not enough. It is necessary to reverse the logic and get the governing influence flowing the right way.

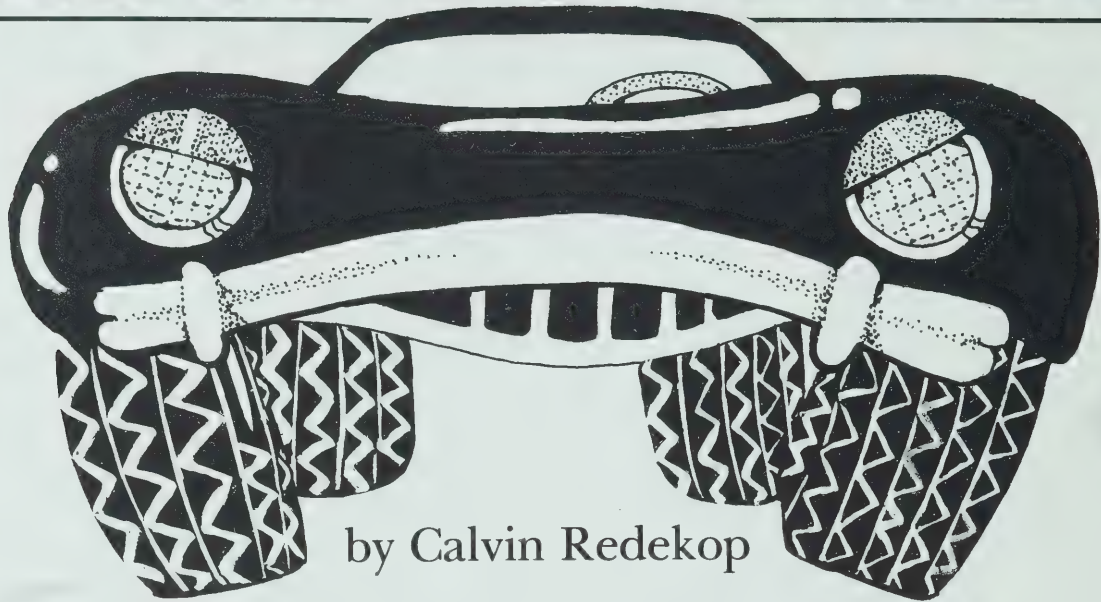
Those who have determined that their energy, intelligence and love will be invested in understanding and adapting to the way Earth actually works—as distinct from the way industrial-consumerism is trying to make it work—become embedded in a complexity of ecosystem relationships (which includes the human community) easily adequate to fill a lifetime with creative challenge.

Those who believe the ideology of consumerism is bad for a living planet and are determined to undermine its grip on body and soul at every opportunity have not, as Joel Kauffman asserts, "taken themselves out of the game," but are trying with the full weight of their lives to change the game from short-run consumption and collapse to long-term consumer sustainability.

Our heritage has an intuitive grasp of the fundamental rightness of frugality, of a caring, saving, nurturing, sacrificing spirit which owns the full complexity of social embeddedness and human solidarity. What we, along with other modern folks, must now realize is our equally important embeddedness in the ecological complexity of Earth process.

Keith Helmuth, Debec, New Brunswick

The Auto Deadlock



by Calvin Redekop

Almost as long as he could remember, Henry Eby had dreamed of the day when he no longer would have to help his father hitch the horses and travel the long way to church with the family bundled together in the buggy. But recently he had overheard some of the older men talking at church about a man in Germany called Otto Daimler who was developing a carriage that would not need horses. Then sometime later, rumors began circulating in the community that an American named Henry Ford was building a self-propelled carriage which would be affordable by almost everyone. Henry's dad, by now the deacon at the Mennoville church, predicted that this invention would change the world. Henry and his brothers and sisters begged all the more that Daddy should buy one.

Soon, the horse sheds at Mennoville

became transformed into car sheds for the members who were buying the horseless carriages, now called "cars" for short. The members entered into the breathtaking race of trying to be the next to buy the new-fangled contraptions, although some traditionalists continued to resist them. Henry and his friends urged their parents to come to church early so they could see these new wonders and who was going to show up with a new car each Sunday. Those with the newest and most expensive cars came just in time for church, so everyone would notice. The Eby *Freindschaft* bought Buicks, while the Snyders stuck to Chryslers, and so family feuds began.

In time, Mennoville initiated an annual spring church Sunday school picnic which was usually held in a county or city park some distance away, so the church membership could "see and enjoy the countryside." It also provided the opportunity for Henry's son Freddy and his friends, who were now around 17 years old, to show off,

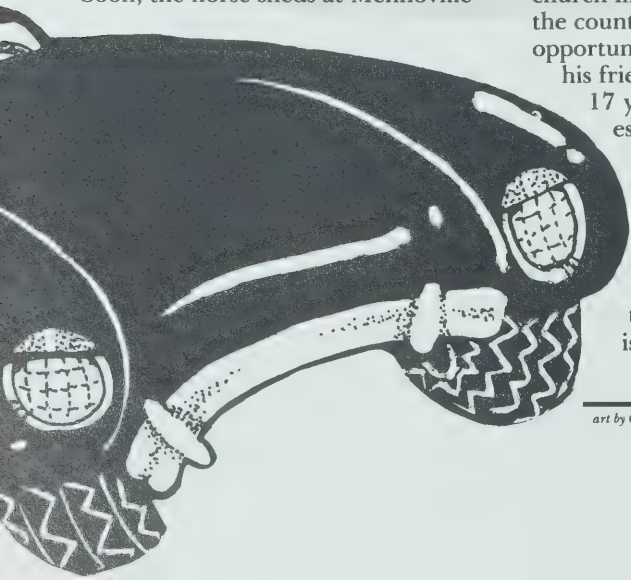
especially to the girls, by driving the parents' cars. This created considerable conflict however, for the boys, like Freddy, always got to drive the car to church or to the picnic, while the girls were excluded with the argument that "Girls' place is in the kitchen; driving is for

Men."

The community gossip became intense with news about the Martins, who had just bought their son John a new Plymouth as a high school graduation present; this was topped only by the news that the Hunsbergers had bought a new Oldsmobile, and were making a trip to the West Coast.

Because the automobile provided great mobility, some of Freddy's friends' families moved further and further away from church, and began to visit relatives and friends at other churches on weekends. Then Henry's friend George Bender bought a cottage up north and retreated there for the weekend, thus being noticeably absent from church. Eventually Henry decided to buy a cottage and moved up for most of the summer, claiming that, being a good Mennonite, it was better stewardship to stay there for as long as possible, rather than driving up weekends to a rented cottage. Summer activities at the church began to slack off because half of the congregation was absent. Most things had to wait until the important people came back from their cottages at the lake.

From the time the automobile was introduced, there were pockets of Mennonites who resisted it. But that was to be expected, since they were rather traditional and narrow. Fred's children, who by now were in high school, were



embarrassed with them, and often refused to let people in high school know that they were Mennonites too. They did not ask the "Old Orders" why they stubbornly refused to adopt this wonderful new invention, but they asked their grandfather Henry, who said they believed that it affected community and discipline, but that he did not know what that really meant. "What possibly could be bad with the automobile, Grandpa?" they asked. Grandpa said that as far as he knew the automobile is not forbidden in scripture, and thus it must be a useful tool to make this a happier world.

But the automobile did create some problems, for attendance at Sunday school began to decline as the younger men jumped into their cars and met at a local cafe for coffee. And people began to notice that automobiles were beginning to reveal differences in wealth in the congregation. Bishop Brubacher even preached a sermon warning about the dangers of letting the automobile dictate life style, and stated ironically that the "Black Bumper Mennonites" might not be entirely wrong and stupid after all.

Fred's son Steve and daughter Diane left for Goshen College in the fall of 1972 in a new sports car and soon began to note some ominous innuendoes about the automobile. Diane took a course in sociology from professor Yoder and learned that the automobile contributed to independence and individualism; it was helping to destroy neighborhoods and communities. It was also threatening the extended family and creating a very mobile and unstable nuclear family. Steve, an economics major, learned that the local economy was forever changing with the automobile, and that large conglomerates and vertically integrated megaliths were greatly assisted by the automobile. Diane and Steve wrote some of these things to their parents, but Mother looked out the window and noticing very little had changed wondered what silly ideas her children were learning at Goshen.

But a course in ecology in Diane's senior year began to break her mind wide open. She learned that a Dutch chemical engineer, the first person who had

bothered to look, had discovered in 1952 that the automobile produced not only power but also a host of toxic emissions, such as carbon monoxide, sulfur oxides, nitrogen oxides, hydrocarbons, tetraethyl lead and particulates of unknown nature which were beginning to create a dirty haze in the atmosphere. Some people were beginning to predict that this could very well spell the end of life on Earth, but they were laughed at as doomsayers.

After graduation, Diane returned home and wondered why people were not concerned about these facts. She slowly began to see that the giant automobile and related industries and the "cult of the automobile," of which she felt her parents had become a part, were purposely ignoring a major fact—that up to 40 percent of all the acid rain, greenhouse effect and toxicity in general was due to automobile emissions. No one said or did anything about it, because no one wanted to believe that the automobile was not totally good.

Diane tried to get the attention of some of her friends and family, but they were not much interested. Diane had also become aware of how health was affected by environment, and came to the conclusion that the automobile is a threat to health not only because of its emissions but because it deprives people of exercise. Driving to the shopping center or the six blocks to church was actually destroying people's bodies! And the final insult to Diane was that driving to church on a Sunday morning shut out the beautiful songs of God's heavenly choirs, the birds—although pollution made her wonder how long they would be singing. "Could driving to church to worship the Creator actually be helping us destroy his creation and his heavenly choir?" she wondered sadly. "Does this have theological significance?" she mused.

Sporadically, Diane and a few friends got some discussion going in Sunday school, but the reaction always was: "It is not the automobile that is the culprit, it is the people. If reasonably used and kept in good shape, cars won't pollute." Others said, "Would you like to go back to the Old Order way of life?" This latter

response always clinched the argument for most vacillating believers.

Diane eventually got married and began to raise a family. But the absurdity of the situation continued to bother her. One day she anonymously submitted an article to the *Church Community*. "Mennonites," she said in the opening paragraph, "have always been 30 years behind in the adoption of new cultural practices. But once they adopt something new, they consistently continue to be 30 years behind in the understanding of its impacts and implications. I predict the Mennonites of Mennoville will be the last to abandon automobiles and walk, or ride bicycles, to church."

She went on to explain that biking or walking did not allow for the status symbolism of wealth and class like driving does. Further, she said, "The implications of the automobile, such as its destruction of community and family, and of the environment, do not seem relevant to our faith system, since it deals with love, peace and sharing, and how do the automobile and pollution relate?" Her concluding statement summed up her alienation from her parents and the church: "Walking and cycling, modern ideas whose future is near, are probably not possibilities for Mennoville, since Mennonites are always 30 years behind."

After the article appeared, a board of elders meeting was held to find out who the anonymous writer was. After Diane was identified, she was excluded from footwashing for one year. But her husband would not shun her, for he too was an AME (Anabaptist Mennonite Ecologist). Together, in a fit of nonresistant revenge, they donated a 20-bicycle stand to the parking lot in the front of the church, with positions clearly marked for Fiores, Nishikies, Takaras, Schwinns and Norcos, in descending order of prestige and class.

Calvin Redekop is professor of sociology at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.



* story or belief that attempts to explain a basic truth

The Power of Myth:

Lessons from Joseph Campbell

by Belden C. Lane

Theology and myth are stepsisters of truth. The one probes with questions, the other spins out tales on gossamer threads. But both serve a common mystery.

I was reminded of this recently in reading Joseph Campbell and Bill Moyer's conversation on *The Power of Myth*. This wonderful book is filled with pictures of Tibetan and Native American art, photographs of aboriginal initiation rites and drawings by William Blake. Adapted from a six-part television series filmed at George Lucas's Skywalker Ranch shortly before Campbell's death, the book moves from the tales of ancient Greece and India to the latest episodes of Rambo and *Star Wars*. Here the power of story still lives. As Campbell once said, "The latest incarnation of Oedipus, the continued romance of Beauty and the Beast, stands this afternoon on the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, waiting for the traffic light to change."

I happened to encounter the book while at Magdalen College in Oxford, home of C. S. Lewis, who was himself fascinated with myth. In fact, it was along Addison's

Walk in that college one autumn night in 1931 that Lewis engaged his friend J. R. R. Tolkien in a conversation on myth. Lewis, who had not yet been converted to the Christian faith, experienced that night something of a pre-evangelical conversion to the power of myth. Tolkien had been arguing that the mythic language of silver elves and moon-lit trees carried a far richer truth than Lewis the rationalist had been willing to admit. As they spoke a gust of wind swept the fall leaves around them in a flurry of enchantment, as if to authenticate what had just been said. Lewis never forgot that night and the experience that gave birth to his love of myth, his openness to Christian faith, and his later forays into the land of Narnia.

Opportunity or Challenge?

Campbell's death and the attention given to his conversation with Moyers offer the occasion to assess not only his work but the general impact of mythology on the popular imagination. After Mircea Eliade, probably no one is more widely known in the field of comparative mythology than Campbell. For nearly 40 years he taught literature and myth at Sarah Lawrence College, and is best known for his classic works on *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (Princeton University Press, 1949) and *The Masks of God* (Viking, 1959-68). His role has been that of popularizer and generalist, a Carl Sagan of the arcane world of comparative mythographers. His



"The Encounter" by Sandy Zeiser Richardson, ceramic

interview with Moyers ranges over the whole of his work, including his ideas on how tales of the hero's journey, notions of sacred space and images of the Mother Goddess still operate in the postmodern era. Our universe is not as free of dragons as we might have thought. How else do we understand the rush of New Age books and journals, the popularity of Shirley MacLaine and Jean Houston, the multitude of seminars offered on Jungian thought? All these indicate a keen interest in the power of ancient myths and mysteries. Whether this poses more of an opportunity or a challenge to Christian theology is something not yet fully discerned.

One might expect theologians to rejoice in the recovery of myth. After all, theology went through its own formidable struggle with Enlightenment thought. Yet theology and myth often understand their service of truth in very different ways. Theology may balk at an unbridled imagination, racing headlong without sense or direction, while myth easily chafes under the sharp bit of theology's critical restraint. The two stepsisters only partially rejoice in each other's gifts. Christian theologians can discover in Campbell a sympathizer who is also given to fault-finding. Such a friend—joining honesty with compassion—is not easily found and deserves to be heard carefully.

Raised a Roman Catholic and continually drawn to the image world of medieval Christianity as symbolized in the cathedral of Chartres, Campbell recognized the force of Christian myth. Yet he also harshly criticized Western theology and carefully distanced himself from the church. He saw in Christianity a deep distrust of nature and creation, an overemphasis on fall and redemption, and particularly a tendency to be bound within a cultural prison. Christian theology, in his view, needs the intensive and universalizing influences of mythology. Campbell frequently would contrast the priest, who serves as a custodian of facts, with the shaman, who functions as a sharer of experience. He was uneasy with theology because of its penchant for codes and creeds and its abandonment of poetic language. He cited Jung's warning that religion can easily become a defense against the experience of God.

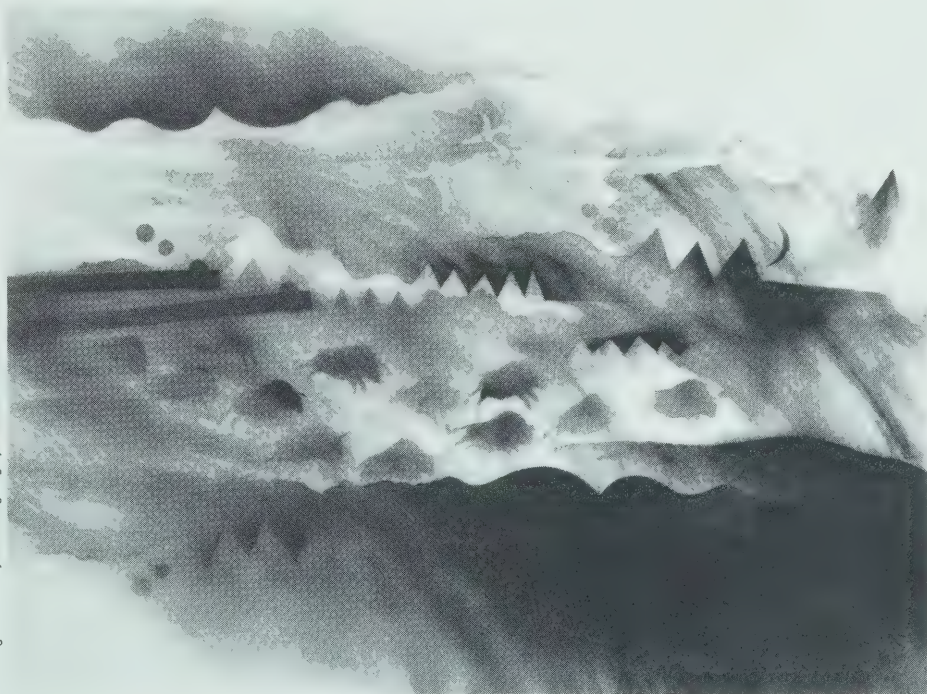
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Finding Ourselves in Stories

The first question that Campbell's work poses, then, is how to see ourselves as a people for whom myth is life and breath. How can theologians, in particular, be called back to the vitality of

narrated experience? Mythology, as Campbell knew, always aims to include the listener in the tale. The story of the hero, for example, ultimately turns us back to our own experience. "The mighty hero of extraordinary powers—able to lift Mount Govardhan on a finger, and to fill himself with the terrible glory of the universe—is each of us!" (*Hero with a Thousand Faces*). I am Telemachus, ever waiting for the lost father Odysseus to come home; I am Gilgamesh, longing to overcome the mystery of death. There is in me the blood-red hatred of Kali, who is consumed by his own rage; in me too is Demeter, the earth mother that loves and nurtures. I am Luke Skywalker and Obi-Wan Kenobi, the learner *and* the teacher, preparing for bold action. All these stories are my stories.

But our culture denies such a "participation mystique." It suggests that myth functions only as a dimension of primitive consciousness, and is no longer operative in any significant way. Indeed, the whole history of Western culture can be seen as a history of demythologization. The dominant Western story we have been telling ourselves for 3,500 years has been a painful tale of children who, in their progress toward maturity, have steadily cast off their illusions. We see ourselves as courageous men and women come of age, in the clear light of reason and critical insight. That is *the* modern story by which many in our culture live. But central to Campbell's perspective is the understanding that this story of demythologization is itself a myth, another story offering us energy and meaning. It is "the myth of a mythless humanity." Its very insistence and repeti-



"Clearing the Land" by Robert Riger, graphite and charcoal.

tiveness in our cultural history, from Xenophanes to Voltaire, shows us to be incurable storytellers, molded by the power of myth.

As a phenomenologist, Campbell brought a sense of wonder to the study of classic myths. The most compelling dimension of his conversation with Moyers is their mutual experience of personal encounter with the truth of which they speak. Campbell's scholarship was never separated from life. He was eager to see mythology in the service of world peace and human understanding. He reached always beyond the myths peculiar to a given culture toward planetary mythology. "We need myths," he said, "that will identify the individual not with his local group but with the planet (a concern shared by Asian theologian Tissa Balasuriya in *Planetary Theology* [Orbis, 1984]).

Theology and Wonder

This is Campbell's most powerful critique of traditional Western theologies: turning all metaphors into facts, all poetry into prose, they tend toward divisiveness—supporting and validating a given social order as divinely ordained. Flexibility is abandoned for the sake of certainty. The power of myth gives way to the multiplication of propositions. Simply put, theology gets caught up too often in explaining the meaning of life instead of seeking an experience of being alive. Theologians need to hear this criticism. Too frequently they have been guilty, as the Polynesians say, of "standing on a whale, fishing for minnows." Theology is never served by an explication of facts that is removed from an underlying experience of the holy. Nor is Christian faith true to its mission so long as it clings to a parochial intolerance.

Yet theologians do have their own distinctive calling to serve truth. In response to Campbell's insistence that experience take precedence over fact, they must urge that experience demands critique. If mythology offers a way of narrating experience, giving it the power of story, theology provides a way of testing that experience. Furthermore, Christian theology—because of the incarnation—will always want to root an experience of the sacred in the particular and down-to-earth, being wary of vague, undifferentiated encounters with the profound. Western theology characteristically recognizes the particular as a route to the universal. It hears the summons of the mythographer to a broader, more planetary perspective, but it also knows the paradox that universality is sometimes best embraced through particularity. One often reaches wholeness by way of a very particular field of vision. That, after all, is the meaning of Christ incarnate.

Theologians therefore question the tendency of some enthusiasts of myth to borrow sacred tales and practices indiscriminately from any number of traditions and weave them into their own manufactured mythology. This fault describes not Campbell but those who would adopt his ideas apart from his sensitivity to history and culture. The great myths always developed within particular faith communities. To lift them out

of those contexts is to distort the very truth to which they point.

Mystery or Self-Centeredness?

Campbell frequently quoted the Hindu truth that "I am the mystery of the Universe." *Tat tvam asi*—"thou art that" which is beyond all description. The stories of the gods are about *mel*. This is a profound mystical insight, as proclaimed within the time-honored tradition of the Upanishads. But when extracted from its context, the impact of the sacred narrative can easily be reduced to the individual reception of it. The "me" can become more central than the transcendent mystery to which it points, in which case the element of doxology is lost; and theology, if it be true to itself, must always call the seekers of truth to praise. Campbell's work, because of its wonderful accessibility, is subject to oversimplification. Complex truths, formed in a community, can be reduced to the vague benedictions of an age of individualism—"Trust your channel and crystal power," "May the force be with you." The continuing vigor of the great myths, as well as the most sublime insights of the theology, surely deserves more than this.

Is the current recovery of myth represented by Campbell a movement toward what Paul Ricoeur would call a second naïveté? Has it worked its way through the important criticisms that modernity offers, asking all the hard questions that a bold hermeneutic of suspicion requires? Or is the return to myth a step backward to a first naïveté—a return to paleolithic wonder, a denial of reason and a simplistic retreat to a precritical past?

We must recover the power of myth on the far side of reason. Mythographers and theologians will both be needed in that task. Their narrative and critical skills will have to be joined.

In the 1920s C. S. Lewis began with Owen Barfield an argument on the relationship of myth and theology. They never completed it. They wanted to define the parameters of a world where mystery, revelation and reason could be held in tension. The conversation had been anticipated somewhat earlier by George MacDonald. It would be continued by Charles Williams and Dorothy Sayers, and brought down to our own day by Frederick Buechner and Madeleine L'Engle. Each thinker has been concerned with putting imagination to the service of truth. Perhaps Campbell's work can revive their questions, and help bring together shaman and priest, tale-spinner and creed-maker.

Belden C. Lane is professor of theological studies and American studies at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri.

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Finding a Usable Past

by Sandra Cronk

Editor's Note: Sometimes it is possible to gain new light on our own issues by examining the traditions, procedures and processes of other groups. FQ has asked Sandra Cronk, a Quaker teacher and historian, to reflect on issues in her church that are of particular concern to Mennonites.

Contemporary Friends are in search of a “usable past,” a vision of our Quaker heritage which will help us understand God’s call to faithfulness in the present. The fact that we are looking for such a vision indicates that we do not always find the past very helpful to us today.

Seeking Support From the Past

A large part of our ambivalence about the past comes from the preconceptions we bring with us when we look at it and thereby measure its usefulness to us now.

We would like the past to support one particular view of Quaker life. Some Friends look to the past in support of their view that the heart of Quaker faith is found in the inward spiritual life. These Friends look for images of prayer, worship and the use of silence and meditation. Other Friends are eager to see what early Quaker testimonies about prison reform, the abolition of slavery, simple living and peacemaking have to say to a contemporary Quakerism built around a life of involvement in a needy world. Still other Quakers see the heart of Quakerism in its classical church-communities of discipline and accountability. They look for help from the past in the building of corporate structures of obedience in our contemporary, overly individualistic, lives.

It is easy to reject, or simply not see, the part of the past which does not support our particular view of Quakerism. We

can make use of our views of the past in the struggle to make our view of Quakerism become the dominant one today. For example, we may dismiss those interested in the inward life as having become part of today’s individualistic value system, abandoning traditional understandings of church-community. Or we may dismiss the traditional communities characterized by plain dress and plain speech as irrelevant to a Quakerism actively involved with the needs of the larger world.

The Radical Voice of the Past

A remarkable development has occurred recently. Through new historical and theological work,¹ we have gained insights which unsettle our previous assumptions about the past and make us hear God’s call to faithfulness in deeper ways. We find that the past is speaking to us with a radical voice.

“Radical” has two definitions in the dictionary. It can mean being related to the root or origin — what is fundamental. It also means being marked by a considerable departure from the usual or traditional.

When the word “radical” is applied to the past, these two definitions seem at first glance to be contradictory. How can going back to the origin mean overturning tradition? We are accustomed to thinking that roots and tradition are the same. Yet Friends are learning that when we hear the radical voice of the past it can take us back to what is fundamental and, in the

process, overturn our views of tradition. Even more disconcertingly, it can overturn all our categories of contemporary Quaker life.

The Apocalyptic Root of Friends

The particular root of the Society of Friends which has had such a profound effect on our communities of late has been the apocalyptic framework of the early Quaker movement in England. The Book of Revelation (which we hardly read today) was one of the favorite books of the Bible for the early Friends. I understand that scholars of the early Anabaptist movements are finding similar apocalyptic roots in that heritage as well.

Many Friends greeted these historical findings with noncomprehension at first. The word "apocalyptic" brings to mind images of people waiting on a hillside for the end of the world

The apocalyptic emphasis in Quaker thought was a prophetic protest against a world rushing toward death.

or of the not entirely convincing parallels which some interpreters see between symbols in the Book of Revelation and specific events in our own era. But a dismissal of all apocalyptic themes dismisses Jesus' ministry, which centered on the coming kingdom as a real event in our lives.

It took some times for Friends to be able to understand that the apocalyptic emphasis in Quaker thought was a prophetic protest against an unfaithful world, turned away from God and rushing headlong toward death and destruction. This apocalyptic faith was also a witness to God's power to inaugurate the promised kingdom. In today's world, which hovers on the brink of nuclear holocaust and environmental decay, the apocalyptic language of early Friends takes on fresh meaning.

The Imminence of God's Order

Friends' apocalyptic views were not of the type that predicted the end of the world on such and such a day. Neither did they encourage Friends to sit quietly waiting for the rapture or to take up arms in a struggle to compel the kingdom into existence. Rather, Friends lived with a sense of the imminent in-breaking of God's order. They experienced God's power transforming their own personal lives. They believed that this transforming power was also at work in the larger social, political and economic orders. The old, unjust, ungodly structures were facing God's judgment and, found wanting,

would soon be swept away. God's order was coming to birth. The Day of the Lord was at hand.

Friends felt that their communities were already participating in this new order.² They worshipped in a different manner. They dressed differently from those around them. They spoke differently. They bought and sold their goods in a different way. Every area of life was transformed.

These different patterns of life became known as religious testimonies. In later generations both Friends and non-Friends saw the testimonies as outward marks of a "peculiar people," a community separated from the world. But in the first generation the testimonies were much more than this.

The Testimony of Worship

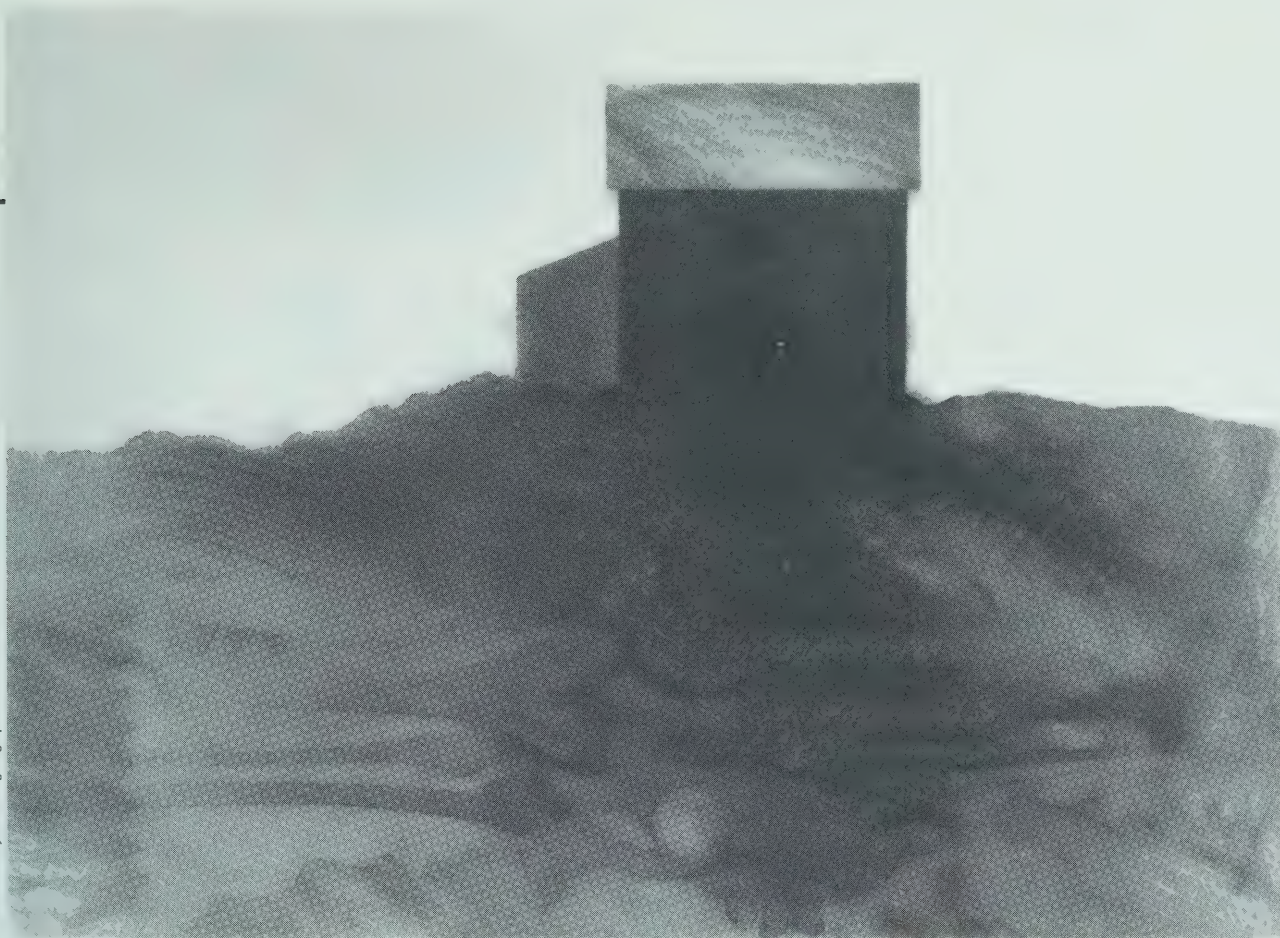
A few examples will make the role of the testimonies clear. Friends' belief that Christ had come and was inaugurating God's order revolutionized their mode of worship. The Quakers' silent, or unprogrammed, worship no doubt seemed odd to many people around them, even as it does to many today, because it eschewed the usual forms of the worship service: sermons, Bible readings, hymns, responsive readings and outward celebration of the sacraments, or ordinances. But Friends understood this silence as an opportunity for inward listening to Christ. Christ had come to teach his people himself, they said. Christ would lead them in speaking and praying. Planned sermons and prayers were not necessary and could even get in the way of immediate listening to Christ.

Friends did not celebrate an outward communion. They understood that Jesus had asked his disciples to celebrate communion in remembrance of him, till he had come again. But Christ was come, Friends believed. There was no need to have a special celebration to remember One who was already present. Friends' mode of worship reflected their belief that they were living in God's new order.

Testimonies Against Class

Through the active process of listening to the Living Christ, Friends felt called into new relationships with other people as well. Seventeenth century England was a highly class-conscious society. Friends were particularly concerned about the spiritual consequences that arose out of the pride and arrogance engendered by this social system (at least for those on top of the hierarchical pyramid). In the eyes of Friends, such people usurped the authority which can rest only with God. Therefore, Friends refused to participate in the existing social structure. They felt called to a new way of living whose patterns were expressed in such testimonies as plain dress, plain speech and set prices.

Wealthy aristocrats in the 17th century donned elaborate attire: lace cuffs and collars, fancy hats and so on. Friends, in



response, wore very simple clothing (which in later generations was standardized and called plain dress). They refused to greet others by removing their hats and bowing. Indeed, this refusal was one way newly converted Quakers could be detected as such by old acquaintances. Friends even kept their hats on in meeting for worship, removing them only before the Lord—that is, in prayer.

Testimonies of Speech and Commerce

Speech also became a way of reflecting an alternative set of values. Seventeenth century English, like most European languages today, used two forms of address. The second person plural pronouns “ye” and “you” were used both to address more than one person and to give honor to any social superior. The second person singular “thou” and “thee” were used to address one person, a close family member (such as a brother or sister) or a social inferior. Friends refused to use “ye” and “you” as forms of social honor (although they did continue to use them as plural forms of address). Instead, they addressed all individuals alike with “thou” and “thee.”

This “plain speech,” as it came to be called, was a prophetic critique of the arrogant airs assumed by those in power. The testimony often brought forth great anger from those who felt slighted by its use. To say “thee” or “thy” to a magistrate might result in imprisonment. But Friends persevered. Their

speech was another witness to the fact that they lived in God’s order, where all people were recognized as sisters and brothers.

Friends’ testimony on the buying and selling of goods became another sign of Christ’s transforming work. In the 1600s, bargaining between buyer and seller was common. But Friends insisted on setting a fair price and refused to bargain. The practice of bargaining, they said, was a way for buyer and seller to try to take advantage of one another, each wanting to receive the best price at the expense of the other. Living in God’s new order transformed the patterns of economic life.

The Lamb’s War

These testimonies were manifestations of personal faithfulness to kingdom values. But they were also spiritual weapons in the struggle between God’s order and the world’s order. Using an image from the Book of Revelation, Friends called the struggle “The Lamb’s War.” The phrase referred to the war between Christ, the Lamb, and the forces of evil, unfaithfulness and destruction. This struggle takes place within each of us as we are called to surrender to Christ. But it also extends beyond our personal lives. Christ is struggling with unjust social, economic and political orders. Indeed, the whole cosmos is struggling to be reborn. As followers of Christ, we are called to enter this struggle on the side of the Lamb.

The startling juxtaposition of the images of war and lamb

point to the paradox of Christ's redemptive work. The Lamb is engaged in a very strange kind of war and uses very strange weapons. Christ gives up the use of carnal weapons, such as the sword and the gun. The weapons of the Lamb are sacrificial love, servanthood, mercy, justice and the call to righteousness. As followers of Christ, these are the weapons we must use.

Through their speech, dress and business practices, Friends saw themselves as taking part in spiritual warfare. By these testimonies they were challenging the unrighteous structures and attitudes of the society around them. Friends hoped that the witness in their lives, speech and apparel would answer the witness which they were sure was already being spoken through the Word, Christ, in the hearts of those around them.

Thus these testimonies were not simply signs that Friends were a peculiar people who had decided to be a separated community through adherence to a series of minor scruples. Together these testimonies overturned patterns of behavior in virtually every basic area of human life. They expressed Friends' commitment to live faithfully in God's order, and, at the same time, they were the methods used to challenge the existing order and call it to righteousness.

New Dimensions for Quakers Today

Understanding the apocalyptic framework of early Friends has opened new dimensions of contemporary Quaker experience. We see more clearly that our present world must choose between life and death, God and unfaithfulness. The Day of the Lord is at hand for us. As followers of Christ we must see how Christ is calling us to live in God's order. What patterns of our lives must be changed?

This apocalyptic view has also made us realize that we had seen our faith in unintegrated bits and pieces, rather than as a whole. For example, it is no longer possible to define the very important emphasis Quakers have put on silent listening to Christ as devoting attention to the inward spiritual life alone. The inward dimension is clearly present and very significant. But listening to Christ is also the way in which the church is able to discern the patterns of living which give shape to community life and become its prophetic witness in the world. Listening in worship is a testimony to Christ's presence leading



Stan Richardson

His people.

The apocalyptic experience has reshaped the way we understand community life as well. Friends have tended to see the plain dress and plain speech of classical Quaker communities as having little relevance to any larger witness in the world. Now we see that the very pattern of community life was not only relevant but in itself the means of carrying on the Lamb's War. Consequently, to build patterns of faithful, disciplined church-community is not to opt out of active witness in the world. Rather, it is a primary way in which the church may witness. The heart of the church's testimony is its prophetic participation in God's order.

Limits to Imitating the Past

The recent historical insights have also made it clearer to us that it is not possible to participate in God's order simply by imitating the patterns of church life in the past. When society changes we need to discern God's will afresh.

For example, the English language no longer uses two forms of address, "ye" and "thou." It uses "you" as the form of address to all persons. Thus, the language as a whole has

adopted the opposite pattern from the Quaker one (that is, the use of "thou"). Therefore, Friends need to reflect again to see if God wishes them to continue their use of "thee" and "thy."

Many Friends have decided that they are not called to continue using this part of traditional plain speech. Some Friends continue to use "thee" and "thy" in everyday speech. They believe that the Quaker solution to the status problem in English grammar is the better one and that God calls them to use it today. This is not the place to comment on the decisions of various groups of Friends. The point is simply that imitation of the past, by itself, is not an adequate guide for faithfulness. Rather, it is necessary to listen to God's call in our lives today. How is God's order to be expressed now? What witness is required of us? This does not mean that kingdom values are relative. It only means that they must be expressed in ways that relate them to a particular time and place.

Implications for Social Activism

The apocalyptic stance provides strong support for active witness in the world. On the other hand, it also brings powerful challenges to the kind of social activism which has become the measure of much contemporary religious life. Early Friends understood that God is bringing the kingdom to birth. We are not only witnesses to that birth, but midwives for others, as they may be for us.

The apocalyptic hope allowed Friends to be engaged in the world but not be of it—to develop faithful community life and still be socially active.

This is radically different from the implicit understanding which lies behind a good deal of our recent efforts at social change. We act as though the coming of God's order depended on us. *If* we can get Congress, the President, the Soviet Union, the local town council or the church to do this, *then* we will have a more peaceful, just and merciful world. Sometimes we give the impression that nothing will happen unless we make it happen. This attitude is a subtle form of idolatry and disbelief in God. It leads to enormous levels of frustration and to burnout, as we realize that our efforts are not capable of producing the kingdom.

But the early Friends did not work on an If-Then basis. (*If* we do this, *then* God's order will come.) They worked *because* the seed of the kingdom had taken root in their lives. *Therefore*,

they lived in a new way. Every area of living reflected their participation in the birth of God's order. Their witness did not depend on their own strength to keep up campaigns, programs and projects, although many fine projects emerged out of this new life. The root of their witness was in God's strength. Its first expression was in the transformed pattern of daily life, not in a campaign of social change. This new pattern of living itself became a profound witness to the larger world.

Community Life and Social Involvement

The apocalyptic hope allowed Friends to be engaged *in* the world but not be *of* the world. It allowed them to develop their faithful community life and still be actively involved in the needs of the larger society. So often in our later history, Friends acted as though we had to make a choice in arenas of faithfulness. We could retain God's patterns in our own communities or we could be active in the world. But we believed we could not do both without compromise on one side or the other.

For early Friends these were not two choices but two sides of the same witness. The apocalyptic hope helps us reclaim a more balanced vision of the church, in place of our partial and one-sided views.

Friends have been searching for a usable past to help us be faithful in the present. The vision God has given us at this moment in our history is not at all what we expected. It does not comfortably support all our existing views of Quaker life. Instead, this vision has had a radical effect. It has overturned many of our views of tradition, but it has also allowed us to reclaim a deeper understanding of our past. It has given us a perspective by which to evaluate contemporary religious practices.

We have been called back to our root, Christ. We find ourselves led not to imitate any particular cultural pattern which emerges from the past, but to listen again to Christ, who is calling us to enter God's kingdom. This kingdom is coming to birth in our midst right now. We pray that we may be enabled to listen and respond faithfully to Christ's call day by day.

Sandra Cronk is a scholar and writer specializing in Quaker life and thought. She is on the faculty of Pendle Hill, a Quaker study center in Wallingford, Pennsylvania.

Notes:

¹ More information about the apocalyptic experience of early Friends can be found in Douglas Gwyn's book *The Apocalypse of the Word: The Life and Message of George Fox (1624–1691)*, Richmond, Indiana: Friends United Meeting Press, 1986.

² In addition to using the image of God's *new* order, Friends spoke in terms of the restoration of God's *old* order. Friends cannot enter the debate in the Amish and Mennonite heritages about the meaning and legitimacy of Old Order and New Order ways of life. Friends could and did use both kinds of language to speak about God's kingdom.

I Carry Dead Vesta

Vesta Peachey (1918–1962)

Vesta's daughter, my mother, home to mourn
with her father, carried me, ripening,
swelling out like an embarrassment in that house
of death and drawn drapes.

To that house I was born, wailing and red,
the girl Vesta wanted when she papered
the parlor with blooming magnolias
and cardinals, huge as old crows.

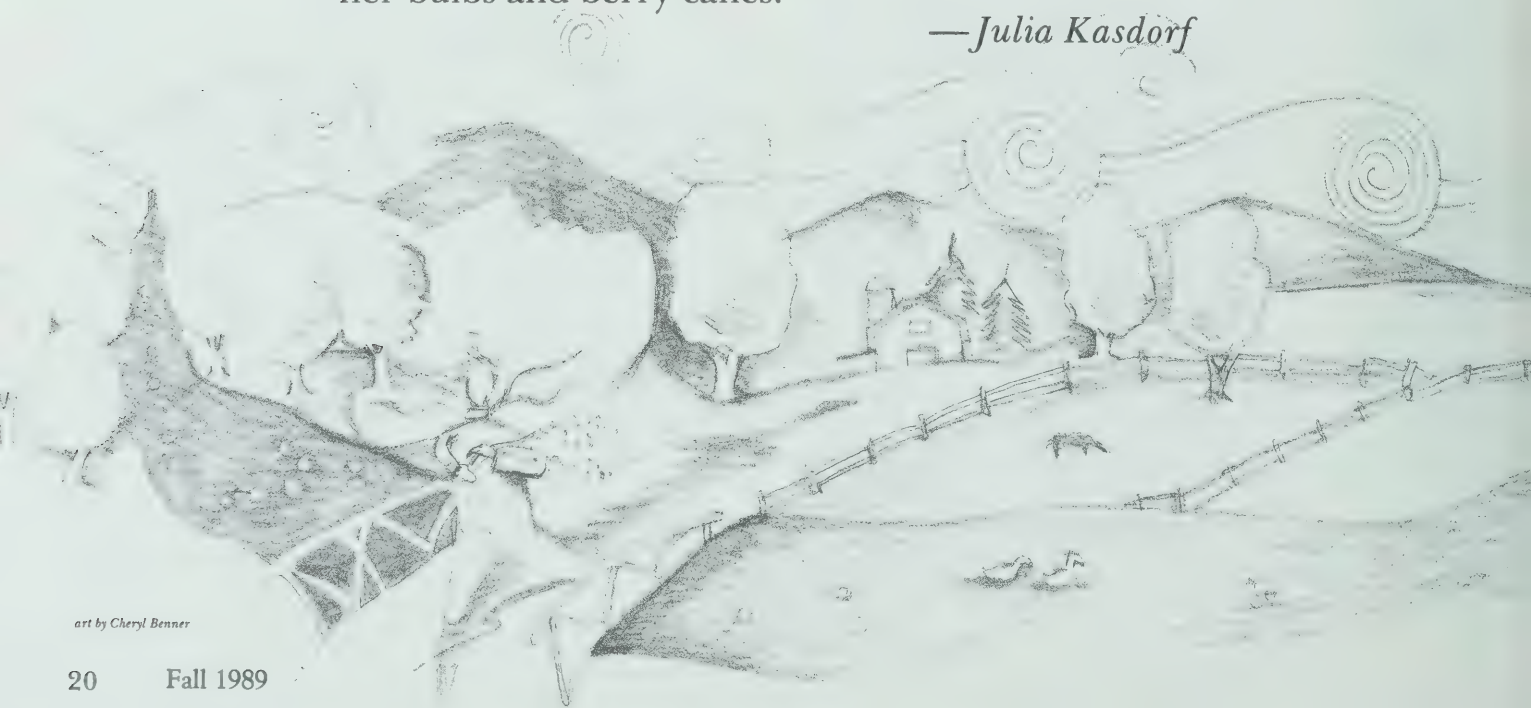
When old church ladies call me her name,
I must tell them I'm no one they know,
no one who stayed in that valley of silos
and Holsteins.

I have only her hair, which this short,
must look like it's up in a bun,
and her wide mouth that opens too quickly
to eat or to speak.

I've only seen her in that photograph,
holding my older brother by a clump of white lilies
behind the farm house in Pennsylvania,
and she never held me.

But I have carried her out of that valley,
between Front Mountain and Back Mountain
I've taken her, still clutching
her bulbs and berry canes.

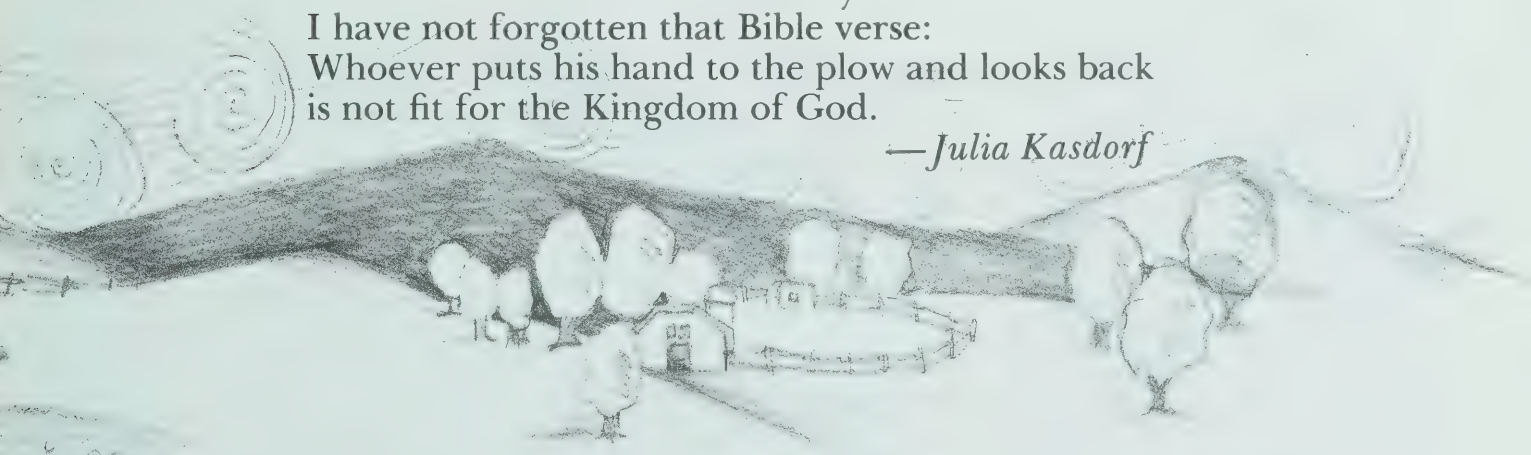
—*Julia Kasdorf*



Green Market, New York

The first day of false spring, I hit the street
buoyant, my coat open. I could keep walking
and leave that job without cleaning my desk.
At Union Square, the country people slouch
by crates of last fall's potatoes.
An Amish lady tends her table of pies.
I ask where her farm is. Upstate, she says,
but we moved from P.A. where the land is better,
and the growing season's longer by a month.
I ask where in P.A. A town you wouldn't know,
around Mifflinburg, around Belleville.
And I tell her I was born there.
Now who would your grandparents be?
Thomas and Vesta Peachey.
Well, I was a Peachey, too, she says
and she grins like she sees the whole farm
on my face. What a place your folks had,
down Locust Grove. Do you know my father,
his harness shop on the Front Mountain Road?
I do. And then we can't think what to say
that Valley so far from the traffic on Broadway.
I choose a pie while she eyes my short hair
then looks square on my face. She knows
I know better than to pay six dollars for this.
Do you live in the city? she asks, do you like it?
I say no. And that was no lie, Emma Peachey.
I don't like New York, but sometimes these streets
hold me as hard as we're held by rich earth.
I have not forgotten that Bible verse:
Whoever puts his hand to the plow and looks back
is not fit for the Kingdom of God.

—Julia Kasdorf



Julia Kasdorf is a poet from Brooklyn, New York.

"Green Market, New York" will appear in the Spring/Summer 1990 issue of *The Journal of The Ohio State University*, Columbus.

MUSEUMS

Indiana

Menno-Hof, SR 5 South, Shipshewana (219-768-4117). Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission: donation. Interpretation center. Displays and activities about early Anabaptists and present-day Mennonite and Amish groups.

Mennonite Historical Library, Good Library 3rd Floor, Goshen College, Goshen (219-535-7418). Mon.-Fri. 8-12, 1-5, Sat. 9-1. Closed Sundays, holidays, Saturdays during college vacations. Admission: free. Primarily for researchers in Mennonite history and genealogy; holdings also include rare and other unusual Mennonite-related books.

Kansas

Kauffman Museum, Bethel College, N. Main & 27th, North Newton (316-283-1612). Mon.-Fri. 9:30-4:30, Sat.-Sun. 1:30-4:30; closed major holidays. Admission: adults \$2, children and youth 6-16 \$1, group rates available. Cultural, natural history of Central Plains with focus on Mennonites; restored 19th-century homesteader's cabin, farmstead with house, barn. • "West Africa: Powerful Patterns," object and textile collection of Kathryn Kreider, through Jan. 31. •

Mennonite Heritage Museum, Highway K-15 & Main, Goessel (316-367-8200). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; Sept.-Dec., Mar.-May: Tues.-Sat. 1-4. Admission: adults \$2, children 12 and under \$1, large groups please call ahead for appointment. Artifacts from early households, farms, schools, churches; restored historic buildings; Turkey Red Wheat Palace.

Pioneer Adobe House Museum, U.S. Highway 56 & Ash, Hillsboro (316-947-3775). Mar.-Dec.: Tues.-Sat. 9-12, 2-5, Sun. and holidays 2-5. Admission: free. Restored Dutch-German Mennonite immigrant adobe house, barn, shed; displays on adobe house culture 1847-1890, Turkey Red wheat, Hillsboro history.

Warkentin House, 211 E. First St., Newton (316-283-0136 or 283-7555). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 1-4:30; Sept.-May: Fri.-Sun. 1-4:30. Admission: adults \$2. Sixteen-room Victorian home, built 1886 for Bernhard Warkentin, who was instrumental in bringing Turkey Red wheat, as well as Mennonite settlers, to Kansas from Russia.

Maryland

Penn Alps, National Road (Alt. Rt. 40), Grantsville (301-895-5985). Memorial Day-mid-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8; mid-

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• **More than 150 artists**, including writers, musicians, painters and others, attended the founding meeting of the Association of Mennonites in the Arts, held August 5 at Normal, Illinois. **Rod Sawatsky**, president of Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario, challenged the artists to be a "prophetic voice" in their churches and communities. The goals of the organization include mutual support among artists, communication of artists' concerns, development of artists and the arts in Mennonite communities, and "the recognition of all artists, whether professional or amateur, experienced or beginning, part-time or full-time, old or young." The meeting was convened by **Philip K. Clemens**, associate minister of College Mennonite Church, Goshen, Indiana.

• "Visions of Shalom: Mennonite Artists and the Way of Peace" was the title of an exhibit by some two dozen visual artists at the Normal 89 convention of the Mennonite Church and General Conference Mennonite Church this past August. Additional showings of the exhibit are planned. Twenty-nine works from the show are available for purchase through a sealed-bid auction. After August 1990, the bids will be opened and the works sold to the highest bidder. Proceeds will benefit the educational outreach ministry of the Lombard Mennonite Peace Center, Lombard, Illinois.



FQ/Dawn J. Ranch



FQ/Dawn J. Ranch

• **Mike King** of Cochranville, Pennsylvania, won a silver medal and a bronze medal in an international wheelchair meet in London, England, in July. King was a member of a U.S. relay team that finished second in the 4 × 100 meter event, and he placed third in the 400-meter race. King, who lost the use of his legs in a motorcycle

crash 11 years ago, also competed in the 200 meters, 800 meters and 1500 meters. His performance at the meet earned him a place on the U.S. "B" team, and he will compete this coming February for a spot on the "A" team. His competition schedule for this fall included marathons in Montreal and Oita, Japan.

• "Rural Stewardship—Regaining a Reverence for the Land" is the theme of a conference planned for November 17-19 in McPherson, Kansas. The **Heartland Faith and Farming II** conference is sponsored by Mennonite Central Committee Central States Rural Issues. Congressman Dan Glickman of Kansas and **FQ columnist Katie Funk Wiebe** are among the scheduled speakers.

• **Some 25 antique Amish quilts** from the **Rebecca Haarer** collection were exhibited from September 1 to October 8 at the Midwest Museum of American Art in Elkhart, Indiana. The exhibit featured Elkhart County and LaGrange County quilts made between 1880 and 1945. The Midwest Museum, the Mennonite-Amish Museum Committee at Goshen College and the Indiana Arts Commission sponsored the show.

• The Mennonite-Amish Museum Committee at Goshen has acquired a **small walnut blanket chest** associated with the Wadsworth (Ohio) Institute and two early leaders of the General Conference Mennonite Church. The Wadsworth Institute, which operated from 1868-1878, was the first venture in higher education sponsored by Mennonites in the United States. According to committee chair **Ervin Beck**, the blanket chest appears to be one of the few artifacts other than papers and the Institute's bell that remain from the school. Pasted on the inside lid of the chest is a report card for Abraham J. Moser, who became a schoolteacher, writer and editor. The card is signed by Christian Schwalter, who was the first principal of the Institute and one of the founders of the General Conference church.

• **Stephanie Martin** of Toronto has been chosen to compose a folk opera to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Laurelville Mennonite Church Center in Pennsylvania. Martin teaches at the University of Toronto and Conrad Grebel College. **Phil Johnson Ruth** of Harleysville, Pennsylvania, is writing the libretto. The opera will premiere at Laurelville in 1993, the anniversary year.

• **Sybout van der Meer** of Haarlem, the Netherlands, was international guest pastor at Akron Mennonite Church in Pennsylvania for six weeks this past summer. Van der Meer is one of four pastors at Haarlem Mennonite Church. His assignments in Akron included two sermons, a public address on "The Church and Secularism in Europe," leadership of Sunday school sessions on Mennonite life and mis-

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Vision 95 or Fission 95?

by Emerson L. Leshner

Since everybody (and anybody) has given an opinion on Vision 95, it's time for me to do the same. In case you're not a Mennonite Church member—or if you have cancelled your subscription to all that denomination's periodicals and have been out among the "English" for the past five years—Vision 95 is a program of the Mennonite Church for growth. It includes specific goals for increased membership, congregations, contributions and missionaries.

In general I support the idea of church growth (both qualitative and quantitative). However, there are two issues which, to my knowledge, have not been addressed in relationship to Vision 95. My two concerns related to Vision 95 are: (1) that

Many Mennonites
are embarrassed by
their congregations,
and their children
are going out the
back door as fast
as new Mennonites
are coming in.

Mennonites are embarrassed by and about their congregations, and (2) that the children of Mennonites are going out the back door as fast or faster than non-ethnic Mennonites are coming in the front door. While I have listed these two issues as separate concerns, they are not unrelated.

While not all Mennonites are embarrassed with regard to their congregation, I believe that a significant number are. By embarrassed, I mean that many Mennonites wouldn't want to be seen in public with their congregation. They are embarrassed about the building and facilities, worship services, Sunday school lessons, coffee, sermons, children's programs, singing (well, maybe not singing) and ethnocentrism. (Have I missed anything?)

My impression is that a significant number of Mennonites don't enjoy the congregation they are part of; they are not excited about and by congregational life.

A significant group of Mennonites are not sure why they still go to church when they are embarrassed to invite their friends (Mennonite and non-Mennonite). They are embarrassed to invite others like themselves, yet continue to be part of an embarrassing situation. Recently, a Men-

nonite couple moved to a new community and inquired about a local Mennonite church. They were told by a member of the congregation, "You probably wouldn't want to come to our church, not much is happening." Yet the person who made the statement continues to attend, even though this individual wouldn't expect or encourage others to attend. While some of the Mennonites who are embarrassed are also pleased (proud) of their congregation, it would seem that before Vision 95 can be effective we must decrease the level of this embarrassment.

My second concern about Vision 95 is that we have not adequately dealt with Mennonite children who have left and who are leaving by the back door. I am not opposed to new (non-ethnic) persons joining the Mennonite Church. However, what I find interesting is that at times it seems easier for us to recruit and welcome persons from outside the church than to focus on persons who have been associated with or members of the Mennonite Church. In certain ways we have been more willing to adapt and change for new members than for our own children. Again, I am not opposed to new persons, but if we can't handle the differences, needs, immaturity and pluralism of our own children, why do we think we will be able to handle the differences, needs, immaturity and pluralism of new people?

To use a family metaphor, it seems we are more willing to adapt for the adopted child than for the biological child. This, I believe, sets up some unfortunate dynamics among the biological and adopted children and the parents. In this situation the biological child often becomes embittered and feels rejected, the adopted child may feel guilty, pampered and insecure (who knows when another favorite child will come along?), and the parent loses the trust and confidence of both children. As a result, the family may fall apart.

Until we can close the back door, both the biological and eventually adopted children will probably continue to leave. It seems we need more discussion on how to close the back door than on how to widen the one in front.



Emerson L. Leshner is excited and embarrassed by his congregation. However, he is well aware that his congregation may be embarrassed rather than excited about him. He is director of older adult services at Philhaven Hospital.

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Oct.—May: Mon.—Thurs. 11–7, Fri. 11–8, Sat. 9–8. Situated between a still-functional 1797 grist mill and a nationally-renowned 1813 stone arch bridge. Working craftspeople (summer only), restored historic buildings.

Ontario

Brubacher House, c/o University of Waterloo, Waterloo (519-886-3855). May–Oct.: Wed.–Sat. 2–5; other times by appointment. Restoration and refurbishing of Mennonite home of 1850–90, slide-tape presentations of Mennonite barnraising and settling of Waterloo County. Admission: \$1 per person, Sunday school classes \$.50 per person, under 12 free if accompanied by parent.

The Meetingplace, 33 King St., St. Jacobs (519-664-3518). May–Oct.: Mon.–Fri. 11–5, Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1:30–5; Nov.–Apr.: Sat. 11–4:30, Sun. 2–4:30. Feature-length film about Mennonites, by appointment. Admission: \$1.25 per person for groups making reservations; others by donation. A Mennonite interpretation center; 28-minute documentary film *Mennonites of Ontario*.

Pennsylvania

Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 388). Mon.–Fri. 8–5, Sat.–Sun. by appointment. Admission: free. Collection of artifacts; e.g., plain clothing, church furniture, love feast utensils, Bibles.

Germantown Mennonite Information Center, 6135 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia (215-843-0943). Tues.–Sat. 10–4, Sun. for groups by appointment. Admission: donation. Meeting-house and artifacts related to the Germantown Mennonite community, oldest in America. Also available for tours: Johnson House, 18th-century Quaker home in Germantown; 1707 house of William Rittenhouse, first Mennonite minister in America and responsible for first paper mill in colonies. "Images—The Germantown Mennonite Meetinghouse," continuously-building exhibit of photos, sketches, paintings, other depictions of Germantown church.

Historical Center, HCR 63, Richfield (717-694-3211). Tues. 7–9 p.m., Sat. 9–4. Admission: free. Family Bibles, fraktur, tools, clocks of Juniata County Mennonites; archives and books.

Mennonite Heritage Center, 24 Main St., Souderton (215-723-1700). Wed.–Sat. 10–4, Sun. 2–4. Admission: free. Exhibits reflecting experiences from nearly three centuries of Mennonite life in southeast PA, symbolized in art, artifacts, literature, documents.

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Of Uncles, Aunts and Nieces

by Jewel Showalter

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sion in Europe and contacts at Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Mennonite Central Committee.

- A 12-voice choir from the Espelkamp Mennonite Church in West Germany visited 20 churches in western Canada this past June and July. The singers represented Umsiedler churches in West Germany—churches organized 10 years ago when a heavy influx of emigrants from the Soviet Union began.

- Construction of a permanent home for the Mennonite Historical Society of British Columbia is scheduled to be completed this fall. The museum, which will house some 1,000 artifacts, is designed to resemble an old East Prussian barn. A restaurant serving ethnic foods is planned for later, along with an old-style farmyard and feed shed. The new facilities are located three miles west of Chilliwack. The museum, which promotes Mennonite heritage from early Anabaptism to the present, had been housed at the Clearbrook Community Centre.

- Original music compositions by two professors at Conrad Grebel College premiered earlier this year. Leonard Enns was commissioned by the Kitchener-Waterloo Renaissance Singers, with support from the Ontario Arts Council, to compose a choral work especially for a tour of England. He composed *The Sun Beames of Thy Face*, a paraphrase of Psalm 105:1–5 using text by Mary Counters (1561–1621) of Pembroke, England. The piece premiered in Waterloo this past May. Carol Weaver's *Algonquin Dawn* was commissioned by New Music Series in Waterloo. The piece creates musical references to the sounds, moods and spirits which inhabit the northern Ontario wilderness. The third in a trilogy of "Algonquin" pieces by Weaver, it was performed in June on a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation radio show.

- The Christian rock group Life Forever began a five-month tour in August that was scheduled to include performances in 21 states and five Canadian provinces. Group members Steve and Russ Friesen, Byron Funk and Carson Richert began singing together more than six years ago at Community Bible Church, a Mennonite Brethren congregation in Olathe, Kansas.

- The church building thought to be the oldest Mennonite Brethren meeting-house in North America has been moved to a new location. Originally located on a farmstead southwest of Hillsboro, Kansas, the church has been relocated on a new foundation at Tabor College. Built in 1893, the one-room structure was the first meeting place for the Hillsboro Mennonite Brethren Church. After the building is restored, the Center for MB Studies at Tabor plans to use it for a variety of church, school and community activities.

I spent many of my childhood years hundreds of miles away from extended family members. No grandparents, aunts or uncles ever made the long trek to my childhood home in Ethiopia, except Aunt Rhoda, who was a missionary herself in neighboring Tanzania. But I had members of the mission team, such as Uncle Paul and Aunt Ann, Uncle P.T. and Aunt Daisy, Uncle Nathan and Aunt Arlene, who helped to fill the need for other significant adults in my life.

I remember one day as a child of about eight or nine, I walked down a sunny lane in the woods, wondering what would happen to me if my parents died. I fantasized about different adults I knew and decided who I would or wouldn't like to care for me should such a tragedy occur. There was a whole pool of names for me to draw from. No one, of course, could take the place of my parents, the nicest, strongest, richest, smartest people in the world! But there were others I knew, loved and trusted. I didn't know how rich I was.

When I returned to the United States at the age of 14, I enjoyed becoming acquainted with my parents' brothers and sisters and their spouses, my real uncles and aunts. Still, there continued to be significant unrelated adults in my life—parents of my friends, teachers, persons like Landis and Ruth Hershey, who offered to make a home for my two sisters and me when my parents returned to Ethiopia for a three-year term during my last years of high school and my first year of college.

In the years since, I've met many lonely people, people without the richness of family and faith community I have known. And I've wanted to do what I could to draw others into that community of faith that gives us "houses or brothers or sisters or fathers or mothers or children or fields" when we seek first his kingdom. In addition, I've wanted to make sure my own children know the richness and security of other adult friends.

Last night one of our children came into our room, unable to sleep. "I'm worried that when I wake up you won't be here," he said. So rather than sleep in the room right across the hall, he brought a sleeping bag and curled up beside our bed.

Why should he be feeling so insecure? I wondered to myself as I drifted off to sleep again. Then I remembered my own childhood and adulthood. We do need each other.

I want to be there for those who need me. First, my own family, then other children and adults. But how can we develop

those deep bonds that enable us to love and trust one another?

I believe one way for children and adults outside of the same family to build connections with one another is to spend time in each other's homes without the presence of the parents.

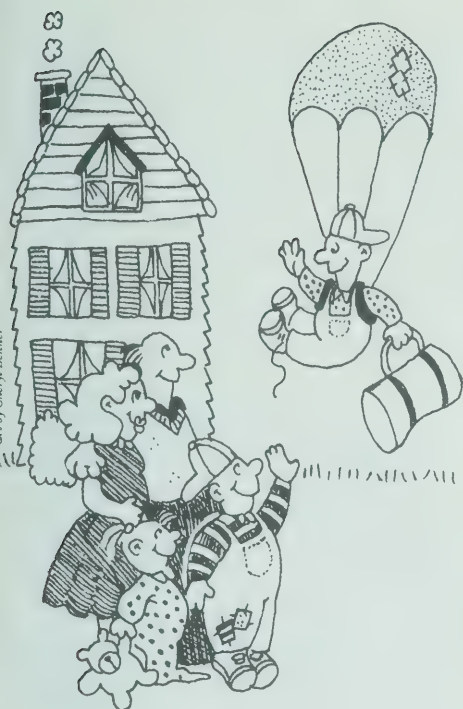
When I was first introduced to some of my husband's uncles and aunts, I noticed an unusually close bond between him and them. They seemed to have an almost parental interest in and love for him. I commented about this and learned that from the ages of six to 13, Richard used to spend summers in Delaware, helping with farm work. During those months he was completely separated from his parents, who were in mission work in a remote section of eastern Kentucky.

Such separations did not produce insecurity, but broadened the base of commitment, caring adults in his life. They had shared memories to laugh about—like the time Richard and his brother caught two pigeons in the barn. They'd heard that pigeon meat was good to eat, so with the help of their aunt, they butchered the pigeons and lovingly mailed the prize catch to the family in Kentucky. Several days later, the postmaster on Gays Creek called the Showalter parents and asked them to please come and pick up their parcel immediately. The stench of rotting meat made delivery or consumption impossible!

Then there were those days driving tractor, harvesting lima beans or baling straw, followed occasionally by trips to the beach. His uncles and aunts had invested time and energy in his life; now they wanted to keep an eye on their investment!

Last year we were looking for ways to help provide companionship for our son in our somewhat isolated overseas setting. We invited his cousin to spend a month with us in Cyprus. The time was extremely beneficial for both boys, I'm quite sure. We feel a special closeness to Jason, as does our son. And Jason, a very responsible boy, the oldest of four children, was able to relax from his usual household chores and experience a very different kind of life in the Middle East.

Last year when my husband and I traveled to Ecuador to help lead a retreat for missionaries there, our son Matthew spent several weeks with Jason, helping in the construction of their family's new home. The bond of friendship with both Jason and his parents is growing stronger. At the same time, our daughter spent a month visiting her cousin who lives on an Indian reservation in Sandy Lake, Ontario.



I want to keep on fostering those friendships and bonds, caring for other people's children and having our children spend short or extended periods of time in the homes of others—adults who share our faith and commitment but can enhance our children's experiences by showing them other settings and personal gifts and strengths.

One of Rhoda's aunts introduced her to cross stitch (definitely not my forte). Matthew's uncle passed on carpentry skills as he and our son built a house together. Chad is getting tips on guitar playing from yet another uncle.

Let's not be afraid to give up our children to the care of other loving adults. Let's not be afraid to open our arms to other children. Any seeming intrusion, inconvenience or lack of privacy we suffer will be more than recompensed by the wealth of friendships that develop. "Give and it shall be given unto you!"



Jewel Showalter lives in Mechanicsburg, Ohio, with her husband and three teenage children. She works part time in information services at nearby Rosedale Mennonite Missions and participates in the life of Rosedale Bible Institute, where her husband is president.

continued from page 23

Mennonite Historical Library and Archives of Eastern Pennsylvania, Grebel Hall, Christopher Dock High School, 1000 Forty Foot Road, Lansdale (215-362-0304). Wed.—Thurs. 10–4, evenings and other times by appointment. Collection includes genealogical and local history resources, 16th & 17th century Bibles and rare books, 19th & 20th century personal collections, church records dating from 18th century.

Mennonite Information Center, 2209 Millstream Rd., Lancaster 17602 (717-299-0954). Open 8–5 daily except Sundays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Admission: varying. Film, *A Morning Song*; guided tours of Lancaster County; Hebrew Tabernacle Reproduction.

The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9–5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: varying. Amish and Mennonite information and heritage center; 3-screen documentary *Who Are the Amish?*; hands-on museum, Amish World, including Henry Lapp, Aaron Zook folk art collections; full-length feature film, *Hazel's People* (May–Oct. only). • *Christmas at the People's Place*, Dec. 8–9 and 15–16.

The People's Place Quilt Museum, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9–5 daily except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: \$3 adults, \$1.50 children. Antique Amish quilts and crib quilts; small collection of dolls, socks, mittens, samplers and miniature wood pieces.



1719 Hans Herr House, 1849 Hans Herr Dr., Willow Street (717-464-4438). Apr.–Dec.: Mon.–Sat. 9–4, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas; Jan.–Mar. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2.50, children 7–12 \$1, children under 7 free, group rates available. Restoration and refurbishing of oldest building in Lancaster County; "Lancaster Mennonite Rural Life Collection." • *Christmas Candlelight Tours*, Dec. 1–2, adults \$3, children 7–12 \$1.

South Dakota

Heritage Hall Museum and Archives, 748 S. Main, Freeman (605-925-4237). May–Oct.: Sun. 2–4; Nov.–April by appointment. Admission: adults \$1.50, \$1.50 Grade 7–12; Grade 6 and under free. Cultural artifacts; South Dakota natural history; historic church, school and pioneer home with functional Russian oven. Archives on Mennonite history with emphasis on Hutterite colonies.

GALLERIES

Indiana

Goshen College Art Gallery, Good Library, Goshen College, Goshen (219-533-3161). Jan.–June, Sept.–Dec.: Mon.–Sat. 8–5, Tues. 8 a.m.–10 p.m., Sun. 1–5; July: weekdays only 9–5; closed Aug., holidays. Admission: free. • *Photography*, Greg Ebersole, Nov. 5–22. • *Senior Exhibition*, Dec. 3–14. • "Main Dish and Condiments," jewelry, sculpture, drawings and other works, Kristin Diener, Jan. 8–28.

Mennonite Mutual Aid Gallery, 1110 N. Main (SR 15N), Goshen (219-533-9511). Admission: free.

Kansas

Bethel College Fine Arts Center Gallery, Bethel College, North Newton (316-283-2500). Sept.–May: Mon.–Fri. 9–5, Sun. 2–4. Admission: free.

Hesston College Gallery, Hesston College, Hesston (316-327-8164). Feb.–May, Sept.–Dec.: Mon.–Fri. 9–5, Sat. 11–5, Sun. 2–5. Admission: free.

Ohio

Kaufman Gallery, Main St., Berlin (216-893-2842). Apr.–Dec.: 1–5 p.m. Admission: free. Works of contemporary Mennonite artists and Amish folk art.

Marbeck Center Gallery Lounge, Bluffton College, Bluffton (419-358-8015). Daily 8 a.m.–11 p.m. Admission: free.

Pennsylvania

Aughinbaugh Art Gallery, Climenhaga Fine Arts Center, Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 276). Mid-Sept.–early May: Mon.–Thurs. 9–4, Fri. 9–9, Sat.–Sun. 2–5. Admission: free.

The People's Place Gallery, The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9–5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: free. • "Visions of Shalom," works about peace by Mennonite artists, Nov. 10–Jan. 6. • *Art '89 seminar*, featuring "Visions of Shalom" and Eva Beidler, Nov. 10–11. • *Drawings and sculptures*, Jewell Gross Brenneman, opens Jan. 11.

Virginia

Eastern Mennonite College Gallery, EMC, Harrisonburg (703-433-2771). Sept.–Apr.: Mon.–Thurs. 7:45 a.m.–11 p.m., Fri. 7:45–5, Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5. Admission: free.

If you know of additional museums and galleries displaying work by or about Mennonites and related peoples, please send information to **Festival Quarterly**, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

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Normal, Illinois, became a gathering place for Mennonites this past summer for our Mennonite Church/General Conference Mennonite Church assembly. It was exciting, it was exhausting! I attended as a delegate from the Indiana-Michigan Conference (MC).

The event was well orchestrated. Like fiddlers at a folk gathering, presiding officers kept the proceedings moving, whether the issue was war taxes, the pro-

Vision 95 has taken second place to the proposed merger. But our major agenda item should be the people knocking at the doors of our churches.

posed MC-GC merger or the parade of agency reports. The advise and consent atmosphere helped to keep the participants in tune.

To me and many others present, it seemed clear that Vision 95 has lost its momentum and has taken second place to the proposed merger. Mozart, it has been said, is the only composer who could create two musical masterpieces at the same time; I have my doubts that our denomination can gracefully handle both the 10-year goals and integration with the GCs.

The merger is a family affair for the sons and daughters of Menno, but the major agenda item should be how to incorporate those knocking at the door of our congregations—or does anyone want to come in? I still hear the echo of Hubert Brown's sermon—"Will you help me in serving others in the name of Jesus?" There was plenty of substance in his sermon.

With a combination of charisma and technology—a cordless microphone—Hubert roamed through the audience. That was a first! Other preachers took traditional approaches. But let's be frank—the Mennonite pulpit is suffering. Expository preaching is becoming a rare commodity in assemblies and conferences. Unless preachers put fire on the pulpit, people will not remove their sandals and walk barefoot to the altar. *¿Qué pasa?*

What is going on? People are finding it very hard to respond to generic preaching.

Morning devotions at the assembly were provided by minority groups such as Native Americans, Orientals, Hispanics and blacks. They spoke of their faith in confessional terms; Jesus has saved them, and they were compelled to witness to that event. Faith testimonials of other Mennonites tend to be propositional and less experiential. These speak of Jesus' lordship and being stewards of the Christian faith or the Anabaptist heritage.

Are these different tracks? No, but there is a difference in time. Jesus as savior also becomes Lord, but it confuses if we alter the order. I heard from those early-morning testimonies that new believers have not lost nerve on the perception of Jesus. John 3:16 is still part of the stock of new and emerging Mennonite congregations.

A place to relax at the assembly and chat with friends was the exhibit area, where church program boards and agencies jockeyed for visibility. For two hours, I manned the Goshen College stand. Were the exhibitors a modern version of the merchants of the temple? I am not sure, but I would like to see Mennonites use their ingenuity to create displays at fairs, commercial exhibits and malls, and to be a presence in the marketplace. Yes, we have good products and they should be exposed where there is plenty of foot traffic of unchurched people.

The meal table at Normal was a place to leave behind agendas. Meals were a time to talk with friends, former missionaries, ex-voluntary service workers, former classmates and present co-workers. That spells "family" for me. It is integration and, in a sense, assimilation of each other! It is the tearing down of barriers in the style of the book of Acts.

I look forward to seeing this process continue at the 1991 assembly in Eugene, Oregon. At Normal, minorities surfaced in the pulpit area. Will they also get space at the decision-making tables? Let's hope for nothing less!



José Ortiz, Goshen, Indiana, heads the Hispanic Ministries department at Goshen College.

• A sampler of selections from a new Anabaptist hymnal was introduced at the Normal 89 convention of the Mennonite Church (MC) and General Conference Mennonite Church (GC) this past August. The **Hymnal Sampler** was edited by Mary Oyer (see the Winter/Spring 1989 issue of **Festival Quarterly**). In addition to the MC and GC groups, sponsoring denominations for the hymnal are the Church of the Brethren and the Churches of God, General Conference. Mennonite Brethren representatives also have attended planning meetings and contributed editorially. Completion of the hymnal is scheduled for 1992.



• Rebecca Slough has been named managing editor of the **joint hymnal committee**. Slough was reared in the Church of the Brethren and is currently a member of the Mennonite Church. She recently completed requirements for a doctorate in theology at Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California, with a concentration in worship studies.

• Along with limited participation in the Anabaptist hymnal project, Mennonite Brethren have begun work on a hymnal of their own. A seven-member commission met in August to begin a **revision of the Worship Hymnal** published in 1971. Clarence Hiebert of Hillsboro, Kansas, is chair of the committee.

• Yorifumi Yaguchi of Sapporo, Japan, is the editor of the new **Asia Mennonite Newsletter**. The semi-annual information bulletin in English is designed to enhance communication among churches scattered from India to Japan to Australia.

• **The New Quarterly** of the University of Waterloo in Ontario is planning a special issue on Canadian Mennonite writers for the spring of 1990. The periodical is interested in "writers nurtured in the Mennonite tradition whether or not that heritage is a prominent theme in their work." Previously unpublished poetry, short fiction and novel excerpts are invited. Material must be received by January 1, 1990. Submissions may be sent to Hildi Froese Tieszen c/o *The New Quarterly*, English Language Proficiency Program, University of Waterloo.

• In addition to its special issue, *The New Quarterly* is organizing a **conference on Mennonite writers** to be held May 10-13, 1990, at Conrad Grebel College. More information is available by writing to Conference on Mennonite Writers at the above address.

• The Central American Mennonite-Ana-

baptist Consultation (CAMCA) has distributed a **new hymnal** of songs submitted by Mennonite churches in the region. Compiling the hymnal has been a major CAMCA project of the past two years. The collection attempts to concentrate on songs with a Latin rhythm and lyrics consistent with biblical, Anabaptist faith.

• Tom Mireau is the author of a textbook on behavior and academic classroom management for middle-level special education classes. Mireau, who teaches children with behavior disorders in Haysville, Kansas, wrote and published **Classroom Management for Learning and Behavior Disorder Programs in Middle Schools and Junior High Schools**. Mireau is a frequent guest lecturer at Kansas Newman College, Wichita, and Wichita State University.

• The Fall 1989 issue of **Direction**, a publication that speaks to current Mennonite Brethren concerns, will publish papers presented in August at Normal, Illinois. The Spring 1990 issue will look at the family. Elmer Martens of Mennonite Brethren Biblical Seminary, the first editor of *Direction*, resumes the post filled by Allen Guenther for the past eight years. Tim Gedder is managing editor.

• Dale Aukerman's 1981 biblical study on nuclear war, **Darkening Valley**, has been reissued by Herald Press as part of its Christian Peace Shelf series. The book was originally published by Seabury Press.

• **My Very Own Picture Book** by Marvin Bartel is designed to encourage interaction between children and older adults. It can be purchased from the Inter-Mennonite Council on Aging, P.O. Box 1245, Elkhart, Indiana.

• **A Technical Manual for Church Planting** is available from Mennonite Board of Missions, Elkhart, Indiana, and the Commission on Home Ministries, Newton, Kansas. The manual outlines the initial organizational process for a new church, including incorporation, tax exemption and leasing property. The 81-page resource addresses both the U.S. and Canadian contexts.

• **Neighbors Near and Far: Native Peoples in North America** is the title of a 13-session curriculum adaptable for either children or adults. Lessons focus on the Oklahoma, Cheyenne, Arapaho, Northern Cheyenne, Hopi, Metis, Cree and Salteaux tribes. Previous curricula in the Neighbors series have focused on Hispanic, black, African and Asian peoples. More information is available from the Commission on Home Ministries of the General Conference Mennonite Church or the Resource Centre of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada.

• Daniel Schipani, professor of Christian education and personality at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana, is the editor of **Freedom and Discipleship: Liberation Theology in an Anabaptist Perspective**. In the book, Anabaptist-Mennonite theologians give an appraisal of liberation theology with responses by Protestant liberation theologians.

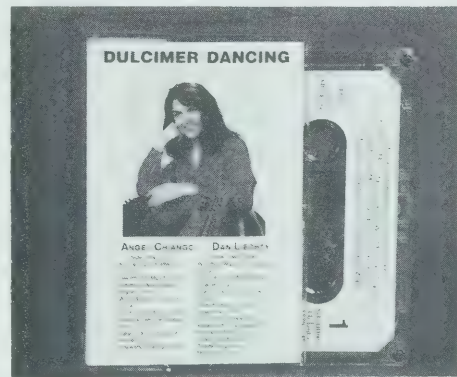
• J. Lawrence Burkholder's 1958 doctoral dissertation has been published by the Institute of Mennonite Studies at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries. Titled **The Problem**

of **Social Responsibility from the Perspective of the Mennonite Church**, the dissertation was considered too controversial for publication when it was written.

• William Neufeld is the author of **From Faith to Faith: The History of the Manitoba Mennonite Brethren Church**. The book is published by Kindred Press and distributed by Herald Press.

• **Two church history timelines** and other materials are available on paper or diskette from Charlie Kraybill, Schwarm Press, 135 Corson Ave., Staten Island, NY 10301. A "Timeline of Counterculture Groups" traces religious and world events from A.D. 6 to 1660, while another timeline compares "Violent Action versus Non-Violent Action from 1502 through 1536." Both timelines give special attention to the 16th century Anabaptists.

• Angel Chiang and Dan Liechty of Philadelphia and Dan Liechty of Hammonton, New Jersey, have released a cassette album of folk and bluegrass music. Titled **Dulcimer Dancing**, the 52-minute release features hammer dulcimer playing by Chiang and guitar and occasional vocals by Liechty. The album is available from Chi Music Productions, P.O. Box 4101, Philadelphia, PA 19127-0013.



• A 28-minute video biography tells the story of Clayton Kratz, a Mennonite college student from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, who disappeared in the Soviet Union in 1920. At the time, Kratz was doing relief work with the newly-formed Mennonite Central Committee. Titled **Clayton Kratz: Can We Depend on You?**, the video was created by John and Jay Ruth. It was commissioned by the Clayton Kratz Fellowship, a Bucks-Montgomery County group which awards college scholarships and is a chapter of Mennonite Economic Development Associates.

• An audio version of the book **Journey Towards Holiness** by Alan Kreider is being distributed jointly by Choice Books and Herald Press. Kreider and his wife, Eleanor, have been Mennonite workers in London since 1974.

• **Our Family Can Be Your Family** is the title of a new 30-minute video for people who know little about Mennonites. It is available for sale or rent from Mennonite Board of Missions Media Ministries. Also available from the same office is **The London Story, A Kingdom Frontier**, a video about Mennonite ministries in England.

On Fire for Christ,

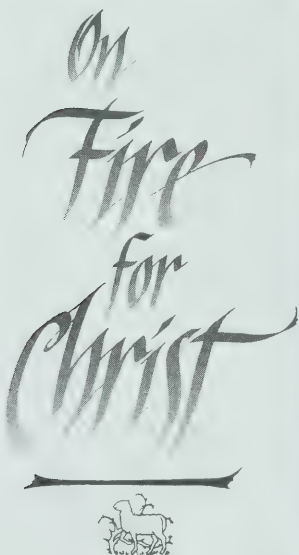
Dave and Neta Jackson. Herald Press, 1989.

184 pages, \$8.95.

Reviewed by Al Keim

A frustrating memory from my childhood is spending Sunday afternoons listening to my Amish father read from *The Martyrs Mirror*. When you are 12 years old and your friends are playing ball in the neighbor's cow pasture, martyr stories can't compete with the call of the outside.

Today I own seven copies of *The Martyrs Mirror*, three of them rare 18th century Ephrata editions. A lot of other people also have the book on their shelves; I'm



Stories of Anabaptist Martyrs
Dave and Neta Jackson

told that a thousand new copies are sold every year.

But owning a copy is one thing; reading it is another. In an age of 15-second sound bites, *The Martyrs Mirror* is too big and too slow for most people. The language gets in the way; Van Braght didn't write to entertain. Moreover, the stories are depressing.

The good guys always lose.

In *On Fire for Christ*, Dave and Neta Jackson have done a wonderful thing. They have retold 16th century stories in 20th century style.

The effort is not entirely successful. It is not easy to convey sentiments from the 1500s in modern language, and retaining some 16th century colloquialisms, as the Jacksons do, lends a kind of woodenness to some of the dialogue.

Still, the 15 stories read well. There is pathos, conflict, courage and drama.

As the Jacksons show, the characters—persecutors and persecuted—were driven true-believers. This was not suburban, garden-variety religious conflict. It was deadly. It involved principalities and powers. It was systemic violence very similar to that of the 20th century.

The victims insisted on faith commitments contrary to official ideology. The powers responded predictably.

The cost of Christian commitment in these stories is enormous. What is the cost today? I suspect that for most middle class Christians in North America it has to do with economics and personal security. Not life, but success and insulation are what we must sacrifice in order to follow Christ with singleness of purpose.

In addition to stories, *On Fire for Christ* includes an informative essay on *The Martyrs Mirror* and a set of discussion questions for each of the 15 accounts. The questions will help in the use of this book in Sunday school classes.

Also important is a section in which the authors explain how they modified each of the stories in the retelling. This lends authenticity to a very valuable book.

Al Keim is professor of history at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia, and chair of the Mennonite Church Historical Committee.

FQ price—\$7.16

(Regular price—8.95)

Christian Theology: An Eschatological Approach, Vol. II, Thomas N. Finger. Herald Press, 1989. 464 pages, \$29.95.

Reviewed by Helmut Harder

With the publication of volume II of *Christian Theology*, Thomas Finger completes his work in systematic theology. In the first volume, which appeared in 1985, he outlined his method and dealt with the lofty themes of revelation and Christology. The second volume is devoted mainly to those aspects of theology which focus on human experience. These include anthropology, justification and sanctification and the church. The volume closes with a treatment of Creation and the Trinity.

Several features, already evident in volume I, make this work unique. First, while writing as a Mennonite, Finger takes seriously a wide range of traditional and contemporary theologies, from Roman Catholic and Reformed to such voices as Rahner, Gutierrez and feminist theology.

Second, Finger uses the Bible in a principled way. The "gathering center" for his theology is the *kerygma* (preached message of the apostles) understood eschatologically (as fulfillment of past promise, as God's glory present and as the promise of future consummation). Within this framework, he wrestles creatively with selected biblical texts.

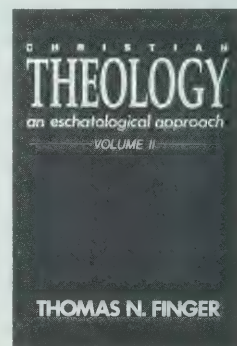
Third, Finger approaches theology with the conviction that it is possible and necessary to interface human reality and aspirations with divine revelation and relevance. With this conviction in mind, he makes a case for a believers church approach to the nature of Christian life.

This is by far the most extensive treatment of systematic theology written by a Mennonite. No doubt these two volumes will be considered a milestone in Mennonite theological contributions.

Helmut Harder is professor of theology at Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

FQ price—\$23.96

(Regular price—29.95)



Liars and Rascals: Mennonite Short Stories, edited by Hildi Froese Tiessen. University of Waterloo Press, 1989. 222 pages, \$14.00 (Canadian or U.S.).

Reviewed by Levi Miller

The Mennonite voice in fiction has found a vigorous and sustained expression during the last two decades in the writers of western Canada. Most of the writers in this collection of stories come out of this cultural context. They range in style and context from Armin Wiebe's Plautdietsch folk community to the surrealistic world of Andreas Schroeder's "The Roller Rink."

Generally, the title of a collection such as this may not be important, but it seems to me that Hildi Froese Tiessen's selection of "liars and rascals" may be especially appropriate to the self-understanding of many of these writers. Their tone is one of anger. They feel intense alienation from their religious community.

This conflict is perhaps most vividly expressed in the engaging and disturbing story by Sandra Birdsell, "The Day My Grandfather Died." The narrator, an angry teenager, says: "Being Mennonite was like having acne. It was shameful, dreary. No one invited you out" (page 152).

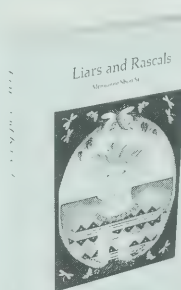
Her grandfather later responds: "I'm sorry for you, then. Because you become their slave when you let them make you angry." His traditional *gelassenheit*, or yieldedness, is pessimistic about changing people and stands in stark contrast to the impatient modern and angry youth.

On one level, these stories give authentic voice to this yielded Christian community with its impatient "rascals," and a few writers such as David Waltner-Toews have even found a pained humor or grace in the interchange. On another level, many of these stories are simply a good read.

Levi Miller, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, is program director of Laurelville Mennonite Church Center and author of the novel *Ben's Wayne*.

FQ price—\$11.90

(Regular price—14.00)



Presence and Power, Harold E. Bauman. Herald Press, 1989. 128 pages, \$7.95.

Reviewed by Marcia A. Yoder-Schrock

In *Presence and Power*, Harold Bauman looks at a variety of perspectives regarding the presence and work of the Holy Spirit in the lives of Christian believers. The book begins with a discussion of the biblical basis for the presence and work of the Spirit. After dealing with a variety of experiences of receiving the Holy Spirit, both in the New Testament and in people's experience today, the author gives a range of views concerning the baptism of the Spirit. Regardless of one's viewpoint, he says, the real test of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the life of an individual or a congregation is the presence of self-giving love.

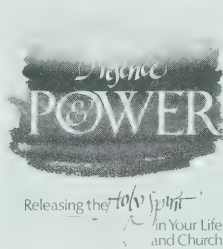
Perhaps the greatest strength of the book is the author's ability to build bridges of understanding between "charismatics" and other Christians. He nudges people and congregations toward growth, openness and consideration on both sides. The author urges churches, in both their worship and fellowship, to "seek a balance of emphasis on the rational with its focus on words and ideas and on the experiential with its focus on emotions and response."

Although both the Evangelical and Pentecostal views of Spirit baptism are given, it is refreshing and encouraging to read a believers church perspective. This view might have been strengthened with the mention of specific 16th century Anabaptists such as Dirk Philips or Pilgram Marpeck and their views on the presence and work of the Holy Spirit. Still, this book can be readily used by pastors, teachers and others within the congregation.

Marcia A. Yoder-Schrock is pastor of Hively Avenue Mennonite Church in Elkhart, Indiana.

FQ price—\$6.36

(Regular price—7.95)



HAROLD E. BAUMAN

The Illuminating Icon, Anthony Ugolnik. Eerdmans, 1989. 276 pages, \$18.95.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

This past summer Mikhail Gorbachev responded to a journalist's question in Paris this way: "I was baptized. I was christened, and I think this is quite normal."

Last year, 1988, was the thousandth anniversary of Christianity in Russia. The government and several churches cooperated in a variety of celebrations.

A current Soviet hard-rock group includes in its repertoire an ode to "the modern churches of Russia/. . . In their timbers beats a heart, lies a faith."

If you want to understand the significance of these evidences of Christianity in the USSR, there is no better place to begin than with this unusually good book, *The Illuminating Icon*.

Anthony Ugolnik is an American of Russian ancestry. He teaches English at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and will be teaching this school year at the Orthodox Theological Academy in Leningrad.

Ugolnik uses the icon—image—to develop his interpretation of Orthodoxy in contrast to the verbal, book-oriented epistemology of the West. He also discusses the nature of secularity East and West, the Trinity as the Divine modeling of community and, of course, the delicate issue of the church relating to society and culture.

The vibrancy of the author's personality and faith, and his willingness to include personal anecdotes as well as reflections on contemporary events, help to make this a highly readable book. Mennonite readers will not only note references to some of Ugolnik's friends, but will gain a rich perspective for the cultural and religious context of those of us who have Russia in our past.

John A. Lapp is executive secretary of Mennonite Central Committee.

FQ price—\$15.16

(Regular price—18.95)



The Groacher File, Kenneth L. Gible. LuraMedia, 1988. 143 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Vern Rempel

Here is an effective sequel to *The Screw-tape Letters* by C.S. Lewis. But this time, the demons communicate by memos that mysteriously appear as files on the screen of Kenneth Gible's new computer.

The files consist of correspondence to, from and about a hapless lower demon named Pharnum Groacher. With the first file, Groacher has graduated from the Brimstone Training School and is embarking on a career in temptation.

But Groacher is not very good at evil. He tends especially to focus on surface appearances rather than the big picture.

So it is with Mark, a college sophomore he tries to tempt. When Groacher arrives, Mark is a searching student, questioning conventional solutions to human problems. Groacher is pleased. This is the road to atheism!

But Mark turns toward a comfortable, married, churchgoing life, working for his father, who is a small-time defense contractor. Groacher is in remorse. His supervisor is not. For his success, Groacher is promoted.

As it turns out, of course, the promotion is cynically motivated. The bureaucracy of hell, reflected in the files, is all too familiar. So are the many organizations in which Groacher lands, from "People United for Peace," a group big on self-promotion and small on peace, to "Harvest," a church-growth committee that believes bigger is always better.

Using inverted prose in which God is called "the Adversary," Gible has provided a parable-like commentary on the many faces of evil in church and society. Occasionally, an issue discussion seems a bit didactic and does not flow smoothly from the plot. But I found the book consistently thoughtful and felt the truth of the parable. You may too.

Vern Rempel is pastor of Community Mennonite Church of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

FQ price — \$7.96

(Regular price — 9.95)



Balthasar Hubmaier: Theologian of Anabaptism, trans. and ed. H. Wayne Pipkin and John H. Yoder. Herald Press, 1989. 496 pages, \$39.95.

Reviewed by Walter Klaassen

The editors and Herald Press are to be congratulated for presenting this excellent translation of the writings of Balthasar Hubmaier. While there was an earlier, inferior, translation, it was available only on microfilm.

Hubmaier was the only early Anabaptist leader who had formal theological training including a doctor's degree. This contributes to the clarity and conciseness of his writing, and also made the translating relatively easy. This translation was based on the critical German edition of 1962.

Hubmaier is best known for his clear exposition of the case for baptism of believing adults. But he also defended religious liberty and joined the Reformation debate on the question of the human will. He prepared church orders for baptism and the Lord's Supper, wrote prayers to be used before and after meals, prepared a catechism for the instruction of new believers, and wrote on church discipline.

In his work "On the Sword," in which he rejected the nonresistance of the Swiss Brethren, he nevertheless argued that everyone who used the sword was personally responsible for how it was used. There could be no hiding behind superiors.

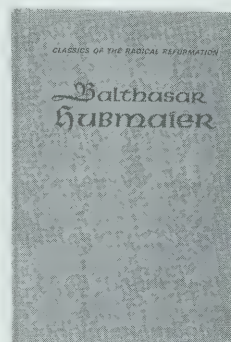
To help readers of this volume, the editors have added many explanatory notes. They have included a list of sources and secondary readings, indexes of scripture passages, names, places and subjects, and an excellent foldout map.

This book should be in every Mennonite church, college and secondary school library, along with the previous four volumes in the "Classics of the Radical Reformation" series.

Walter Klaassen, Vernon, British Columbia, is former chair of the history department at Conrad Grebel College.

FQ price — \$35.96

(Regular price — 39.95)



Letters to American Christians, John K. Stoner and Lois Barrett. Herald Press, 1989. 142 pages. \$6.95.

Reviewed by Sally Schreiner

In August 1980, MCC U.S. Peace Section Secretary John Stoner posed a memorable challenge to the Christian nuclear resistance movement in *Sojourners* magazine. He suggested the focus of their witness should be turned toward the church rather than the government.

Letters to American Christians provides a tool for such witness and dialogue between pacifist and non-pacifist sectors of the church. Through seven pastoral letters, Stoner invites American Christians to examine what the scriptures say about salvation from enemies, disarmament, social justice and spiritual renewal, conversion, Christian peacemaking, the environment and evangelism.

The principles he shares will not be new to believers from a Peace Church tradition. But he offers helpful application of what Jesus' command to love enemies means in the context of a prosperous, nuclear-armed society steeped in "humanistic anticommunism." He argues that God's saving power applies to a far wider sphere of life than personal sin and guilt. His thoughts on the transforming power of prayer offer a refreshing spiritual resource for peacemaking activity.

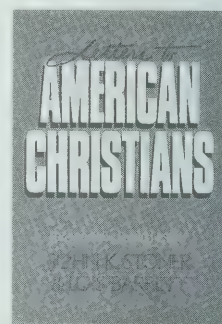
Originally written as separate tracts, the letters include some repetition of core ideas and subject matter. Lois Barrett's addition of a story or personal testimony to illustrate each letter adds welcome human interest and feeling-content to Stoner's more ideological discourse. Her suggestions for reflecting and acting at each letter's end make the book more usable for study groups.

Don't buy this book to sit on your shelf and gather dust. Share it with a friend. Use it to spark a mutual search for deeper conversion to the radical gospel of Jesus.

Sally Schreiner works at the Seminary Consortium for Urban Pastoral Education (SCUPE) in Chicago. She is a member of Reba Place Church.

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A Russian Bicentennial

by Peter J. Dyck

The blind Henry Ens had just finished singing a solo, one of his own compositions, when I noticed that the people in the first six or more rows of the Karaganda church were not singing with the rest of the congregation. Why not? I wondered. It was most unusual in a Baptist/Mennonite church in the Soviet Union to see all these tight-lipped people. "They can't sing," whispered my neighbor. "They have no song; they're not believers." The church members, we learned, had invited their friends and neighbors to the celebration of 200 years of Mennonites in Russia, given them the best seats in front, and taken seats themselves in the back or outside, listening to loudspeakers.

The Council of USSR Ministries had asked Elfrieda and me to represent North American Mennonites at these bicentennial celebrations. In 1789 the first pioneers from Prussia had settled in Zaporozhe, the Ukraine. By the sweat of their

ness) was not just a new word but a new reality.

So the atheist authorities sat on the platform with us in the open stadium, listening to the songs, sermons and altar call in an almost four-hour-long service. They watched the distribution of New Testaments (eight tons of Christian literature in Russian had been imported for the occasion from Germany) as if they were watching the downtown flow of traffic. I rubbed my eyes in utter amazement. More than 10,000 people stood out there in the heat, and hundreds came forward in response to the altar call. Most of them had never heard an educated person say that he believed in God and explain why.

But glasnost has done more than open the doors for evangelization; it has also opened the doors for emigration (see the Winter/Spring 1989 issue of *Festival Quarterly*). Many Mennonites are leaving. In one village, so many have gone already

others. To one such pastor I presented a copy of *The Martyrs' Mirror*. He pressed the oversized volume to his chest as if he wanted to draw strength and courage from it.

All of them, Mennonites and Baptists alike, want contact with the church in the West. When we told them about some of the Mennonite projects now being developed—wheelchairs for the Soviet Union and possibly a factory there to produce them; construction of a rehabilitation center and seven rural health clinics in earthquake-devastated Armenia; Mennonite Health Services visits and exchanges this fall; a Bible commentary on the Old Testament; and a visit to Moscow by Mary Raber of Mennonite Central Committee, in order to explore such projects as visitor exchanges (trainees) and a joint MCC project with Soviet and North American Christians somewhere in the Third World—they not only got excited but immediately asked how they could be involved too. "You speak about building bridges," one brother said. "Bridges are built by people working from both ends at the same time. How can we start to build from our side?"

It was an unforgettable trip. After 64 years Elfrieda was able to return to Donskoye, the village in which she was born and lived the first seven years of her life. I came close to my childhood community, Am Trakt, but there as in the Ukraine, the Mennonites are all gone. Few of the people there, living in our former houses, remember that Mennonites built them. But they all know that the first cosmonaut, Yuri Gagarin, who went into space on April 12, 1961, circled the earth in 1 hour, 48 minutes, and "landed in a predetermined spot" (about 10 miles from Lysanderhoh, the village in which I was born), announced that he had not seen God or angels up there in "heaven."

The atheist authorities sat on the platform with us in the stadium, listening to the songs, sermon and altar call. I rubbed my eyes in utter amazement.

brows and God's blessing, they had transformed the wilderness, if not into a paradise at least into the breadbasket of Russia. When communism came into the country in 1918, all that ended. Stalin's method of forcing the farmers of the Ukraine into collectivization was a deliberate holocaust. In the two years of 1932 and 1933, his reign of terror "liquidated" at least 5 million *kulaks* (productive farmers). The total killed during the purges of the 1930s is over 10 million. Many of the victims were Mennonites, though some survived and others were able to emigrate. The remnant were driven from their homes during World War II. Since then, there have been no Mennonites in the Ukraine.

"Why not celebrate 200 years of Mennonites in Russia?" asked people such as Viktor Fast, a Mennonite Brethren pastor in faraway Karaganda; a bleak coal-mining area that had once been a concentration camp. This past February, Mennonites applied to the Council for Religious Affairs in Moscow for permission to hold public meetings of thanksgiving in Zaporozhe on August 12 and 13, to invite foreign guests and to import Bibles and Christian literature. All three requests were granted. This demonstrated that glasnost (open-

ness) was not just a new word but a new reality. So the atheist authorities sat on the platform with us in the open stadium, listening to the songs, sermons and altar call in an almost four-hour-long service. They watched the distribution of New Testaments (eight tons of Christian literature in Russian had been imported for the occasion from Germany) as if they were watching the downtown flow of traffic. I rubbed my eyes in utter amazement. More than 10,000 people stood out there in the heat, and hundreds came forward in response to the altar call. Most of them had never heard an educated person say that he believed in God and explain why.

But glasnost has done more than open the doors for evangelization; it has also opened the doors for emigration (see the Winter/Spring 1989 issue of *Festival Quarterly*). Many Mennonites are leaving. In one village, so many have gone already

that the ones emigrating now cannot sell personal belongings, because there is no one left to buy them. One pastor was disturbed that his fellow ministers were leaving. "The pastor is not free to leave without asking the consent of the congregation," he said. "But they don't ask." One pastor when confronted about this responded, "What if the congregation says no?"

We were not surprised, therefore, to hear another pastor ask, "Why celebrate 200 years of Mennonites in Russia when we are all leaving?" Quick as that, another replied, "Look at the unbelieving Russian people around us. What a wonderful opportunity to tell them about God. As we tell them how the Lord stood by us in good times and in bad, they too will acknowledge in their hearts that there is more to life than industrial progress."

And so we also met those believers, including younger people, who have a sense of call to stay. It is not that they trust the future and expect glasnost to last—many do not, and they are as tired of the worn-out slogans as they are of the empty shelves in their stores—but they have a strong sense of mission. They need our prayers perhaps even more than the



Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife, Elfrieda, live in Akron, Pennsylvania.

Anxiety-Free Meals

by Glenda Knepp

A touch of worry shaded her voice as she said, "Kyle's not eating."

What could be wrong? We knew that sweet-faced, almost-four Kyle relished mealtime. Was this a new phase of defiance? Had malaise or ennui come so soon?

As single parent Ruth talked, I worried with her. She tried hard to do things right, scurrying home at day's end to prepare a nice dinner—and now he wouldn't eat. What to do?

Our conversation meandered around this and that and other things, while the New Jersey afternoon changed to evening. Time to eat—and we had not planned or prepared. I broke the sudden quiet: "Ruth, when this happens to me, I think of the simplest thing I can fix that will please my standards and also appeal to my family. How about pancakes? What vegetables and fruit do you have?"

Our meal was delicious. The menu:

- Whole wheat pancakes
- Maple syrup
- Carrot and celery sticks with peanut butter
- Fresh pear slices.

We didn't forget Kyle. Just as we chose not to make our evening menu much of an issue, we also decided to remove our focus from what Kyle *should* eat, trusting healthy tastebuds and good food to fit well together.

How about you? What do you throw together in about 10 minutes that doesn't require much planning, that your family enjoys or at least tolerates? I think all our ideas would make a great and unusual cookbook/menubook.

My family is sure I could live on:

- Bagels or muffins
- Fresh veggies
- Cottage cheese or yogurt
- Fruit, if we have it.

I probably could, varying it on occasion by topping a baked potato with green salad and chili. I need to call Norah Wolthuis, though, and find out the secrets of her tuna melt. Her son Joe's descriptions of it and of his family are wonderful: toast, tuna and cheese melted atop, combined with parents who love and laugh—an unbeatable combination.

I abhor quickie recipes that assume I have things like cilantro, dried mushrooms and cheese-stuffed tortellini just waiting to be used. But if you occasionally have chicken breast or boneless turkey hanging around, plus some kind of bread, I have a recipe good enough for Sunday lunch. Add an appetizer of oranges and nibblers of vegetable sticks, and it's on.



Chicken Sandwich for One (multiply as needed)

Broil:

1/2 boneless chicken breast or turkey equivalent, seasoned with salt and pepper

Mix together:

- 3 t. honey*
- 2 t. prepared mustard*
- 3 dashes hot red pepper sauce*

Spread honey-mustard sauce on sandwich material—toast, hard rolls or toasted English muffin. (Even a grilled hamburger bun will work.)

Add broiled chicken. Top with:

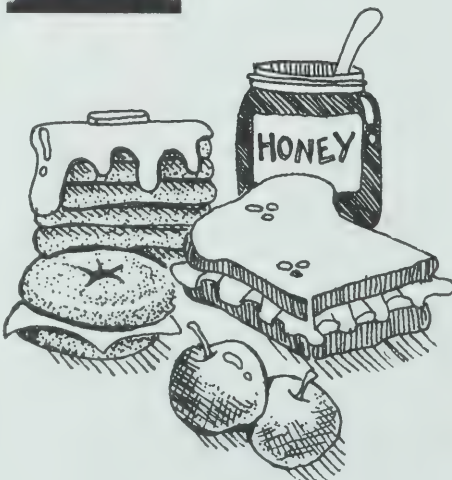
- a tomato slice, if you have it*
- onion, if it likes you*
- lettuce for crunch*
- the other half of your bread*

And you're done! You'll notice that the sauce recipe will cover at least two buns.

The latest news of Kyle? He loves exercising his freedom of choice—don't we all? Ruth reports that Kyle's recent menu choices are strawberry yogurt and cauliflower. Of course, his favorite lunch is still a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.



Glenda Knepp of Turner, Michigan, is the mother of two sons. She enjoys running as a means of following "the way of disciplined grace."



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Quiz #4 for Thoughtful Christians

Please read the ten statements below and circle the letter to the left which best represents your opinion and feelings.

- | Strongly Agree | Agree | Not Sure | Disagree | Strongly Disagree | |
|----------------|-------|----------|----------|-------------------|--|
| A | B | C | D | E | |
| A | B | C | D | E | 1. A person without health insurance has more faith. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 2. In the end, each Christian is totally responsible for his or her own actions. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 3. In true community, Christians are fully responsible for other Christians. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 4. Prudential Insurance cares less about its employees and policy holders than Mennonite Mutual Aid does. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 5. Christians should not help persons who cannot in turn help them—it must be mutual. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 6. Because of the high probability of law suits, mutual aid is too high a risk and seldom practical. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 7. Christians are more responsible to help other Christians than to help those who are not Christians. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 8. Mature Christians receive as much as they give. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 9. Mennonites should be willing to pay higher insurance premiums to a church-sponsored insurance program, in a spirit of mutual aid. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 10. Mutual aid is simply another expression of ethnicity. |

—Phyllis and Merle Good

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Limited "Radicals"

by Robert Hostetter

The Radicals is a feature-length film about the southern front of the radical Reformation movement from 1525 to 1527. Michael and Margaretha Sattler break their vows to the Catholic church, and join the struggle for a radical faith free from Protestant city councils and the violence of their colleague Wilhelm Reublin. Sisters and Brothers, Inc., produced the film, based on Myron Augsburger's historical novel *Pilgrim Aflame* (1967). This is a good film which could have been much better. It seems unnecessarily anti-Catholic and anti-Protestant, it tends to overstate the influence of the Swiss "radicals" in both the Anabaptist movement and the wider Reformation, and it needs stronger writing and directing.

While the costumes and on-location scenery look good for a low-budget film (approximately \$1 million dollars), the directing by Raul V. Carrera is uneven. The use of weaving as a central metaphor is more theological than visual. Too many scenes are static. The crucial scenes about the Schleithem confession do not build enough visual and dramatic interest for the last major turning point in the film. On the other hand, the incredible sunlight streaming through the windows during the first rebaptism is melodramatic and distracting. The torture scenes are well done. The battle scene between Reublin's peasants and the soldiers is not well done. Swords flash through the air but do not seem to hit directly the bodies which fall.

Carrera's direction is best in intimate scenes such as Michael and Margaretha's decision to leave the Catholic Church and marry. All of Zwingli's scenes are strong, including his visit to Michael in prison.

The screenplay, written by Darryl Wimberly and Joel Kauffmann, has several major problems. To tell the story of Anabaptist pacifism from the point of view of Wilhelm Reublin, who tried to build the movement through violence, is an interesting choice. But the writers do not develop Reublin adequately as a character and take the story away from him at the end, pulling back to an omniscient point of view.

The lack of character development is especially regrettable. The film wavers between documenting the rise of the Anabaptist movement and developing the main characters of Michael and Margaretha Sattler. This split focus means that both history and characterization suffer. Like much Mennonite writing on this topic, we are given a heroic rather than a complex view of Anabaptist experience.

Some scenes run too long, but the film as a whole ends too abruptly. The portrayal of Michael Sattler's final suffering is very moving, but it is not a satisfactory ending for the film. After the Sattlers have been killed, we need to hear (or see) from Reublin's own point of view how he grew rich following his recantation. We also need a scene in which secondary characters begin to take the Anabaptist movement forward. This would tie up the action of the film and set up the final information about the historical legacy of the Anabaptist movement.

The strongest acting comes from the "villains": Christopher Neame plays Ulrich Zwingli with powerful economy, and Mark Lenard is convincing as prosecutor Eberhard Hoffman. Leigh Lombardi's portrayal of Margaretha Sattler is



photography by Howard Zehr

winning, especially in the first half of the film. Norbert Weisser is quite believable as the monkish Michael Sattler, but less convincing as the dynamo of the Anabaptist movement. The passion between Michael and Margaretha is delightful, though the way they kiss is sometimes distracting. As narrator and actor, as fighter and friend of Michael Sattler, Daniel Perrett is not so convincing in the role of Wilhelm Reublin. The rest of the acting—by a cast of hundreds—varies widely in quality.

The Radicals is a good effort, but a dramatically and historically limited vision of early Anabaptist experience. It is a good docudrama about the Sattlers' heroic suffering and their contributions to the separation of church and state, believers' baptism and nonviolence. As the "opposition" declares, "There's more here than a child's baptism. The radicals threaten our ability to govern Zurich." But this film presents only a limited vision of radical Christian transformation of society—what Menno Simons described as feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless and returning good for evil. We see a glimpse of Menno's vision in Margaretha Sattler's work with the poor—before she and Michael join the radical Reformation. As historical drama, this film is more limited and romantic than radical.

Robert Hostetter is a playwright and teacher of dramatic writing. He is associate professor and chair of the Communication and Drama Department at North Park College in Chicago.



photography by Howard Zehr

FILM RATINGS

Black Rain—A stylish high-tech thriller, smoldering with dark clichés and grim violence. Michael Douglas plays the New York detective who chases his prey to the baroque jungles of the Japanese underworld. (5)

Casualties of War—An arrogant platoon leader has lost all sensitivity in Vietnam; his brutality offends a young soldier in his company who eventually reports his "crime." Based on a true story. Ethical dilemma well crafted but lacks dimension. (6)

A Chorus of Disapproval—In spite of strong acting, this tale of a widower moving to a new town and joining a theater group falters. (4)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—A Woody Allen movie that's a pleasure again, full of story and feeling. And homespun philosophy too. Allen intercuts two separate stories, one a love comedy, the other a murder tale, and knots them in the end with his own afterword of sorts. Delightful. (7)

A Dry White Season—One of the finer films about South Africa. A bit stiff and reserved, and yet the lack of passion on the sleeve adds a powerfulness to the story. A white Afrikaner teacher slowly awakens to the horror of his world. The scene where his daughter betrays him ranks with the finest. (7)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—On one hand, it's brilliantly photographed and poignantly acted; on the other hand, it's shallow and empty-headed. Two lounge-room pianists meet a pretty singer and saunter into their futures. Cute but slim. (5)

Fat Man and Little Boy—Hey, it's not profound profound. One expects more of director Roland Joffe. But this exploration of the tensions, relationships and feelings of the team heading up the Manhattan Project, building the first atomic bombs, is quietly effective. (6)

Honey, I Shrunk the Kids—A funny intersection of the mad scientist and the mad parent. Kids are accidentally shrunk to teeny-tiny size, and can barely navigate their own backyard. Hilarious. (6)

An Innocent Man—A disappointing failure for director Peter Yates. A mistaken address, crooked cops, an unjust jail sentence, revenge and a drug lord. And self-conscious to boot! (2)

Johnny Handsome—A greatly disfigured criminal is given a new life and identity through major plastic surgery. Will he choose a fresh start or circle back for revenge? Decent acting, stylish images, but stretches credibility. (4)

Kickboxer—Avoid it. Amateur, laughable yarn about martial arts and getting even. (1)

The Little Thief—In French. The coming of age of a teenage orphan, a young woman with little direction or ambition who falls into steal-

ing bigger and bigger things. Sensitive but slow and somewhat out of focus. (5)

Look Who's Talking—A surprising, funny, cute, entertaining, though improbable, tale (look, who cares?) about an unmarried accountant who gives birth to Mikey. Her search for a babysitter and her encounters with a taxi driver add to the humor—and the charm. (6)

Night Game—An embarrassingly out-of-sync flick. A cop hunts down a serial killer. (1)

The Package—An engaging espionage thriller with Gene Hackman as the military attaché who gets caught in an assassination plot. (5)

Parenthood—Few parents will be able to avoid laughing and groaning. This extended family comedy explores most of the approaches to parenthood afoot these days, including the conflict, hopes and nervous sense of failure. (7)

Romero—A powerful film based on the true story of Salvadoran Archbishop Oscar Romero. Raul Julia is superb as Romero. Few Mennonites will not be touched by the conviction of this Christian man of God. Not without flaws, yet cohesive and masterful. (8)

Sea of Love—A titillating murder mystery with Al Pacino, superb as the detective, and Ellen Barkin, bewitching as his lover, who may or may not be a prime suspect. The ending stretches things a bit. Top-notch drama. (7)

Sex, Lies, and Videotape—A very original film. A character study of two sisters, their different approaches to sexuality, and a stranger with a strange videotape habit. Partly profound, partly trendy. (7)

Shirley Valentine—One of the more enjoyable character studies of the year. A middle-aged wife wonders where the young woman in her has gone. Is her life over? She goes to Greece with a female friend, and things will never be the same. Very slow beginning. (6)

Weapons of the Spirit—A feature documentary about the village of Le-Chambon-sur-Lignon in southern France. The village is credited with saving many thousands of lives, right under Hitler's nose. A truly inspiring story, made in rather mediocre documentary form. Every Mennonite should see it. (7)

When Harry Met Sally...—A delightful movie, with sensibilities close to Woody Allen's which asks the question, "Can a man and a woman really be friends?" Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan are tops as the couple who reluctantly fall in love over 13 years. (8)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.

BEST-SELLING BOOKS

The Joy Luck Club, Amy Tan. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1989. 288 pages. \$18.95.

Perhaps I'm drawn to books that chronicle a particular social group's change because I belong to a group that has experienced nearly explosive change within the past 40 years or so. **The Joy Luck Club**, through an ensemble of characters and their intensely personal stories, gets at the volcanic change that has come to many Asians now living in America.

Amy Tan, an Asian American and a first-time novelist, creates four mothers and their four daughters; the mothers were all born in China, the daughters in the United States. The mothers' memories



are as alive to them as their present realities. Consequently, the daughters know only a shadow of who their mothers are. What's more, major life events only highlight their different worlds, rather than drawing them together.

No, the book is not morbid, nor is it doctrinaire. Tradition is not the good guy, innovation bad. Instead, these are poignant stories, each told with an "I" voice, each with touches of comedy, that together gather a cumulative sadness.

Each mother pushes her daughter toward opportunity and pulls her back with stories from the old country. Each daughter feels loss but doesn't know how to make sense of the old ways. The mothers who seek some comfort from each other by forming **The Joy Luck Club** find competition where once there was community.

In the end, questions remain as they do for any people who are abruptly cut off from their past, whether by choice or not. When the old no longer sustains, what can replace it? Cruel as life used to be (forced marriages, the loss of one's daughters because of war, the strangling grip of a village's disapproval), is life now any better? Is anything of value left when mothers and daughters no longer see or hear each other?—PPG

Mennoorganisms and Midianites

by Katie Funk Wiebe

• From the *Mennonite Lexicon*:

Menmomorphosis: The sudden change in appearance and lifestyle of a voluntary service worker to MUMPHY (Mennonite Upwardly Mobile Professional) upon receipt of the first paycheck.

Mennoorganism: A parasite which grows in Mennonite ghettos, causing the inhabitants to lose their sensitivity to anyone without a Mennonite genealogy, customs and food.

Mennosphere: Any Mennonite-sponsored event, such as a Mennonite Central Committee sale or Mennonite World Conference, where good will and *More with Less* cooking dominate.

Mennobar: A homemade granola bar shared with a fellow traveler.

Mennotony: A wearisome lack of variety in the conversation of people who believe in the Mennogenetic view of the origin of the species.

• *The Toledo Blade* reported that the pastor of a Church of God congregation in Toledo mentioned in a sermon the biblical story of how Gideon's "300 Israelites de-

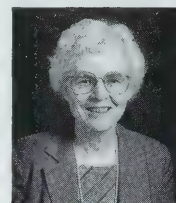
feated 135,000 Mennonites in battle." The mistake drew a response from Phil Ebersole, pastor of Bancroft Mennonite Church in Toledo. He pointed out that the reporter surely misheard the word "Mennonites" when the pastor referred to the Midianites. He informed the newspaper's readers that the Mennonite denomination is some 460 years old, not 3,100 years old, and that from the beginning its doctrine has been one of peace and nonviolence. — *Mennonite Weekly Review*

• The new church board executive director took work home every night for a long while to catch up. "Why does Dad bring work home?" asked his young son. "Because he gets behind at the office," replied his mother. "Why don't they put him in a slower group?" was the boy's reply.

• A Mennonite farmer who had finally made it rich retired to the city, where one of his first goals was to learn to play golf like other retirees. He decided to start by watching a round. He saw a golfer drive his ball into the rough, and watched as he

toiled to extricate it. Then the golfer got into a sand trap and worked hard, throwing up huge clouds of sand, to get himself out of his difficulty. Finally, after getting on the green, he managed to putt the ball into the cup. The farmer sympathetically commented, "Now you have got yourself in a fix."

The editors invite you to submit stories that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes—we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas 67063. She will credit contributors of the items she selects.



Katie Funk Wiebe is the author of many books and articles, and an English professor at Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas.



CHRISTMAS at The People's Place



- Craft demonstrations
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- Film
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The People's Place presents this "gift of the arts" again this year, hoping to remind folks that the message of Christmas is for all people. We're delighted that our cast represents so many parts of the world! All events are free of charge; we invite everyone to contribute to The People's Place Christmas Fund, 100% of which is forwarded to Mennonite Central Committee for worldwide projects. For more information about "Christmas at the People's Place," write to The People's Place, Intercourse, PA 17534 or phone 717/768-7171.

December 8 and 9; December 15 and 16

Ph.D., Translated, Means 'Piled High, Densely'

by Michael Shenefelt

No one in the United States seems to know where to put solid waste—except the universities. The universities put it in the campus library, and call it scholarly research.

Since the mid-70's, universities have been disappearing under a mountain of solid waste—a mountain of doctoral dissertations that take years to write and that almost always are read only by a committee that must be paid to read them.

Paying people to read your scholarship—the cost of hiring a dissertation commit-

tee exceeds \$1,000—is like paying people to mourn at your funeral.

and though nature may be cruel she is seldom wasteful. Scientific dissertations are mercifully brief, and they may even contain facts.

But dissertations in the humanities concern the most ancient of questions, where Plato, Tolstoy or Gibbon have already seized most of the high ground, and where fresh empirical data are seldom plentiful.

Nearly every graduate student adopts the same strategy: If I cannot make my dissertation committee think, then, I can at least make them read. Dissertations in

time. And during those eight years, I was continuously tracked by the thought police.

The thought police are a special squad of deans whose business is to insure that young graduate students, while still ill-read, throw themselves precipitately into arcane dissertations and thus occupy themselves only with arcane thoughts.

In universities that have repealed the death penalty, their most potent weapon is eviction from a university apartment (though in Manhattan, eviction is the equivalent of death.)

The thought police are only part of a larger, master plan, now nationwide, to convert humanistic institutions into scholastic ones, so that the next generation of professors will have read only a small range of worthy authors and will have instead spent most of their time merely reading each other.

But the immediate problem is not intellectual. It is physical: that rising mountain of solid waste. And here one discovers yet another proof of an all-seeing Providence. University libraries continue to fill up with unread scholarly research, but their staffs are putting extra copies of the research on microfilm. The solution is obvious: Keep the microfilm, and throw the originals away.

the humanities are thus sadistically long, though they seldom have anything fundamental to say.

The motive of most academic writing has declined from a healthy lust for fame to a whimpering itch to fill out one's résumé. And once academic writers stopped trying to be famous, they were unable even to be mediocre.

It is impossible to speak about the solid-waste problem without arousing a natural suspicion about one's motives, so I confess that I, too, am a contributor to the mountain of waste.

Though I have yet to defend a doctoral dissertation, I am at last ready to submit one; I would add, in my defense, that I waited eight years before settling on a topic, to insure that it was really worth my

Michael Shenefelt plans to defend his dissertation, on begging the question in ethics, at Columbia this fall.

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Universities have been disappearing under a mountain of solid waste—a mountain of doctoral dissertations that almost always are read only by a committee that must be paid to read them.

tee exceeds \$1,000—is like paying people to mourn at your funeral.

There are various bureaucratic explanations of why this mountain of waste exists, the most common being that it exercises the mind. If you think working for years on the same petty problem is good mental exercise, then perhaps you'd also like to hop from New York to California on one foot for exercise.

The other explanation is that it advances scholarship—which just might be true in the sciences but which in the humanities is absurd.

If you have never read a doctoral dissertation in the humanities, then you have a pleasure waiting for you that ranks with having a nerve killed.

Scientific dissertations concern nature,

Festival Quarterly tries each issue to feature essays and speeches from the larger world that, because of their subject, sensitivity or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.

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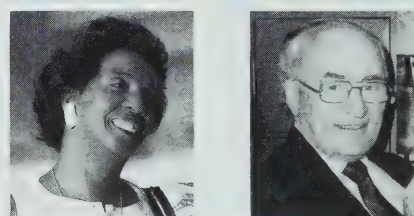
Winter Cultural Series!



January 22 and 23, 1990:

My Work: Inspiration and Art. Fraktur artist Michael Kriebel will use examples of his paintings to tell how he gets his inspiration and how he performs his work.

The Making of a Video. Film maker, historian and storyteller John Ruth will tell us how he went about the making of the video "The Clayton Kratz Story."



February 12 and 13, 1990:

A Night of Storytelling with Ivorie Lowe and Jake Pauls. Ivorie is a school administrator in Chicago and Jake is Vice President for Mennonite World Conference in North America and lives in Winnipeg.



March 5 and 6, 1990:

Is the Anabaptist Vision out of Date? Denny Weaver will probe the question and assess how we're doing. Weaver is a noted author and a professor of religion at Bluffton (Ohio) College.



March 12 and 13, 1990:

A Night of Music. "The Road Less Traveled" will perform a variety of music that is both entertaining and inspiring. Husband and wife duet Doug and Jude Krehbiel are from North Newton, Kansas.

— sponsored by The People's Place —

For 13 years, The People's Place has been sponsoring and subsidizing a Winter Cultural Series, bringing together some of the finest artists, prophets, and thoughtful opinionmakers from across our North American peoplehood. For more information about this year's Cultural Series, or to make reservations for this year's series, just write: Winter Cultural Series, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA 17534, or phone 717/768-7171.

Winter 1990

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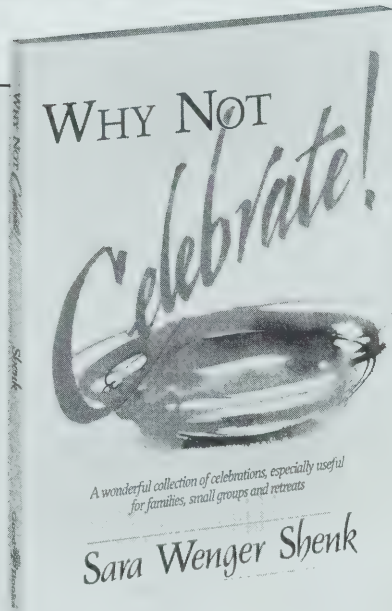
Quarterly

Making Peace With
the Artist in Myself

—Eva Beidler



Good Books for Families!



Why Not Celebrate!

by Sara Wenger Shenk
192 pages; paperback
\$9.95 (\$13.95 in Canada)

An abundance of ideas for celebration—at home with one's family, in small groups or in retreat settings. Celebrations are presented for daily, weekly, monthly, yearly and occasional events: "Surprises in the Lunchbox," "A Play for St. Patrick's Day," "A Litany for Moving Day." There are also prayers for every occasion. The book includes several chapters of reflection on celebration.

"A delightful collection of celebrations and ideas for families and small groups."

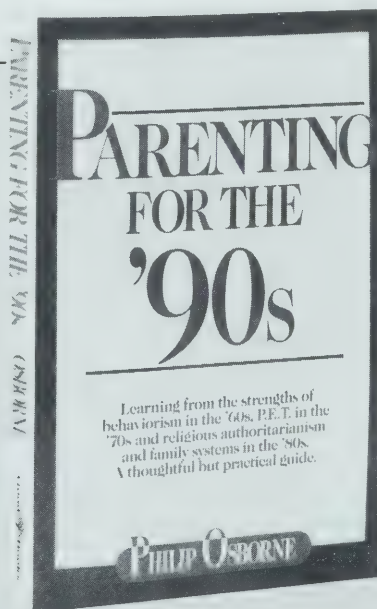
— **The Other Side**

"The author has collected an amazing variety of celebrations from different traditions . . . Every family and other group that celebrates should give this big idea book a thorough workout."

— **Book Nook**

"Learn to celebrate the ordinary things in life—and help your children to discover the simple pleasures of God's world. Author Sara Wenger Shenk compiled this wonderful sourcebook of family activities . . . You'll find the life-changing thread of faith in all of her ideas."

— **Christian Herald Family Bookshelf**



Parenting for the '90s

by Philip Osborne
318 pages; paperback
\$9.95 (\$13.95 in Canada)

This book is for parents everywhere who want to balance the many voices of childrearing advice. **Parenting for the '90s** looks at prominent parenting approaches from the '60s, '70s and '80s and offers a model that draws on the strengths of each.

"Phil Osborne has done it. He's put the fractured world of 'How to Parent' back together with a wonderful balance of common sense and clinical savvy. He's mapped out a way for parents to keep their balance between tough love, tender love and love in action, to raise healthy kids."

— **David Augsburger, author**

"There's much here to digest, especially for parents and parents-to-be, but there's a lot of encouragement, too. Osborne urges parents and children to work side-by-side, with the child as a separate individual, temporarily entrusted to the parent for nurturing to adulthood."

— **Bookstore Journal**

"This is a well-presented overview and guide for parents. Would be especially useful for parent discussion groups. Recommended."

— **Library Journal**



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On the cover . . .

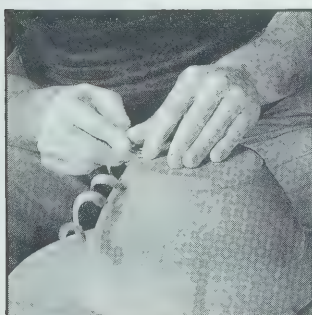
Is there a conflict between art and service? Can the values of art be reconciled with the ideals of the Mennonite community? Eva Beidler shares her journey.



FQ/Kenneth Pellman



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American History from Another Angle

The Mennonite Experience in America Series

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Land, Piety, Peoplehood: The Establishment of Mennonite Communities in America, 1683-1870

Richard K. MacMaster follows the Mennonite migration to America analyzing the economic, social, political, and religious forces which drove them out of Europe. He paints a portrait of early Mennonites showing their wealth, migration patterns, social structures, family patterns, and changing attitudes toward education. This book traces the influence of movements such as Pietism and shows how Mennonites fit into the total context of Revolutionary America. Volume 1.
Paper, \$17.95, in Canada \$22.50

Peace, Faith, Nation: Mennonites and Amish in Nineteenth-Century America

Theron F. Schlabach explores the 19th-century experience of Mennonites and Amish who at times resisted and at times embraced American culture and values. How were these inheritors of the 16th-century Radical Reformation developing as a religious community? Was Pietism still changing Mennonite worship, devotion, and practice in the 19th century? What about the Mennonite emphasis on humility which contrasted with the general mood of the country and with the activism of revivalistic Protestants? Schlabach offers an excellent reconstruction of Mennonite life in 19th-century America peppered with anecdotes. Volume 2.

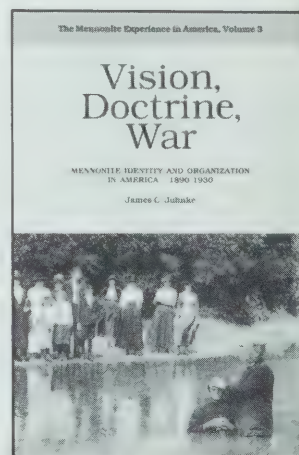
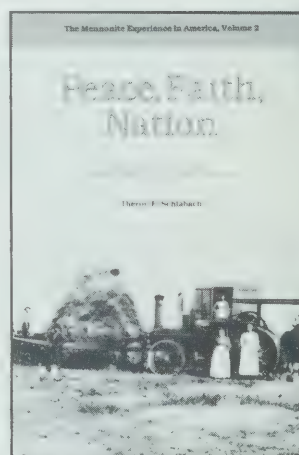
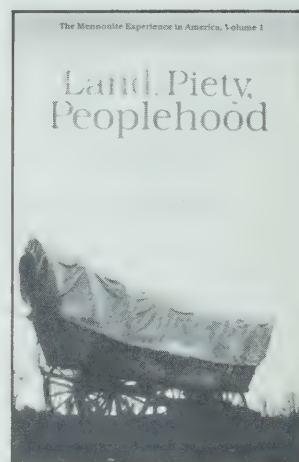
"A better understanding of our past can translate into an increased understanding of the people in our pews today.

"Our current struggle with the conflicting values of secular society are mirrored in the struggles of our 19th-century forebears. Pastors look for precedents and wisdom from the past to give direction for contemporary decision-making. Such answers are not self-evident, but Schlabach's book gives some hope for the future." —*Gospel Herald*
Paper, \$19.95, in Canada \$24.95

Vision, Doctrine, War: Mennonite Identity and Organization in America

James C. Juhnke explores the story of Mennonites and Amish in America from 1890 to 1930. He reveals how Mennonites responded to the challenges of war and to doctrinal and cultural changes.

In the four decades covered in this book, the American Mennonites nearly doubled in membership. Encounters with Protestant revivalism, organizational techniques, modernism, and World War I affected each group differently. This book tells of those encounters and the changes that followed. Volume 3.
Paper, \$19.95, in Canada \$24.95



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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good, David Graybill

Sidestepping Bitterness

Sometimes in the buzz and chaos of my life I have an unexpected moment of reflection. It happened recently when I needed to tell my faith story to the congregation which our family is in the process of joining. (After 15 happy years in a congregation 15 minutes from where we live, we've decided to become part of the center city fellowship that meets three blocks from our home—but that's another story.)

Why, I wondered, am I in the church? Why did I not leave? Why was I not dogged by the bitterness and cynicism which have followed so many of my peers? (I'm tempted to attribute it to my lack of imagination or bravado, but I'd be playing coy rather than honest if I did.) As with any of us, the answer is long, with many sides, full of accidents as well as deliberate choices. Recently I have begun to catch on to a significant part of the reason.

When I was 12 and turning 13—those years when I sat in the corner devouring books, but always with my ears wide open for any juicy conversation—our church district was having life-threatening difficulties. Forces were shifting in many parts of the Mennonite Church, and in our corner of the conference, there were deep tensions. I knew that my parents were troubled, and I knew that the large independent church on the north side of town had its parking lot filling up with discontented Mennonites' cars.

We belonged to a tiny Mennonite church which was crammed with community kids during Bible School, but had pretty thin attendance the rest of the time. Nevertheless, our bishop had as firm a grip on our little gathering as he had on the larger congregations in his district. The issues were authority and discipline, matters which seem to have bloodied Mennonite congregations almost everywhere at one time or another. Complicating things for my parents was the fact that my grandfather (who also lived next door to us) was the deacon in our struggling church, my dad was the Sunday School superintendent, and my mother the librarian.

My impressions from those days are clearer to me than the facts of what happened. At some point, without declarations or fanfare, but not a lot of mystery either, we began attending a congregation in a different district, but still within the same conference. I never felt as though anything tore. In fact, it seemed more that we became *part* of something, than that we left a bad situation. Only in the last month did I learn that my folks tried repeatedly

to meet with the district leadership of that little church to work out an orderly transfer of membership, but their requests were refused. Thankfully, my parents' love of the church superseded the turmoil of the time. Instead of insisting on keeping score, reciting all the wrongs, and entertaining themselves and their friends with tales of the regrettable behavior of some leaders, they shifted their support to our new congregation without losing a beat. I never sensed a slack in our involvement in church activity.

The gift to us kids, I realize now, is that my parents had the wisdom and fortitude to not share all their struggles with us. Consequently we were spared the wounding that many of my peers experienced. My parents' refusal to be bitter, their ability to believe in the church community as the sustainer and nurturer of faith, even when it suffered aberrations, held me in the church. I learned—without a lot of heavy-duty lecturing—that human beings will “gum up the works” (my dad's oft-used explanation), but that that is only to be expected. On balance, my parents' actions told me the church was more than worth the trouble.

That attitude, passed along to me in the general flow of things, has kept me from either stomping off or drifting away when stupid or painful things have happened in the church. May I continue to be followed by that grace, especially now that we've got a 13-year-old of our own, whose ears tilt in a hauntingly familiar way when Merle and I size up church. —PPG

I must admit it is a rather intriguing question, that of "why so few?" My suspicions lie in the area of commitment. Maybe being Anabaptist is too hard. To dedicate oneself to Jesus, as a typical evangelical/Protestant confession might require, does not carry the same baggage as to be committed to community. Particularly in light of contemporary Western individualism, such a requirement placed on a new convert would be enough to scare plenty away. By the same token, I would also surmise that such abandonment of personal freedom has never been popular generally. When anyone is called to even a limited version of non-conformity, there are always many, if not the majority, who will say, "No way!" or "You can't tell me how to live!" In that same line of thought, it is interesting how one might balk at the idea of a Christian community saying, for instance, how a person should dress, yet will readily accept what the world presents as acceptable attire. My personal, though not entirely substantiated, opinion is that the reason for "so few" Anabaptists is the level of commitment required. Thanks for bringing up the question.

Christian Elliott,
McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania

My renewal notice asked for suggestions to improve **FQ** . . . and in the process of thinking about that, I found myself re-evaluating my life and my relationship with the Mennonite church.

I would like to see an article that focuses on readers like myself. I grew up in the Mennonite church but now have no formal ties with it or any church. Yet I still feel a connection that is very emotional. I'm often proud of the Mennonite church, and I'm sometimes embarrassed by it. I'm grateful that I was raised to be considerate of others . . . a gentle man. And I hate that I often feel afraid of confrontation . . . a passive man. I'm thankful for shoofly pie and four-part a cappella singing. And I still get angry when the Mennonite perspective seems so narrow . . . did anyone else want to play major league ball, but you never said a word about it to anyone because baseball players had to work on Sunday?

Thanks for the magazine. I think it's a

Erratum

We regret that on page 3 in the Fall 1989 issue of **Festival Quarterly** the photo of "Clearing the Land" by Robert Regier was printed upside down. We apologize to the artist and our readers. —PPG

valuable forum and I laud the diversity of opinion that you encourage. I especially enjoyed Joel Kauffmann's comments on "The Three Things That Concern Me Most" [Winter/Spring 1989 issue]. Keep up the good work!

Jerry Derstine,
Nashville, Tennessee

We look forward with anticipation to each issue of **FQ** and the many insightful topics you feature from time to time. The scope of some of these features may at times exceed the parochial interest of some of your clientele; nevertheless it keeps us on the cutting edge of being responsible Anabaptist Christians and at the same time "intellectually prosperous" without becoming "spiritually destitute" to quote two of your phrases from your editorial of the '89 Fall edition. We especially appreciated "The Power of Myth" as well as "Finding a Usable Past."

Keep up the good work and the important mission you are performing of constantly encouraging us to live responsibly under Christ who is our Lord.

John D. Wiebe,
Newton, Kansas

Some thoughts on the question, "Why So Few?"

We as Mennonites demand and expect so much, many persons cannot imagine changing their lifestyles or belief systems to match our expectations. Some examples:

—The Sermon on the Mount is to be believed and practiced. We say we actually live it.

—The simple lifestyle is ours. Only Men-

nonites know the intricacies of defining simple lifestyle adequately.

—Activities we engage in must have purpose. Even family gatherings need an issue to grapple with, or the time seems wasted. —We expect success in all things, and have great difficulty accepting mistakes or failure.

I think we demand and expect perfection, or close adherence to some ideal only Mennonites are capable of defining. Perfection is seen in our homes, cars, church buildings, business establishments and the clothing we wear. Conservative to liberal, we have our patterns and codes. Subtle deviations from the norm are permitted based on our understandings and expectations of the given family, congregation or geographical area. Mennonites have a Mennonite "address": a place where we belong and places we don't belong.

I believe we play the "Mennonite game" to keep informed of each other's address. But this game also keeps an "outsider" effectively, if not deliberately, outside the group: not given an address. How can we place you if we don't know where or whom you are from? And how can we accept you if we don't know how long you will stay at the address assigned? We have seen too many who couldn't stick it out, and "went back." A sad commentary to our inability to be the kind of people Jesus calls for in the Sermon on the Mount.

Wes Newschwanger,
Strasburg, Pennsylvania

Here are some reflections on your question, "Why so few?" [Summer 1989 editorial]. I agree with some of the answers given, and the answers are multiple.



A visitor to the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries from South Africa suggested that Mennonites need to deal with their heritage of suffering. Unless we get in touch with the hurts of the past, we will not be able to move beyond them. There is, first of all, the heritage of the martyrs. When 4,000-5,000 of our leaders were put to death, our forebears succumbed to the desire to survive. Thus, they accepted the restrictions that the rulers in the Palatinate placed upon them if they were to live there. And we need to give them credit for surviving so that we might take up the light they carefully nourished for a century and a half. But who is helping us deal with the pain of losing so many leaders and of the silence that was forced upon us? We do not have any Sunday when we celebrate the "holocaust" of our forebears. We still have the *Martyrs Mirror*, but we are almost ashamed of telling the stories for fear of being called anti-Catholic or anti-Protestant, as the review of *The Radicals* proposes [Fall 1989 FQ].

Second, the persecution some of us and our parents suffered during World War I and World War II must also be added to the picture. When houses were painted yellow and barns were burned, there was a continued desire to be the quiet in the land. Some Mennonites have said, "We were told not to talk about our faith to our neighbors." Thus, we have very few models for sharing the Good News to others. We have not learned how.

Third, Mennonites have also put the best face upon the movement away from the Mennonite church into mainstream churches. We have referred to them as our missionaries, and we have rejoiced that so many have become chairpersons, deacons, elders and Sunday school teachers in these churches. But we never gave our children any training on how they were to retain their faith when placed as a minority within such a church. It may be that the time will come when the Mennonite church is no longer needed, but until our churches are also willing to unite with other denominations as a "witness" we should not place that burden upon our children. It appears there are some who are not even sure the various Mennonite groups should unite for fear of watering down the essentials.

I would suggest, in the fourth place, that we have placed a very heavy emphasis upon living our faith, in opposition to a more wholistic view of both living our faith and sharing it with others. D. Elton Trueblood has said that if our testimony

of faith is not larger than our lived faith, then our faith is not great enough. Are we so great at living out our faith that there is no need for a testimony to the grace of God? We are full of pride if we think our lives are an adequate light to the world.

Let's not be so sure that it is the demands of our faith that have kept us from growing. We have seen many modern movements that made great requirements upon their followers grow like dandelions. That is too easy an excuse. We have not loved enough to help people come into the faith as we know it. A friend of mine who had a career in the military service is today a convinced peace Mennonite. He said he would have come a lot quicker if people had not always put him into a box and made him defensive about his life. He had many questions about his career, but the anti-militarists did not know how to help him talk about them. We still have much to learn.

One item of correction. Martha Miller wrote [Fall 1989 letter], "Mennonites have never been known (to my knowledge) for evangelism." Her statement is sadly true for us in the U.S. But, the evangelistic fervor of the early Anabaptists is one of the best kept secrets. They went throughout Europe sharing their faith and inviting people to be baptized. All we need to do is read about such persons as Hans Hut, Leonard Dorfbrunner and Leenart Bouwens in *The Mennonite Encyclopedia* to get a sense of their commitment to evangelism. The verses of scripture that were quoted more frequently than any others by the Anabaptist leaders were the Great Commission of Matthew 28:18-20 and Mark 16:15. We do not know our Anabaptist history!

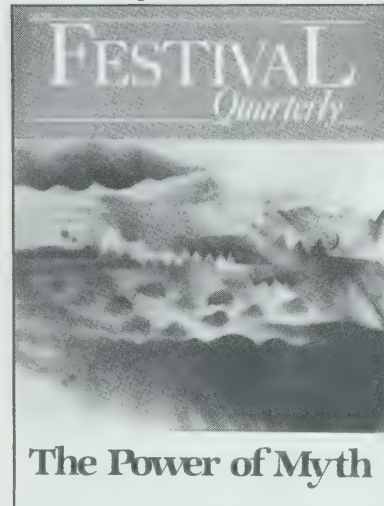
David Habegger,
Urbana, Illinois

Best wishes for the continuation of your very fine magazine. We thoroughly enjoy the **Festival Quarterly** and look forward to the many interesting articles, columns, book and other reviews, etc.

Luther and Geneva Shetler,
Bluffton, Ohio

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.

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I HAD TO LEAVE

by Jerry Derstine

I was raised in the Mennonite church. My father was a minister; my mother was a homemaker and minister's wife. After I joined the church at age 12, I tried to be a model Christian. As a young adult in the early 1970s, I called myself a "radical Mennonite." I married a Mennonite "girl," served in the Voluntary Service program, and wrote the song "Unity." Suddenly, at the age of 25, I left—the church, my wife, my job, my whole way of life.

As I look back now, some 15 years later, I can see clearly the patterns that led to this powerful explosion—my personal Vesuvius. Although many factors contributed to my development (my personality, my family's personality, the attitudes of society at large), the Mennonite church was the one part that defined the whole, the box into which everything else had to fit. Before I could become an emotionally healthy adult, it was necessary for me to break out of that box. I had to leave the church in order to be "saved."

The unspoken rules of my youth taught me that there were not only cer-

tain actions that were wrong, but that there were also feelings that were wrong. It was not only a sin to kill, it was a sin to hate, even to feel anger. I also learned that some careers and aspirations were unacceptable. Clearly, my dreams of success as a major league baseball player, and later as a pop music star, were inappropriate for a Mennonite. Indeed, the very word "success" was frowned upon.

So I coped with my unsuitable passions and dreams by holding them inside. I became skilled at repression and self-denial. However, deep beneath the peaceful facade, I was very angry. On a conscious level, I was unaware of that anger because I had become so adept at censoring my true feelings. When the lid blew off, in a euphoric though naive attempt to express all the feelings and aspirations that had been denied for so long, for a time emotion became my god. I regret that I hurt those close to me in the process of my clumsy metamorphosis. But I was finally discovering the path of authentic existence, and for that I'm grateful.

My interpretation of an authentic existence means embracing my humanity, accepting all of my thoughts and emotions as part of me. It also means striving to develop my full potential, expressing and sharing my talents, not burying them. I believe that when we cultivate our abilities, working creatively to realize our dreams, and when we learn to love ourselves as we really are, we praise the Inventor more than when we make statements of faith.

For me, the path to authentic existence is long and steep.

During the process of writing this article, I came to the realization that now my career is the box that defines . . . and confines me. My workaholism is a symptom of my incomplete emotional development. Because I have been so afraid of seeing the real me, I have become my work. I still censor my feelings, especially anger. And in response to anger from someone else, whether it's directed at me or not, I often become numb, incapable of empathy. Although

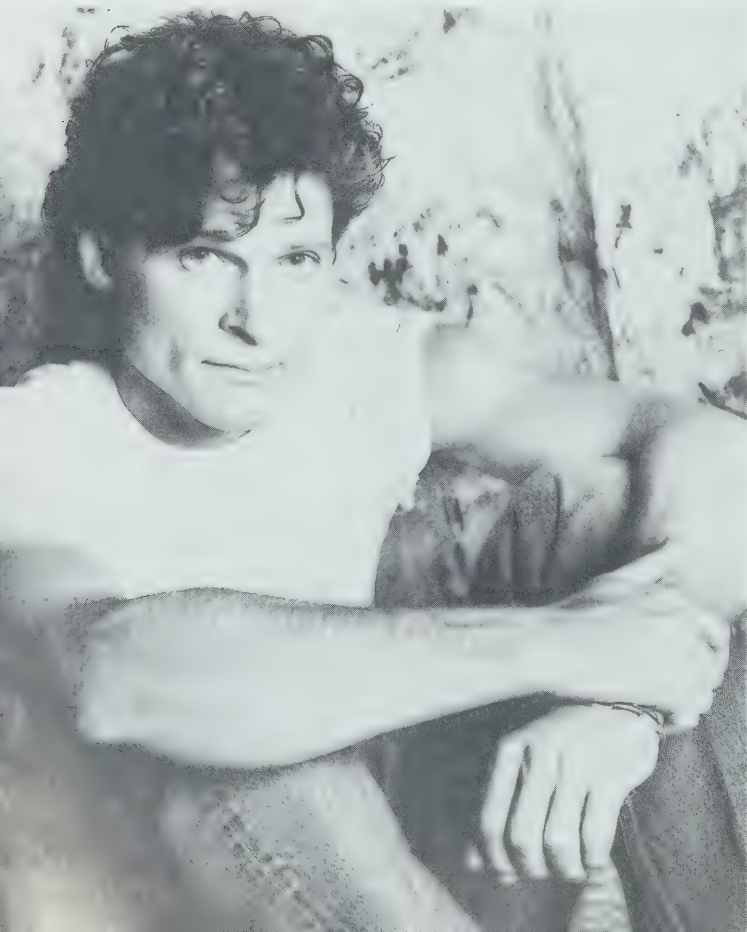
For me, the path to authentic existence is long and steep.

the inhibiting emotional responses of my childhood linger, I am rededicating myself to discovering and accepting the realities of my humanness, a lifelong process.

I share my story, first of all, because I need to express the anger and frustration that I have felt as a victim of a repressive society. And second, I want to encourage the Mennonite church to continue the process of breaking down the walls and opening up the borders, while maintaining the attributes of peacemaking and service to humanity.

It is my hope that each Mennonite will learn to love and accept all that he or she is; that each will blossom as an individual; that each will embrace not only their "positive," but also their "negative" feelings, and learn from them, because denying emotion will surely not make it go away. I also hope that the Mennonite church will come to fully accept those who are not so clearly "Mennonite" in their cultural background, race, lifestyle or career choice so that all who choose to be Mennonites will be able to find emotional maturity and selffulfillment within the church.

Jerry Derstine lives in Nashville and writes pop and country songs under the name J.D. Martin.



Photography by
on Keith/Scott Bonner

Making Peace

— With the Artist in Myself —

by Eva Beidler



Mine is a story that may sound familiar to other Mennonite-related artists. I was raised on a small farm near Quakertown, Pennsylvania. We had a large family—eight children—and my father worked in a poultry dressing plant to support us. He was an unsalaried minister and bishop in the Franconia Mennonite Conference. My mother had her hands full raising us children, along with managing the farm—milking a cow, tending pigs, fixing fences and husking corn—while Dad had ministerial responsibilities, such as visiting the sick, attending meetings and staying up, at times, until 3 a.m. Sunday to prepare sermons.

Very early on, it seemed that I was bent toward art. I entertained myself by drawing in church. Long before I knew about Georgia O'Keefe and her enlarged flowers, I was using colored chalk to create big flowers on our kitchen blackboard. I decorated a box of stationery and sold it to my college-bound brother for two dollars. I entered a church-sponsored poster contest and won. I remember being introduced to family friends as the "artist of the family."

Being artistic didn't seem to be a problem until I got older. Our family went to public school, and in junior high I was beginning to feel extremely self-conscious and to experience pain at



being so different from my peers. I felt safe and accepted within my church community, but in school I wore a strange white hat on my head and had to continually answer curious, as well as demeaning, questions about it. I couldn't talk with my classmates about TV programs, because we didn't have TV. We didn't party like "the world." We didn't get newspapers or magazines to keep us informed of world events. We didn't dress according to current styles. It was, simply, a constant emotional struggle to interact with my peers, because it seemed that I always had to be explaining why I could or couldn't do certain things. Added to this, there was an expectation that I "witness" to my school friends.

In my junior and senior years of high school, I took an art major and was able to spend considerable time each day in the art room. It became obvious that I had some natural ability, and because I was affirmed in this I got involved with art-related extracurricular activities. I won awards for my art and recognition for my contributions. This was good for me because it helped me to feel more accepted and a part of things—but at the same time, it did not resolve the conflict I felt with being so different. Involvement demanded more, rather than less, interaction with others. I was scared to death at being so immersed in art classes, with the most avant-garde students of my school. I wore my covering, and my friends wore the freakiest clothes and hairdos they could come up with.

Graduation neared and my art teacher approached me about applying to art schools. I burst into tears and declared that I couldn't go to art school and become an artist, because I was a Mennonite. She tried to convince me that religious people could be artists and dug out a book on the Shakers to support her case.

You could say that I fled the perils of the art world when I headed for Eastern Mennonite College to major in sociology. My two years at EMC were hard ones for both my family and me. Like many young people at this stage in their lives, I

was searching for my identity, perhaps one separate from my past. I was beginning to choose a lifestyle which was out of line with the teachings of my church. Something or someone, it seemed, needed to be blamed. I remember my mother saying that she felt art took me away from God. After all, art had been pinpointed as making me different even within my family—so perhaps it was the culprit.

Did art take me away from God? What was it about art that was threatening, that it was associated with my apparent rebellion? For more than a

Values running deep in the Mennonite tradition seemed vaguely at stake when I thought about being an artist.

decade, I struggled with the nagging supposition that art indeed was bad for me and, furthermore, that maybe I was "bad" because of it.

As I look back, I know art wasn't bad for me. It was, in fact, something God created within me. It was part of my nature. I believe I was, at the time, a victim of negative stereotypes and misconceptions about art.

Viewed through the eyes of my conservative Mennonite tradition, art seemed the epitome of selfishness. It was associated with "the self"—personal images made for others to see. What good did that do? It certainly couldn't feed, clothe or house anyone. Moreover, only rich people could afford to buy an original piece of art. A career in art seemed far from what I had been taught about Christians needing to be servants to the downtrodden of the world.

Art was also so showy—it was made primarily to be looked at. I was taught that one should not call attention to

oneself in any way. And what if a person became good at art? What about the danger of flaunting one's skill and becoming proud? And what about the art of the ages with all its nudity? The body, in my tradition, was to be covered, certainly not glorified. I could hear my father preach over and over again how everything we do must be to the honor and glory of God—how we make a living, how we dress, how we build houses and church buildings, and so on. Values running deep in the Mennonite tradition—modesty, simplicity, service, humbleness, separateness from the world—all seemed vaguely at stake when I thought about being an artist and trying to market my work.

I spent years sorting through my feelings and beliefs about art. In time, I felt ready to handle the art school scene and I attended Corcoran School of Art in Washington, D.C. Corcoran offered basic fine arts training, but it did not answer my questions about *why* I should be an artist. Faculty and students seemed preoccupied with doing something distinctive enough to make a name in the art world. I certainly wasn't after fame and fortune. I wasn't even sure what I wanted to paint. The timing still wasn't right.

I hopped around in the job market, working in photo, framing and gallery shops and eventually finding my way into the geriatric setting as a recreation director. In geriatric literature I discovered the concept of art therapy. I felt I had finally found a way to use art as a means to serve others, so I headed back to college to finish undergraduate work and to George Washington University for a graduate degree in art therapy.

Ironically, it was art therapy which taught me to value art for its own sake and for my sake, as well as for service to others. If art was good for others (and I had to believe this to become an art therapist), it had to be good for me. I learned about the healing power of art. I became convinced that self-expression of all kinds, including graphic symbolism, was indeed important. I learned that each person had a unique style and

personal symbolism, from the brain-damaged, institutionalized elderly patients I worked with to the military top brass who developed alcohol problems to the so-called normal person who made an ordinary picture. Each person's work was worthy of my respect, study and appreciation. Art *was* a beautiful and tangible means of access to inner feelings and life experiences.

In art therapy, it is widely held that a therapist should be a practicing artist, in order to know firsthand about art techniques and materials, as well as to be aware of the rigors of the creative process. I took a watercolor class with a professor of mine. He was enthusiastic, loose and expressive in style, and he seemed to enjoy taking risks. I was hooked, and this time around I was ready to try to show and sell my work. I still didn't know whether people would want to buy my paintings. I worried about stretching our family budget to buy paints, paper and frames. I feared that I would sign up to do a show but not have enough work to fill the walls when the date of the opening rolled around. I also was intimidated at the prospect of meeting the public at an opening—of having to be “on show” along with my work. Was the little Mennonite girl inside me strong enough to withstand it all?

My first exhibits are history now, and I survived them. More importantly, I found that showing and selling are not selfish or self-promoting, but rather an opportunity to give to others. It was a thrill to have people enjoy my work, sometimes enough to buy it. I decided that when people bought my pieces, they were doing themselves a favor. The money paid for my time, materials and experience. I came to believe that while I may have created a work of art, in the end it didn't belong to me. It became part of the life experience of each viewer, if it was seen in a show or on someone's wall at home. The idea of art being a form of communication or shared experience between the artist and the public took on real meaning for me. Art could indeed be a gift I offered to

others. What a turnabout from the misconceptions I had carried for so long!

While I may have conquered my negative feelings, I still have a long way to go to paint the seemingly endless works which are struggling to be born in my head. The past year has been especially difficult in terms of painting. I had a year's lapse when I could not paint, following our family's move from inner-city Washington to suburban Maryland. I also have been working around the schedules and needs of our two small children. I find, too, that as I gain experience with watercolor it doesn't necessarily get easier; in fact, it becomes more complicated and I get more particular. My inner vision becomes clearer—I know exactly what effect I want—but I have to figure out how to get the image on paper. The Hyattsville garbage collectors have been loading a lot of 100 percent rag paper into their truck.

I must learn to accept my seeming failures as part of the creative process. I need to be able to tolerate the agony of the long gestation period, when nothing comes together yet work is being done and growth is happening. My challenge is now to paint and paint and paint again—to believe firmly that my vision is worthy of the wasted materials and persistent struggle. I *am* thankful for the drive I feel at present and for the inspiration that keeps me awake at night, painting and repainting pictures in my head. I only hope I can handle the stress of the creative process in the long run.

Through paint, in a style which fits me, I share my inner vision and life experiences. I started with landscapes, basically to learn to know and control the medium of watercolor. More recently, my passion has been flowers—their color, their almost abstract forms, their power and their mystery. I have a long way to go to study and paint flowers and, as I've already said, I've been experiencing great difficulties lately. I want to take some time out from showing my work, so that I can experiment, perhaps in oil or acrylics. I must learn to be patient and kind to myself, allowing myself enough

time to learn what I need to know.

Not long ago, my four and a half year old daughter awoke from her afternoon nap while I was painting. She came down the steps by herself and appeared in my workroom, wanting to help me paint. When I told her she couldn't do that, she decided to rearrange the art supplies in my closet, and when I said for her to stop that, she entertained herself by swiveling in my chair. All of this was very distracting and annoying to me. I happened to be at a point of no stopping—it was time either to make or break this painting. Finally, with a sense of resignation and some feeling of rejection, she stood in the doorway and said, “Mommy, I can't understand why *you* get to call yourself an artist and I can't call myself five.” She had been telling everyone that she was five, and I had told her that she shouldn't say she was five until she really was.

The wisdom and perception of a small child! Even though I call myself an artist now, every day I paint I have to believe it. I put myself to the test continually. Do I believe I can be an artist? Can I prove it? The complexities of becoming and being an artist persist, but I'm glad that I have the chance to try to be one—with the support of my family, my church, my friends and my God.



The Central Issue is Faithfulness

by Theron F. Schlabach

Editor's Note: Why aren't there more members of Anabaptist-related groups? FQ has received many responses since asking this question in a Summer 1989 editorial (see "Letters," Fall 1989 and this issue). In the following article, historian Theron Schlabach offers his view of the topic.

"Why so few?" What lies in the question? Is not the primary question the more traditional Mennonite one: "Have we been faithful?"

Behind "Why so few?" may be some misuse of statistics. We often hear statements such as I heard recently, that we Mennonites in North America are 400,000, whereas we would be 4 million if we had just kept all our children since the 16th century, or maybe since we came to America. I am not a statistician, but the calculus does not sound right. If there are actually 4 million people in North America who have some Mennonite ancestors, then a lot of them have other ancestors as well. If we were to turn the genealogical pyramid upside-down and consider how many non-Mennonite ancestors those 4 million have had since the 16th century, the numbers would surely astound us. Moreover, Mennonites have not only lost, we have also attracted a few. How did the Alderfers and Sawatskys come to be Mennonites? How is it that my spouse, who grew up in a thoroughly Mennonite family, had one grandparent who was an Irish immigrant and another who was Jewish, as well as



two Amish Mennonite ones? If we were to use statistics on Lutherans and Catholics and United Brethren and Methodists and Jews the way we turn them against ourselves, we might be surprised how much progeny they lost to the Mennonites!

Does the question rest also on a sense of failure and therefore of guilt? It often seems to, and maybe it should. But there are positive points, too. I seem to remember that Jesus said something to the effect that the route of the faithful leads through the strait gate and up the narrow path. Another positive point is that at least we are not among those who gained big numbers by baptizing defeated peoples with our swords at their backs. And while we have baptized some pretty small children, we have not baptized them willy-nilly, and certainly not unwitting babies, thereby gaining numbers through yet another kind of coercion. By and large, we have been true to our understanding that response and commitment to God's invitation must be voluntary. And voluntarism means freedom to say no as well as yes.

Do we have to feel complete failure about those who in the

end have said no? Not necessarily, if we hear the Abrahamic call to be a blessing to the nations. Many of those saying no, perhaps most, have gone on to be constructive, upright and moral citizens, and possibly more so because of the challenges that Mennonitism left in their souls. If some of our children have become a part of the civic community more than of the church, then surely we have often given something valuable to the human community at large.

It is good to ask why more have not said yes, but who can be surprised? If we may think of the Anabaptists as living close to their Catholic upbringing, and therefore seeing holiness in terms of accepting a vocation apart from common culture-Christianity—that is, accepting a kind of monasticism, or holy order, with its discipline—then of course they chose deliberately not to go the way of the masses. Or if we consider the state-church and culture-Christianity of Catholic and Protestant Europe, then it is understandable that most people have looked upon Anabaptists and Mennonites as pariahs. For in rejecting state-church union and questioning the society's established religio-cultural synthesis, they have been dividers of human community, threats to solidarity, people who seem to undermine society's very foundations. Or if we turn our view to America—well, what German or Pennsylvania German group has ever become large? The Moravians or the Dunkards, even with their warmer Pietism? Or the more easy-going German Lutherans? No, and not the United Brethren, even with their imitation of the numerically successful Methodists.

So evidently some answers to "Why so few?" lie outside Anabaptism and Mennonitism.

And can we be surprised that droves of people have declined our theology? After all, it is a theology that quickly gloried in martyrdom, or at least in suffering, and then, if there was no suffering, it turned to humility. Of course there are always a few human beings who find strength and assurance in martyrdom or suffering or humility. Many more may want just enough suffering and humility to bolster their sense of righteousness. But probably only a few want to take martyrdom, suffering or humility as literally and objectively, and in such large doses, as Anabaptists and Mennonites have from time to time. No doubt much the same can be said for discipline, or for trying to apply Christianity minutely to everyday affairs and everyday relationships. A lot of humans, if the choice is voluntary, prefer status and power and red-blooded vengeance to being humble and vulnerable.

Some of the reasons for "Why so few?" are surely less defensible. We have been right in choosing fewness rather than mass culture-Christianity, but surely, throughout history up to

today, we could have done more to meet people where they are, in whatever cultural phase they are passing through. In less than a century, the Methodists grew from a mustard seed into America's largest denomination, mainly by meeting genuine human need along America's expanding frontiers. The circuit rider, the instruction classes and the better versions of the camp meeting were forms that responded to deep and legitimate human longings, and fit the situation. From such a history, Mennonites can learn.

We can learn also from our own history. As we tell ourselves *ad infinitum*, we have turned people away and driven out some of our own by boundaries we have marked and barriers we have raised—ethnic barriers not least of all. We have stressed discipline and order, good in themselves, in ways that seem

stern, prickly and cold. Actually, among ourselves we have enjoyed a great deal of warmth and support, but we have found these in family and close community; and, the world over, family and close-knit community may be the hardest circles to penetrate. Nowadays, however, our boundaries are probably not our besetting sin. Today the larger sin of Mennonites, at least of the vast majority who are not plain, no doubt lies on the other side. We try to be everything to everybody, until instead of etching the gospel with unnecessary lines we blur it into a shapeless blob. So we should not feel superior to those who set up the barriers of the past, nor should we repudiate our heritage. We should remember that some of the offense we have given lies in the gospel itself. But yes, we surely must

take care not to create barriers not implicit in the gospel itself.

The central question is still how to be faithful. Relatively speaking, Mennonites have been strong on ethics, moral discipline and determined obedience. We have not been nearly as good at invitation and warmth. If our gospel is to be whole, speaking to human lostness of all kinds, then our idea of faithfulness must include a more penetrable, human and godly warmth.

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We have been true to our understanding that response and commitment to God's invitation must be voluntary. And volunteerism means freedom to say no as well as yes.

When Anabaptists Worship

by Lindsey A. Robinson

To speak of Anabaptist worship is to speak not of one particular cultural or ethnic expression. Sunday morning in a traditional southeastern Pennsylvania congregation looks, sounds and feels quite different from a gathering of Hispanic brothers and sisters in the Bronx, or African American Mennonites in North Philadelphia. The worship styles and expressions run the gamut from *a cappella* singing and quietism to instrumental music, marimbas, robed choirs and shouts of “*Gloria a Dios*” and “Thank you Jesus.”

Anabaptist worship is also influenced by a variety of streams of spirituality that Mennonites have embraced—from charismatic enthusiasm to evangelical piety to modified liturgical expressions. There are variations in style and expression, yet Anabaptist worship has a common perspective—it reflects convictions, our sense of community and our sense of calling.

Convictions. The affirmation that Jesus is Lord is the heart of the Christian faith. It is also the heart of Anabaptism, which is a quest for authentic and vital Christian discipleship. When the new-covenant people of God declare that Jesus is Lord, it is equivalent to the Old Testament people repeating “Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one.”

Worship from an Anabaptist perspective affirms and celebrates the lordship of Christ through the teaching and preaching of the Word. “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, thoroughly equipped for every good work” (II Timothy 3:16-17). Teaching and preaching are important elements of worship. The book of Acts describes the gathering for worship in the first church: “And they continued steadfastly in the apostles doctrine and fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in prayer” (Acts 2-42). “Continuing in the apostles doctrine” means that emphasis was given to teaching and preaching. The book of Acts records some great sermons by Peter (chapter 2), Stephen (chapter 7) and Paul (chapter 17).

The focus of Anabaptist preaching and teaching should be discipleship. Believers should be maturing and growing in their experience of Christ and commitment to Him. Therefore, preaching and teaching need to instruct, encourage and challenge Christians to discipleship. If Jesus is Lord, then we must deny anything else that would claim our allegiance. We need to be taught how to do this.

Anabaptist preaching and teaching should stress the importance of following Jesus. It needs to be understandable, practical and Spirit-anointed. Article 10 of the Mennonite

Confession of Faith states, “We believe it is the will of God that there should be ministers who teach the Word.” The ministry of pastors and teachers is indispensable to the life of the church.

Anabaptist worship should also celebrate the lordship of Christ. Singing and music express celebration. The New Testament does not give us a lot of information about how to sing or what to sing. But we can be certain that music and singing should bring glory and honor to God and celebrate the person and work of the Lord Jesus. The Anabaptist tradition has emphasized simplicity and those of us from the Mennonite church have been endowed with a beautiful legacy of four-part *a cappella* singing. But there is validity in diversity and variety of musical expressions. In my ministry among African-American Mennonite churches, I’ve heard four-part harmony sung to piano accompaniment and the soulful, intense, hand-clapping and foot-stomping of the African-American Gospel music tradition.

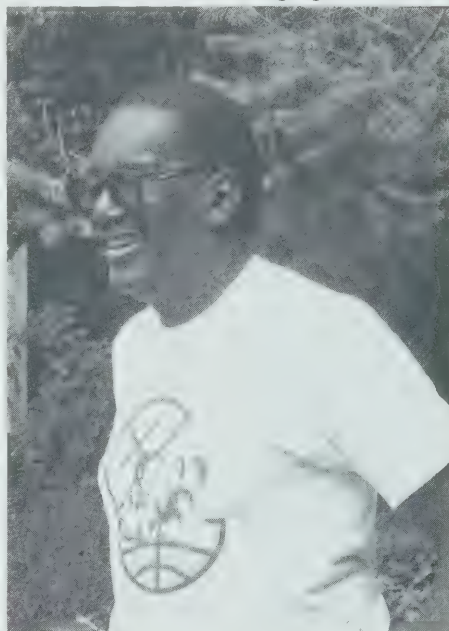
We can also celebrate by offering words of praise and thanks. We have a lot to learn from our charismatic brothers and sisters who have discovered the power of praise. Psalm 22:3 states that God is enthroned in the praises of Israel. This indicates that God is comfortable and pleased when hearts, hands and voices are lifted to Him in praise and worship. Emotion that stems from devotion doesn’t make God nervous and it shouldn’t make us nervous either.

Community. Our worship as Anabaptists should reflect our sense of community. When we gather for corporate worship, we are acknowledging the lordship of Christ over the covenant community. Our worship should serve the purpose of strengthening our identity. Acts 2:42 notes that the early believers continued not only in the apostles doctrine but also in fellowship. Fellowship, or *koinonia*, implies a sharing of life, mutual sharing and mutual encouragement. Worship should express this sharing. Many congregations incorporate times for sharing experiences, concerns, needs and insights during the period of worship.

Our response to the teaching and preaching of the Word also serves to strengthen our identity as a faith community. Through the ministry of the Word, we are reminded that our responsibility is to follow Jesus and walk in right relationships with each other. As Anabaptists, we believe that truth is more than words or propositions. Truth must be lived out in relation with our brothers and sisters. Truth must transform. Jesus was

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Let's Reclaim Nonconformity

by John D. Roth

"Do not conform any longer to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is—his good, pleasing and perfect will."
—Romans 12:2 (NIV)

Among the many tumultuous events which have have recently taken place in Eastern Europe, one of the more interesting side-stories has been the search for a vocabulary appropriate to the new political reality. In the context of new-found freedoms, old meanings for words like "the People" or "the Party" have suddenly evaporated; yet the words themselves linger on like empty cargo ships awaiting historical redefinition in light of the new circumstances. "We still believe in Socialism," Vaclav Havel, playwright and newly-elected president of Czechoslovakia recently commented, "but we aren't sure anymore what Socialism means." One could—and, no doubt, someone will—write a history of the revolutions of 1989 simply by tracing the transformation in meaning of a few key words.

On a far less dramatic scale, a similar revolution in meaning has quietly taken place within the shared lexicon of North American Mennonites. To be sure, the pace of this revolution has been rather more deliberate, stretching back in time for at least fifty years, and its consequences for the world far less significant. But for Mennonites, the change has been profound, and its potential consequences for the future of the church far-reaching.

In the years following World War II, as a predominantly rural people became overwhelmingly suburban; as hog-farmers and carpenters became factory workers and corporate executives; as homegrown ministers became seminary-trained professionals; as authority of every sort devolved into group consensus and church discipline disappeared altogether; Mennonites in the 1980s suddenly found themselves inheritors of a host of words whose historical meanings had been eviscerated by a revolution few realized was even in progress. Today, like Havel, we still somehow

believe in words like "humility," "ordination" or even "nonresistance," but we are not at all sure we know what they mean.

No phrase is more emblematic of this cognitive upheaval within the Mennonite vocabulary than "nonconformity." As late as 1951, theologian and church statesman J. C. Wenger, could confidently claim in a booklet entitled *Basic Issues in Non-Conformity* that nonconformity to the world, along with biblical nonresistance, were the two "most distinguishing tenets of the Mennonite Church." Yet scarcely a generation later, in the 1980s, nonconformity has virtually disappeared from the Mennonite lexicon. Today few Mennonite college students have even heard of the term, and those who have a passing acquaintance nearly always identify it with negative associations. Somewhere between 1951 and the late 1980s, nonconformity went the way of the leisure suit: without much fanfare, without a decent funeral or a proper burial, it simply disappeared.

At its best, nonconformity embodied an insight at the very heart of the Christian message, at least as it was understood for over four centuries within the Anabaptist/Mennonite tradition: to be a true follower of Christ implied a willful decision to leave an old way of life and to become a "new person in Christ." According to both scriptural claims and the painful experience of many 16th century Anabaptists, the world was evil, hostile and murderous; the church, on the other hand, was a gathered body of believers, a small group of pilgrims who strived to emulate—by the grace of God, together in community—the perfect love of Christ.

The sharp dualism implicit in "nonconformity to the world"—with all of its uncompromising tensions between the

new and the old, the church and the world, the spirit-filled and the carnal, the children of God and the children of Adam—animated the entire Anabaptist/Mennonite understanding of Christian faithfulness. All of life was a cosmic battle between the forces of good and the forces of evil. True Christians recognized the battlelines and joined the fray by bearing witness to the spirit of goodness, peace, love and truth in the simple acts of everyday living. Indeed, *simplicity* among the Anabaptists quickly became a consistent and characteristic expression of their commitment to a life of nonconformity. Simplicity in deed ("acts of quiet charity and humble sacrifice"), in speech ("let your yea be yea"), in dress ("tailors and seamstresses shall hold to the plain and simple costume and shall make nothing at all for pride's sake"), in church architecture ("they secretly meet in homes and caves"), and in their interpretation of Scripture ("love your enemies, do good to those who persecute you") all bore witness to their stubborn refusal to conform to the mold of the larger society.

That refusal to conform came at a high price. In the course of the 16th century, Protestants and Catholics joined forces to harass and persecute the Anabaptists, some 3,000 of whom gave their lives on racks, on fiery stakes and in cold rivers throughout Europe. For several centuries, European Mennonites lived under the persistent shadow of state intolerance, and the injunction of Paul to a life of nonconformity served them well as a means of understanding their struggle for survival within the larger sweep of salvation history.

This was nonconformity in its best light: empowered by the grace of God and molded after the pattern of Christ, the Christian community lived as a "light set upon a hill" according to principles which were in stark contrast to the world around.

As Mennonites began to migrate to North America, however—first in the late 17th century and then in several sporadic waves throughout the 18th and 19th centuries—their understanding of

To be a true follower of Christ implied a willful decision to leave an old way of life and become a new person in Christ.

nonconformity to the world changed in one fundamental regard. Here in North America, in the congenial climes of Penn's Woods, Mennonites were suddenly granted full legal, economic and religious equality. They were permitted to work, to worship and to proselytize as they pleased. They were free to retain—or to reject—their language, their schools and their distinctive Germanic culture as they pleased. Transplanted to the “New World,” the traditional language of suffering and persecution long associated with nonconformity became increasingly anachronistic.

To be sure, periodic crises of national warfare served to remind North American Mennonites of their status as “pilgrims and strangers.” But on the whole, Mennonites in North America prospered; and as they prospered the traditional boundaries of language, dress, culture and a theology of suffering—boundaries which had once given shape to a faith rooted in nonconformity—slowly eroded.

The transition did not happen overnight, and the forces of change were more complex than these generalizations might suggest. But in the absence of a sustained external threat, Mennonites in the course of the early 20th century increasingly redefined nonconformity to the world in the negative terms of adherence to church regulations or, in the words of Daniel Kauffman, adherence to “necessary restrictions.” In a landmark book entitled *Separated Unto God* (1952), J. C. Wenger sought valiantly in his exposition on nonconformity to guard against the dead weight of legalism; but the basic tenor of the book, along with numerous periodical articles by other church leaders which also appeared in the 1950s, was to identify nonconformity in reference to specific regulations regarding dress, activities and attitudes. In the 1940s and 1950s, Mennonites who wanted to remain faithful members of the church did not “dance, drink, smoke, chew or date those who do”; Mennonites did not go to county fairs or to school dances; they

were strict observers of the Sabbath who did not listen to the radio, visit theaters, join labor unions, invest in common stock or mingle with fraternal organizations. Mennonite men wore plain coats, Mennonite women wore prayer veilings.

For a generation of Mennonites active in post-war relief work, excited about the prospects of graduate education in professional programs, and eager to explore new horizons in the world of business, this was nonconformity at its worst: a Talmudic preoccupation with the subtleties of dress and accessories, a codeword to bind restless minds and hearts to the empty claims of tradition, a mindless adherence to a set of cultural idiosyncracies nearly devoid of spiritual nourishment and increasingly irrelevant to the ambiguities and challenges of the modern world.

The generation of the 1950s and 1960s were as eager to divest themselves of the word “nonconformity” as they were to discard their plain suits and devotional coverings. Many of them, of course, wanted to remain in the faith; but as they built new Mennonite churches in the suburbs and inner cities, the idea of nonconformity stayed firmly in the background.

Instead, educated, suburban Mennonites discreetly shifted the emphasis of the Romans 12 text from the first half of the verse (“be not conformed to the world”) to the last half (“be transformed by the renewing of your mind”). Over the past twenty years, variations on the theme of “transformation” have effectively displaced all references to nonconformity.

For many Mennonites today, the crucial question of Christian identity is not whether we are “nonconformed to the world” but whether we have been personally “transformed by the renewing of our minds.” Despite our talk to the contrary, for many of us the core of Christian faithfulness has become primarily a *spiritual* state, an inner condition of grace which, in effect, frees us to enter the world aggressively—to earn and consume like everyone else, to dress like everyone else, to raise our

children like everyone else—yet all the while trusting that people will somehow “sense” that we are different because our “hearts are right with God.”

One consequence of this emphasis on personal transformation has been the effective elimination of all accountability to the congregation or the community of faith. Fully in accord with the central assumptions of modernity, the “renewal of our minds” tends to be private and subjective, a personal matter between the individual and God. Hence, any active role of the congregation in personal decision-making or in questions of individual morality makes many modern Mennonites extremely nervous; and the thought that the congregation might have a legitimate voice in speaking to our decisions regarding consumption or lifestyle borders on the absurd.

Among another highly visible group of Mennonites, the language of transformation has also taken a rather different direction. Nonconformity suggested that the church and the world operate, by definition, on two sharply distinct planes of morality. In contrast, the vocabulary of transformation—at least among some Mennonites—suggests that Christians should move aggressively into the world with the goal of reshaping unjust social, political and economic structures in their own image. The rise of transformation language has a strong tendency to shift the primary focus of God's activity in the world from the congregational body to the political arena. To put it in a slightly different way, modern Mennonites have relocated their expression of nonconformity from the church to the state. We are now fairly quick to advocate what may be regarded as nonconformist political positions and to call for the transformation of unjust economic or political structures, but only rarely do we speak about nonconformity as being relevant to individual mortality or as a force for social change at the congregational level.

Obviously, there is much to be affirmed in the positive, life-embracing language of transformation, both in its personal and political expressions. But in

our wholesale rejection of nonconformity for its past excesses, we are in danger of adapting an understanding of faith virtually indistinguishable from the best impulses of secular culture, a faith which allows us to be comfortable, individualistic, middle-class consumers with a good conscience because our hearts are right with God. We pay our tithes, consistently vote the liberal ticket, and occasionally write a letter to our representatives in government.

The question is focused even more sharply when we ask ourselves what we wish to pass on to our offspring. By and large, our children have never experienced the tensions or the traumas of nonconformity to the world. They have no memories of yellow paint splashed on church buildings or a gawking public staring at their distinctive garb. Nor do they recall sermons inveighing against neckties, jewelry, cut hair or any of the other "appearances of evil" or "manifestations of pride" which chafed the sensibilities of an older generation. The generation of the 1940s and 1950s bought their liberation from the petty legalism of church regulations as a pearl bought at great price; children have inherited the fruits of that liberty and the easy-going language of transformation with nary a second thought.

The time has come, it seems to me, for the undeclared war against nonconformity to come to an end. The time has come to tally the gains and the losses of that ongoing skirmish with our past in light of our children's future and the legacy of faith we hope to pass on to them. The time has come for Mennonites to rediscover the potent image of

"strangers and pilgrims" or "a people called apart." The time has come to reclaim the bold and empowering language of nonconformity.

Mennonite nonconformity in the 1990s will take many different forms. In a TV-dominated culture which has profoundly shaped the imaginative symbols of our society and which daily draws millions of Americans, in a thousand subtle ways, into a homogenized fantasyland of the least-common-denominator, nonconformed Mennonites of the 1990s may, in the interests of their children, banish television from their homes. In a society addicted to the power of the sword, a society which glorifies violence and vigorously promotes the interests of the few above the interests of the many, nonconformed Mennonites in the 1990s

will reaffirm their tradition of peacemaking and boldly model "a more excellent way." In a corporate world which assumes that, given sufficient financial inducements, aspiring individuals will adjust their personal lives to fit the needs of the company, nonconformed Mennonites in the 1990s will see through the lie of careerism and make decisions regarding their professional advancement first and foremost according to the interests of their families and the needs of the local congregation. In the face of intense pressure to get a "good" job and to quickly scale the ladders of success, young nonconformed Mennonites of the 1990s will pursue graduate studies in every discipline with a critical eye to the seductions of the "Ivy League itch" and will confidently offer their talents to

Mennonite Central Committee, Mennonite Board of Missions, and the work of the church.

In these, and countless other ways, nonconformed Mennonites of the 1990s will recognize that we live in a modern, pluralistic culture; that we are in many ways embedded in this culture; that our faith cannot ultimately be expressed apart from this culture. And yet nevertheless, by the power of Christ, they will boldly stand above and apart from that culture to discern the spirit of the age, to name "the principalities and powers," and to live not in conformity to the kingdom of this world, but rather according to the will of God — God's "good, pleasing and perfect will" (Romans 12:2b).

John D. Roth is an assistant professor of history and religion at Goshen (Indiana) College, and the father of three children, ages 1, 2, and 4.

Roth's Suggestions for Nonconformity

"The time has come for the undeclared war against nonconformity to come to an end."

1. Banish television from our homes.
2. Boldly model a "more excellent way."
3. See through the lie of careerism.
4. Make decisions about professional advancement according to one's family interests and one's congregation's needs.
5. Exercise a critical eye to the seductions of the "Ivy League" itch.
6. Offer one's talents to the work of the church.

Your Washings

by Betty Wenger Good

(for Eva on the occasion of her first art show opening)

Eva, they named you, washed
wet and smooth in mother waters,
the Mennonite bishop's child.

Your hair grew long, the way
we knew, one tight braid over
each ear down your back
except at washing time when
shampooed the tresses stood
high in a glistening steeple on
your head and floated in clear
water, a momentary mermaid's
glory, until the time for drying
and pulling in the washing's
work, twisting the strands into
a proper place.

You knew other washings, too.
The Monday ones with all your
family's clothing on the lines
in wet and dry display, and
Sunday washings. The time they
baptized you on folded knees.
With wet hands and lap you
rose to kiss the bishop's wife.

And when the seasons changed
you washed each other's feet
in church, the women and the
girls walking soundlessly
on the clean wood floor to slip
your bareness into stockings
hung on the anteroom bench.
"Ye ought also to wash
one another's feet."

You were well washed,
washed for everyone to see.

* * *

The years have passed and
we have named you *Eve*.

You wash colors today, brilliant
pigments on pristine white. They
dry and you wash again,
the colors moving under your
brush while the water gives
them life, bleeding into each
other and the rag paper sheets
as you labor to give birth.

Your visions emerge,
transparent hues shining
in the light, each new stroke
from your hand in perfect
timing with your careful
water washes.

And then they're out and up
for everyone to see.
Your soul hangs bare.
You thought you were done with
all this public show of washings,
this opening, this display.

The water moves you, though,
and holds you gently
for this coming full circle
like a tide that comes in,
recedes and always
comes in again.



On Visiting my Home Church

by Betty Wenger Good

The middle of each
page in my old Bible holds
a column, two quiet
lines keeping the Living Word
in rows of black and white,
tidy blocks of letters with
staunch margins, my daily bread,
feeding me while I grew
here in this place of faith
and form where the open
windows make silent lines
of tall guards for the careful
rows of ordinary benches,
neat line upon line
on each side of the aisle
with the straight walls to hold
us, men on one side, women
on the other,
the clock a simple circle
over the preacher's head

and the amen corners
like an open book of awesome
symmetry holding up the pulpit.

Each spring and fall the bishop
came for communion and
having settled all "with God
and man" we formed our lines,
the men's and the women's,
two streams moving
to receive our bread while
the unadorned hymns rose up
like living souls beyond the walls

until we all silently together
in one movement ate
the broken bread

then taking turns drank
one cup and washed each other's
feet while our solemn harmony
filled the place
like a single breath.

Betty Wenger Good is a mother and social worker living in Washington, D.C.



Planning

by Dick Lehman

"So when are you going to take your sabbatical?"

The question came from my longtime friend Jeff, a professional in the mental health field, during a three-month sabbatical he was enjoying as one of his job benefits. Jeff's question was meant largely in jest, with that twist of sarcasm that I have come to appreciate in him. We both knew that potters and other self-employed folks can't afford, and subsequently don't take, sabbatical leaves.

Even if I could afford the cost of a sabbatical (which I couldn't), what would happen to my business in the meantime? How could I keep the shelves stocked? Who would keep the store open? I couldn't just walk away from my retail business and leave customers of seven years in the lurch. "Impossible," I thought.

But the question remained with me, unanswered. I thought back to the year before, when during a visit to Arizona State University, Randy Schmidt showed me the university's facility and told me about the visiting artist program, then asked, "So why don't you apply to come out and spend several months with us?"

"It just isn't possible," I'd replied.

Four years later I took a two-month sabbatical there. What happened in the meantime? How did the impossible become possible? Perhaps my story can serve as a model for how full- and part-time clay artists and others might incorporate renewal time into their lives.

There are some things in my background which may have predisposed me to want to take seriously Jeff's and Randy's questions. From my undergraduate and graduate training in the ministry and helping professions, I came to expect that a sabbatical—a period of paid time off from my profession—would periodically be a part of my personal and professional development. I had always believed in the value and legitimacy of sabbaticals, that in them was the potential for refreshment, discovery, growth.

Yet, after having been a full-time potter for seven years, I found it difficult to embrace my earlier beliefs. At first I

Potter's Sabbatical

couldn't decide if I thought sabbaticals were unnecessary for creative artists, or if I had just caved in to the realities of running a small business. (There seems never to be enough time or money.) Perhaps it was a mixture of both.

It was easy for me to see and to justify the need for sabbaticals for those in education and the helping professions. They are, after all, involved in a difficult, high calling, and need time to recharge their batteries.

And it was easy for me to justify the affordability of sabbaticals for people in those professions. After all, the institutions for which they worked provided the sabbaticals for them—just part of the benefits package; no charge.

As I more carefully examined these assumptions and beliefs, I discovered that I have personal needs similar to those in educational pursuits. And I concluded that I have a similar, difficult, high calling, whether in my one-of-a-kind forms or in my production ware, to produce works that reflect and communicate with integrity the values I hold important.

I realized that those with paid sabbaticals are not really getting a “free lunch.” They earn their sabbaticals in the same way that they earn the rest of their job benefits. They can take a sabbatical because their employer believes in its value, and plans accordingly.

Finally, I realized a need to enlarge my thinking about the length and nature of sabbaticals. Perhaps they did not need to be a year in length to have a similar value. What if one considered a six-month, a three-month, even a two-month break?

For me to seriously consider a sabbatical I needed to answer two major questions. First, could I make a philosophical commitment to it? Do I really need it? Am I worth it? Am I a professional deserving and needing the benefits of a sabbatical?

Second, would I, as both employer and employee in my own business, step to the side, put on my employer hat and discipline myself to do the hard work necessary to organize and plan the specifics of budget, staffing and produc-

tion management?

My answer to both was a tentative “yes.” But then what? First I decided to try identifying as clearly as possible just what I wanted from a sabbatical experience. In “goal and objective” fashion, I outlined my hopes for time away. I also decided that several months away was as much as I could afford.

Planning and Budgeting

Armed with goals and a timetable, I began contacting universities, art centers and individuals. At the same time, I checked with friends and contacts in ceramics circles about ideas they might have for sabbatical opportunities.

Slowly, a list of possibilities began to develop that might match up with my timetable and interests. Two years before I planned to take my sabbatical, I contacted locations that seemed most promising. Finally, one year before I planned to leave my studio, I drew up a full-fledged proposal and sent it to the place which looked most attractive, and where my needs and theirs seemed to match best.

Concurrent with this planning, I had to solve two other major issues: how was I going to pay for this experience; and how to staff and manage my studio while away? I immediately went to work on the funding issue. Initially, it appeared the most insurmountable. How could the business afford to support me for two unproductive months? My family seemed barely able to get by on what I was earning.

To complicate the situation, it was important to expect no salable pots from my sabbatical—no income. I wanted to be completely free of marketing. I was looking for a time to experiment, to play.

So what could I do? I searched for ways to increase production while at the same time expanding my retail and wholesale base. Gradually, I began funneling some of the profits into savings for the sabbatical. By starting early, the sabbatical fund was spread out over two years. As a result, some of my savings

actually worked for me by producing interest income.

Now, admittedly this is a very disciplined approach, very linear, left-brain thinking. If it is just not in you to work in this manner, yet you believe in the idea of a sabbatical, perhaps you could go about it in the same way my friend Jim went about getting his new bass boat. “Hey,” he said to me, “there ain’t no way a man can save up enough to pay cash for a new boat . . . at least this man can’t. So I told my wife, ‘There’s a few things in life that are just important enough that a man should oughta have ‘em. So I’m gonna buy that boat.’ Now there’s one thing for sure . . . I do pay my bills. If there’s a bill every month for that boat, I will pay it. I’ll just work a couple extra hours on the side, and I’ll enjoy the boat starting now.” If you believe as much in the value of a sabbatical as Jim did in his bass boat, perhaps it’s worth borrowing for.

The staffing issue was a bit more complex. I have one part-time and one full-time person working for me. During my sabbatical, I wanted the studio to remain productive, and the retail sales area open. Accomplishing this depended on two things: the quality of the staff and how I prepared them for my absence.

Let’s consider the second part first. Planning for an absence forced me to move the staff into areas of production, management and decision making that I probably would have been slow to do had the situation not demanded it. What I discovered was that they were both ready and able to handle these areas.

But, regardless of how well I worked at preparing my staff, the key ingredient was that they were committed and qualified people of integrity, who would be as careful with my business as they would had it been their own.

Approaching the Sabbatical Host

My first choice for a sabbatical location was Arizona State University, which offers a visiting artist position to

I have a difficult, high
calling to produce
works that
communicate with
integrity the values I
hold important.

professors and professional potters. The university provides studio space, select materials and equipment, and adjunct professor status to the visiting artists—no stipend.

My application contained a proposal that included the following elements: 1) a résumé (thorough background information outlining who I am, where I've been, what I've done); 2) a goal statement identifying what I was looking for in a sabbatical from the university and its general/geographical location; 3) a timetable stipulating when I was free to come, and for how long; 4) clarification of how this location and what it had to offer meshed with my goals; 5) identification of what I had to offer the university—from both my experience and academic background; and 6) definition of the sorts of claywork I wanted to pursue.

ASU's initial response was to suggest a meeting to discuss my proposal. I financed a two-day trip to Arizona and, subsequently, was invited to come.

On Sabbatical

One of my philosophical as well as pragmatic commitments toward a sabbatical was to get as broad a range of exposure to new ideas as possible in a short two months. During my time at ASU, I participated in a variety of activities. The following list is representative: I sat in on some university classes; had numerous visits with the ceramics faculty and made several presentations to university classes; met with the art faculty from several other schools and universities; and spent time with all the graduate students in ceramics, as well as some students from a variety of other disciplines. Spending several afternoons studying the work in the permanent ceramics collection (contemporary and early-American work) was a real treat; and, on one occasion, I had the pleasure of a three-hour personal tour of the collection with curator Rudy Turk. I also attended the Yuma Crafts Symposium, visited local production potters and the

Acoma Pueblo, plus several community art centers, museums, art fairs and galleries.

I tried to do all this and my claywork on a schedule which had me "working" a maximum of six hours a day. With the remaining "free time," my family and I spent time together hiking, traveling, playing, absorbing what this part of the Southwest had to offer. Certainly this change of pace, new setting, and the stimulation from many contacts and activities provided a rich foundation for personal and professional growth.

In the past I have been intrigued with the interplay between controlled, disciplined forms, and the spontaneous, accidental decoration of the flames which occurs, for example, in raku firing. The time at ASU furthered that intrigue. I found the faculty to be a wealth of resources. Don Schaumburg has worked in raku for years. Jeanne Otis specializes in color. Randy Schmidt piqued my curiosity with some unusual pumice glazes of varying textures and colors. These influences encouraged me to continue exploring the interplay between the intentional and the accidental—but with an altogether new color palette.

I will be quick to say that alongside promising approaches were many unsuccessful ones—and I contributed significantly to the ASU shard pile. But I contributed happily, because a sabbatical is a time to play, to experiment and to fail.

Occasionally this experimentation leads to the unexpected, pleasing discovery—the kind of discovery that comes when one puts aside the demands/constraints of marketing and showing, and simply responds to the inquisitive and curious "what-ifs" within oneself, then takes risks accordingly. For me, it is the interplay between risks, between control and spontaneity, between the intentional and accidental which makes for the most beautiful pots, and the most interesting lives.

Finding Sabbatical Opportunities

Do sabbatical opportunities really exist? The key, I think, is not to allow "time" to be a final definition. A sabbatical is, at least in part, an attitude: an attitude of defining needs for personal and professional developing; an attitude of adventure with a willingness to search out the opportunities, and at times even dare to create them; an attitude of commitment toward planning and implementing a scheme which fits our time, budgets, commitments and goals; an attitude of relationship—one which involves others in growth.

Can part-time artists take sabbaticals? Of course! But to plan yours you may need to think in unconventional ways. You may need to create an opportunity to match your goals. Take my friend Dave, for example: he has twice scheduled a whole summer of volunteering in other people's studios—two or three weeks at each one. He was interested in expanding his view of form and style. And he wanted to be influenced by the geography from a variety of areas in the States. So he developed a sabbatical to meet his needs.

Does developing your own sabbatical sound too rigorous? If so, you may choose to take advantage of existing or easily managed opportunities: workshops, conferences or symposia; summer courses at colleges or universities; volunteer work for another clay artist for two weeks free of charge; potters' tours to England, Japan or elsewhere; or plan your own workshop, special firing, tour, etc.

The most exciting opportunities, I am convinced, are yet to come.

The author owns and operates Dick Lehman, Potter, Incorporated, a studio pottery in Goshen, Indiana.

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Raising the Roof

by Jewel Showalter

We never wanted to do it. We were critical of other people who did it. But here we are—building a house.

We tried to get out of it. We pursued all (well, most) other options, but all directions led to building. And people began offering to help. One friend even said he and his wife sensed that God was leading them to help us build.

We had been warned: "You'd better have a strong marriage if you want to build a house. All those decisions . . . It will destroy your family life. We'll never go through that again."

It has been hectic since the footer was poured this past October, but it has hardly destroyed us.

On one sunny Saturday, friends and family helped us lay the block for the crawl space. A mason friend donated his time

meal preparation. Richard spent evenings and Saturdays helping with all aspects of the project, but is specializing in hanging drywall, a skill he learned in his teen years.

On Thanksgiving Day, Richard's father and three of his five brothers joined us for a drywall frolic. Our celebrations that day included hanging drywall upstairs and sharing a lunch of broccoli soup, turkey sandwiches and pumpkin brownies together in our new house.

Sometimes the children grumble, "Do we have to go work on the house again this evening?" but they join right in, giving up their preferred social and sports events.

In the past we've talked about how to share life "in the office" with our children. We've worked at taking family along for preaching and teaching stints in various settings. But building this house is

On one sunny Saturday, friends and family helped us lay block. A mason friend donated time and equipment, coordinating our unskilled efforts. I served lunch, then stayed for a lesson in block laying.

and equipment, coordinating all our unskilled efforts. I served barbecued chicken sandwiches, broccoli and macaroni salad to the crew at lunch, then stayed for my first lesson in block laying.

On a chilly fall evening, friends and students from nearby Rosedale Bible Institute nailed down the deck. Next, the walls began to go up. We worked together until dark, then sat around roasting hot dogs and marshmallows over fires built of wood scraps.

One Saturday frolic saw the rafters go up. By now the weather was turning cold, but we got the shingles on before the snow flew. Other members of our church family volunteered their time with plumbing, wiring, installing the septic system and excavating. Still others have offered to help with the painting and trim work which are yet to come.

Everyone from our family has been integrally involved in this educational experience. Our oldest son, who had a summer of carpentry behind him, was a great asset in all the framing. Our youngest son was the "go-fer," stringing wires, carrying trash, descending to the crawl space or climbing to the attic. Our daughter and I got involved with insulating, clean-up and

giving us a hitherto unknown chance to all work together on a large, common project.

I think that building a house can be a constructive family experience. It has been for us.



Jewel Showalter lives in Mechanicsburg, Ohio, with her husband and three teenage children. She works part time in information services at nearby Rosedale Mennonite Missions and participates in the life of Rosedale Bible Institute, where her husband is president.

- A colloquium on "Anabaptist-Mennonite Faith and Economics: Breaking the Silence" will be held May 24-27. The event is sponsored by the Institute of Anabaptist-Mennonite studies at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

- Over 250 Mennonites in music, visual art, drama, dance, writing and other arts will be listed in a directory of artists which is now being compiled for the Association of Mennonites in the Arts. The Association was formed at Normal 89 this past August to encourage interchange and fellowship among artists working inside and outside the church.

- Storytelling is the focus of a new cultural series at Hesston College, Hesston, Kansas. **June Alliman Yoder** and **Vanay Samuel**, a church planter and writer from south India, told stories this past fall. Environmentalist **Lou Gold** will make a presentation March 8, and **Jan Gleysteen** will tell stories April 3. The series will conclude April 19 with stories by **Stanley Green**, a native of South Africa who is pastor of Prince of Peace Mennonite Church, Los Angeles.

- Some 65 women from three Mennonite conferences in Zaire met in Kinshasa this past summer to discuss "Mennonite Woman and Her Contribution to the Life of the Church." The four-day meeting marked the first time that women from all three conferences had gathered for such an event. Speakers included **Marthe Ropp** of France and **Kadi Tshinyama**, a Mennonite Brethren woman who teaches at ISTK Bible Institute in Kinshasa.

- A group of German Mennonites hopes to open a Mennonite museum in the Vistula River area of Poland. This area was home to many Mennonites between the 1530s and World War II. The first step in the historical project will be collecting inscriptions on all the gravestones of the former large congregation at Heubuden (now Stogi). The project may eventually include moving a 1768 wooden church building from Fuerstenwerder to Heubuden.

- The Winnipeg Mennonite Children's Choir has been invited to perform at Carnegie Hall in May. The 50-member group will join 12 choirs from around the world in the International Children's Choirs in Concert event. The Mennonite children's choir is directed by **Helen Litz** and has toured Newfoundland and Australia.

- The 300-voice Mennonite Mass Choir performed Poulenc's *Gloria* and Mendelssohn's *Symphony No. 2, The Hymn of Praise* in two concerts at Kitchener, Ontario, November 4 and 5. The choir was directed by **William H. Janzen** and accompanied by the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony.

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- **Heart of the World**, a play written by Helen Stoltzfus, Martha Boesing and Albert Greenberg, premiered recently in San Francisco. Stoltzfus, whose roots are in Harrisonburg, Virginia, also acted in the play about the cross-cultural struggles that take place in the marriage of a Jewish man and a woman of Mennonite background.

- The Lion and Lamb Peace Arts Center at Bluffton College, Bluffton, Ohio, held a **three-day peace retreat** for children and adults this past November. The focus of the activities was "Making Friends through Story and Song." The children sang in a choir directed by Helen Kemp, learned a South African Zulu song and folded 1,042 paper cranes to be presented to The Children's Peace Monument in Hiroshima, Japan.

- The third print in the "Mennonite Women in Service" series by **Judy Hall** is now available from Mennonite Board of Missions (MBM), Elkhart, Indiana. Titled "Miriam in Nepal," the 14 X 18 inch watercolor painting depicts MBM worker Miriam Krantz and a young mother in Nepal harvesting cauliflower leaves. The artist, who lives in Woodburn, Oregon, donated the original painting to the Western Mennonite School Benefit Auction last May.

- WEMC, the FM radio station of Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia, has its own **live variety show**. Once a month WEMC broadcasts "A Night on the Hill." A typical evening includes folk and bluegrass music with local artists and groups, comedy routines and the melodic strains of the WEMC Chamber Conduit Orchestra. The program began this past July as a farewell to outgoing station manager **Ed Nyce**.



- Two Goshen (Indiana) College students have completed a 3,300-mile, coast-to-coast run to raise money and awareness about the homeless. **Jon Peachey** of Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, and **Mike Stoltzfus** of Goshen began their run last April 24 in Portland, Oregon. They completed it November 8 in Boston. The run raised more than \$7,000 for Mennonite Central Committee and the Open Door ministry in Atlanta.

Aging Muppies

by Emerson L. Leshner

Believe it or not, Mennonite Urban Professionals are getting older. The first Muppies will start turning 65 in 2011. That may sound like a long way into the future, but with all the older people expected to make it into the 21st century it is not too soon to prepare.

In many respects Muppies are a subgroup of the North American baby boom generation. Baby boomers are those persons born between 1946 and 1964. The boomers are a large and unique generation. As the 75 million U.S. baby boomers have moved through life, they have made a significant impact on the cultural, social, educational and economic life of North America. Soon after many boomers were born, there was a sudden increase in the diaper business. When baby boomers started to go to school, new buildings were constructed and teachers hired; when they graduated, buildings were sold and teachers laid off. In adolescence and young adulthood, baby boomers influenced political and social behavior. The hippies, yuppies, peaceniks, New Left and others of the baby boom generation helped to lead movements related to civil rights, Vietnam, the environment and women's issues.

As the baby boomers go through middle adulthood, they continue to cause a stir. For example, many have become successful in the service economy and professions, demanding excellence in their business and professional activities. Baby boomers are causing a second baby boom (or boomlet); diapers are a good business to be in again. However, it is estimated that 20 percent of the boomers will have no children, and another 25 percent will have only one child. This and related trends have caused some to suggest that we are moving from a birthing culture to an aging culture. Ken Dychtwald, in his book *Age Wave* states that "at each stage of their lives, the needs and desires of the baby boomers have become the dominant concerns of American business and popular culture." He believes it will be no different when the baby boomers hit 65.

Cheryl Russell, a researcher and editor of *American Demographics* and author of *100 Predictions for the Baby Boom: The Next 50 Years*, predicts that:

- Baby boomers will become more conservative in middle age and more liberal in old age.

- Eight out of ten baby boomers will live to age 65. Boomers will spend an average of 20 years in retirement, and one boomer in three will live to age 85.

- Baby boomers will not be able to save

enough money on their own for a comfortable retirement.

- Baby boomers will rediscover communal living in the 21st century.

- The baby boom will create a boom in plastic surgery.

- Boomers will search for the meaning of life.

- In old age, 40 percent of boomers will be dependent on friends and relatives to help them with their daily chores.

- The best long-term investment for baby boomers will be to have children.

- By the year 2045, one in five baby boomers will be in a nursing home.

- One million boomers will live to be 100 years old.

- The baby boom will not grow old gracefully. The hysteria has already begun.

Predictions are risky. All things being equal, however (barring the Second Coming, economic crash, nuclear war, Japanese buyout, drug wars, terrorists, etc.), it seems to me that Russell is on to something. Many of the predictions listed above will no doubt be just as true for Muppies as the rest of the baby boom generation. In addition, I would like to risk making some of my own predictions about aging Muppies:

- Muppies will be more likely to support educational institutions, retirement communities and Mennonite Central Committee than other Mennonite programs.

- Muppies will search for congregations that are rooted in the past but are intentional at being relevant for the future.

- Muppies will develop non-familial relationships and networks to make up for the lost extended families of the past.

- Muppies likely will return to traditional Mennonite communities as they age.



Emerson Leshner is director of older adult services at Philhaven Hospital. He hopes to retire at least by 2017 and is currently applying to retirement communities in the hope that by the time he needs to enter there will be an opening.

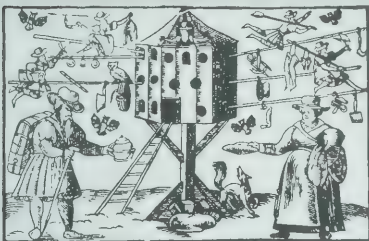
MUSEUMS

Indiana

Menno-Hof, SR 5 South, Shipshewana (219-768-4117). Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission: donation. Interpretation center. Displays and activities about early Anabaptists and present-day Mennonite and Amish groups.

Mennonite Historical Library, Good Library 3rd Floor, Goshen College, Goshen (219-535-7418). Mon.-Fri. 8-12, 1-5, Sat. 9-1. Closed Sundays, holidays, Saturdays during college vacations. Admission: free. Primarily for researchers in Mennonite history and genealogy; holdings also include rare and other unusual Mennonite-related books.

Die Zauberer sollst du nicht lassen leben.



Mit dem. Bdy. Mayeslar. Freyheit.

Kansas

Kauffman Museum, Bethel College, N. Main & 27th, North Newton (316-283-1612). Mon.-Fri. 9:30-4:30, Sat.-Sun. 1:30-4:30; closed major holidays. Admission: adults \$2, children and youth 6-16 \$1, group rates available. Cultural, natural history of Central Plains with focus on Mennonites; restored 19th-century homesteader's cabin, farmstead with house, barn.

Mennonite Heritage Museum, Highway K-15 & Main, Goessel (316-367-8200). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; Sept.-Dec., Mar.-May: Tues.-Sat. 1-4. Admission: adults \$2, children 12 and under \$1, large groups please call ahead for appointment. Artifacts from early households, farms, schools, churches; restored historic buildings; Turkey Red Wheat Palace.

Pioneer Adobe House Museum, U.S. Highway 56 & Ash, Hillsboro (316-947-3775). Mar.-Dec.: Tues.-Sat. 9-12, 2-5, Sun. and holidays 2-5. Admission: free. Restored Dutch-German Mennonite immigrant adobe house, barn, shed; displays on adobe house culture 1847-1890, Turkey Red wheat, Hillsboro history.

Warkentin House, 211 E. First St., Newton (316-283-0136 or 283-7555). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 1-4:30; Sept.-May: Fri.-Sun. 1-4:30. Admission: adults \$2. Sixteen-room Victorian home, built 1886 for Bernhard

Warkentin, who was instrumental in bringing Turkey Red wheat, as well as Mennonite settlers, to Kansas from Russia.

Maryland

Penn Alps, National Road (Alt. Rt. 40), Grantsville (301-895-5985). Memorial Day-mid-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8; mid-Oct.-May: Mon.-Thurs. 11-7, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 9-8. Situated between a still-functional 1797 grist mill and a nationally-renowned 1813 stone arch bridge. Working craftspeople (summer only), restored historic buildings.

Ontario

Brubacher House, c/o University of Waterloo, Waterloo (519-886-3855). May-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 2-5; other times by appointment. Restoration and refurbishing of Mennonite home of 1850-90, slide-tape presentations of Mennonite barnraising and settling of Waterloo County. Admission: \$1 per person, Sunday school classes \$.50 per person, under 12 free if accompanied by parent.

The Meetingplace, 33 King St., St. Jacobs (519-664-3518). May-Oct.: Mon.-Fri. 11-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1:30-5; Nov.-Apr.: Sat. 11-4:30, Sun. 2-4:30. Feature-length film about Mennonites, by appointment. Admission: \$1.25 per person for groups making reservations; others by donation. A Mennonite interpretation center; 28-minute documentary film *Mennonites of Ontario*.

Pennsylvania

Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 388). Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Sat.-Sun. by appointment. Admission: free. Collection of artifacts; e.g., plain clothing, church furniture, love feast utensils, Bibles.

Germantown Mennonite Information Center, 6135 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia (215-843-0943). Tues.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. for groups by appointment. Admission: donation. Meeting-house and artifacts related to the Germantown Mennonite community, oldest in America. Also available for tours: Johnson House, 18th-century Quaker home in Germantown; 1707 house of William Rittenhouse, first Mennonite minister in America and responsible for first paper mill in colonies. "Images—The Germantown Mennonite Meetinghouse," continuously-building exhibit of photos, sketches, paintings, other depictions of Germantown church.

Historical Center, HCR 63, Richfield (717-694-3211). Tues. 7-9 p.m., Sat. 9-4. Admission: free. Family Bibles, fraktur, tools, clocks of Juniata County Mennonites; archives and books.

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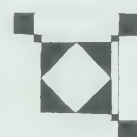
Welcome



The People's Place, a person-to-person heritage center, a three-screen documentary about the Amish, a hands-on museum, a superb book shop, and a film set among the Mennonites.



The Old Country Store, the finest in handmade quilts and local crafts by more than 250 Amish and Mennonite craftspeople. Fabrics at bargain prices.



The People's Place Quilt Museum, a breath-taking exhibit of antique Amish quilts. An oasis for lovers of quilts and folk art. Absolutely superb!



Old Road Furniture Company, with handsome reproductions inspired by Amish furnituremaker Henry Lapp (1862-1904). Exquisite quilt reproductions, too.



The People's Place Gallery, a fine gallery featuring art by Mennonite-related artists. (Also a large exhibit of the works of artist P. Buckley Moss.)



The Village Pottery, featuring pottery by a dozen superb Mennonite potters. Both functional and nonfunctional.

All of the above are open daily (9-5) except Sundays and Christmas Day. Call 717/768-7171 or write The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse, PA 17534.

When Anabaptists Worship

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our example and we are to be examples and encouragers to one another.

Calling. "Enter to Worship and Depart to Serve." I once saw this inscription carved in stone over the entrance to a church. It accurately reflects the Anabaptist perspective because to Anabaptists, worship should reflect our sense of calling and our calling to serve. Worship is foundational to service, and service is our response to worship. Indeed, worship is itself an expression of service to God.

In corporate worship, God reveals Himself to us through the ministry of the Word, music, singing, expressions of praise, affirmations of our brothers and sisters and the manifestation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. God always reveals Himself in order that we may respond. A willingness to serve is one response to the revelation of God. Because Jesus is Lord and we are committed to follow Him, we are called to be witnesses, light and salt. We are called to serve. We come together in worship to be strengthened, empowered and equipped so that we can go into a needy world and incarnate the reality and compassion of Jesus Christ.

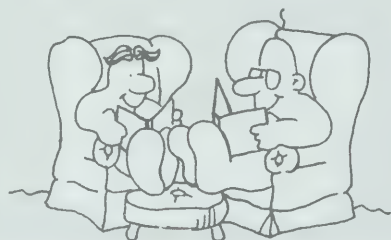
"The Four FQ Habits"

Habit 1: Renew your own subscription promptly.

Habit 2: Remember to give FQ gift subscriptions.

Habit 3: Keep supporting the International Subscription Fund.

Habit 4: Order at least one book a year through FQ.



MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

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Mennonite Heritage Center, Main and Walnut Sts., Box 5603, Belleville (717-483-6652). Wed. 11-2 and Sat. 9-12. Admission: free. Home of Mifflin County Mennonite Historical Society. Books and articles on local and Mennonite history and genealogy.

Mennonite Historical Library and Archives of Eastern Pennsylvania, Grebel Hall, Christopher Dock High School, 1000 Forty Foot Road, Lansdale (215-362-0304). Wed.-Thurs. 10-4, evenings and other times by appointment. Collection includes genealogical and local history resources, 16th & 17th century Bibles and rare books, 19th & 20th century personal collections, church records dating from 18th century.

Mennonite Information Center, 2209 Millstream Rd., Lancaster 17602 (717-299-0954). Open 8-5 daily except Sundays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Admission: varying. Film, *A Morning Song*; guided tours of Lancaster County; Hebrew Tabernacle Reproduction.

The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9-5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: varying. Amish and Mennonite information and heritage center; 3-screen documentary *Who Are the Amish?*; hands-on museum, Amish World, including Henry Lapp, Aaron Zook folk art collections; full-length feature film, *Hazel's People* (May-Oct. only).

The People's Place Quilt Museum, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: \$3 adults, \$1.50 children. Antique Amish quilts and crib quilts; small collection of dolls, socks, mittens, samplers and miniature wood pieces.

1719 Hans Herr House, 1849 Hans Herr Dr., Willow Street (717-464-4438). Apr.-Dec.: Mon.-Sat. 9-4, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas; Jan.-Mar. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2.50, children 7-12 \$1, children under 7 free, group rates available. Restoration and refurbishing of oldest building in Lancaster County; "Lancaster Mennonite Rural Life Collection."

South Dakota

Heritage Hall Museum and Archives, 748 S. Main, Freeman (605-925-4237). May-Oct.: Sun. 2-4; Nov.-April by appointment. Admission: adults \$1.50, \$1.50 Grade 7-12; Grade 6 and under free. Cultural artifacts; South Dakota natural history; historic church, school and pioneer home with functional Russian oven. Archives on Mennonite history with emphasis on Hutterite colonies.

GALLERIES

Indiana

Goshen College Art Gallery, Good Library, Goshen College, Goshen (219-533-3161). Jan.-June, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Sat. 8-5, Tues. 8 a.m.-10 p.m., Sun. 1-5; July: weekdays only 9-5; closed Aug., holidays. Admission: free. • *Annual Student Exhibition*, March 4-21. • *Senior Exhibitions*, March 25-April 22.

Mennonite Mutual Aid Gallery, 1110 N. Main (SR 15N), Goshen (219-533-9511). Admission: free.

Kansas

Bethel College Fine Arts Center Gallery, Bethel College, North Newton (316-283-2500). Sept.-May: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sun. 2-4. Admission: free. • *Contemporary Prints from South Africa*, prints by black township artists, through March 15. • *Merrill Krabill—Clay and Mixed Media*, April 1-22.

Hesston College Gallery, Hesston College, Hesston (316-327-8164). Feb.-May, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sat. 11-5, Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.

Ohio

Kaufman Gallery, Main St., Berlin (216-893-2842). Apr.-Dec.: 1-5 p.m. Admission: free. Works of contemporary Mennonite artists and Amish folk art.

Marbeck Center Gallery Lounge, Bluffton College, Bluffton (419-358-8015). Daily 8 a.m.-11 p.m. Admission: free.

Pennsylvania

Aughinbaugh Art Gallery, Climenhaga Fine Arts Center, Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 276). Mid-Sept.-early May: Mon.-Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-9, Sat.-Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.

The People's Place Gallery, The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9-5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: free. • *Drawings on Clay and Paper*, Jewell Gross Brenneman, through March 3. • *Etchings and drawings*, Allan Eitzen, March 8-April 28.

Virginia

Eastern Mennonite College Gallery, EMC, Harrisonburg (703-433-2771). Sept.-Apr.: Mon.-Thurs. 7:45 a.m.-11 p.m., Fri. 7:45-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5. Admission: free.

If you know of additional museums and galleries displaying work by or about Mennonites and related peoples, please send information to *Festival Quarterly*, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

- Mennonite Central Committee is collecting recipes and stories for a new **international cookbook** in the tradition of the *More-with-Less Cookbook* and *Living More With Less*. Joetta Handrich Schlabach has been named editor of the project. The book is scheduled for release in 1992.

- **Elly & Oliver** is the title of a children's book written by Marta Brunner of Seattle and illustrated by Margaret Jeschke of Goshen, Indiana. The book is published by Pinchpenny Press of Goshen College.

- The Japan Anabaptist Center in Tokyo has published a short bibliography of its library holdings. The 80-page book, **Selected Book List of Friedmann-Sakakibara Library**, lists 391 titles—about eight percent of the 5,000 books in the collection. The bibliography includes all 83 of the library's Japanese-language books, among them Dr. Gan Sakakibara's 11-volume *Anabaptist Study Series*. Sakakibara built the library collection around 400 books bought from historian Robert Friedmann right before Friedmann's death. The library officially opened in 1982.

- The Brazil Mennonite Conference has published a **songbook in Portuguese**. *Louvor Vivo* (Living Praise) contains English hymn translations, compositions by Mennonite composers and Brazilian songs. It was compiled by Mennonite Board of Missions worker Glenn Musselman.

- Hans J. Wiens is the author of a German-language book on **Mennonite missions** among the indigenous peoples of the Paraguayan Chaco. The book is titled *Dass die Hieden Miterben Seien* (The Gentiles Are Fellow-Heirs) and is published by the Mennonite Brethren Conference of Paraguay.

- A self-help craft outlet and **multilingual Christian bookstore** has opened in Filadelfia, Paraguay. El Mensajero (The Messenger) stocks indigenous craft items that local women make at home while they care for their children. The store also sells Bibles and Bible portions in Spanish, Guarani, Lengua and Chulupi, as well as other Christian literature, cassettes of Christian music, school supplies and gift items.

- *Das Blat für Kinder und Jugend* (The Paper for Children and Youth) is the title of a **magazine for German-speaking Mennonite children** in Latin America. Published by *Die Mennonitische Post* of Steinbach, Manitoba, the magazine is designed to supplement the school curriculum in some colonies in Mexico, Belize, Paraguay and Bolivia.

- Ted Klassen and George Peters are the authors of **Kohmt met noh Expoh** (Come Along to the Expo), a Low German book inspired by the works of Arnold Dyck. The book is published by Bindery Publishing House of Winnipeg.

- **Older Than Ravens**, a collection of short stories by Douglas Reimer, has been published by Turnstone Press of Winnipeg.

- Ferne Burkhardt is the author of **A Mighty Flood: The House of Friendship Story**. The book tells the 50-year history of a community ministry in Kitchener, Ontario.

- Poet and educator William Stafford is the

author of **A Scripture of Leaves**, published by Brethren Press. Stafford has won the National Book Award for Poetry and served as poetry consultant for the Library of Congress. His first book was published by the Church of the Brethren in 1947.



- Brian Gingrich of Chicago has released his second recording, **Travelog**. The album includes nine original instrumental pieces, which draw on musical styles from jazz to rock to African music. Gingrich plays all the instruments, including synthesizers, bass guitar, Chapman Stick and samplers. *Travelog* is available on chrome cassette from Gingrich at 5301 S. Rockwell, Chicago 60632.

- Good Books has published **The Central Market Cookbook** by Phyllis Pellman Good and Louise Stoltzfus and **The Country Love Quilt** by Cheryl A. Benner and Rachel T. Pellman.

- Stella Boshart of Wayland, Iowa, is the author of **Thoughts of a Lifetime**, a recently published collection of poetry. The book includes poems written by Boshart in her teens, through her married years on an Iowa farm, and during her retirement.

- The magazines **Guidelines for Today** and **Sword and Trumpet** have merged under the *Sword and Trumpet* name. *Guidelines* had been edited by Sanford Shetler, who died in March 1989.

- The 10th edition of the *All God's People* video series produced by Mennonite Board of Missions Media Ministries is available. Titled **Sharing**, the 28-minute video features clean-up work by Mennonites following Hurricane Joan in Nicaragua; the Fellowship of Hope Church in Macon, Mississippi, rebuilding after a fire allegedly caused by arson; Jared Burkholder from Hillsboro, Kansas, on the invention of a board game called "Generosity"; and sculptor/potter Paul Friesen's artistic vision and encouragement of students at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

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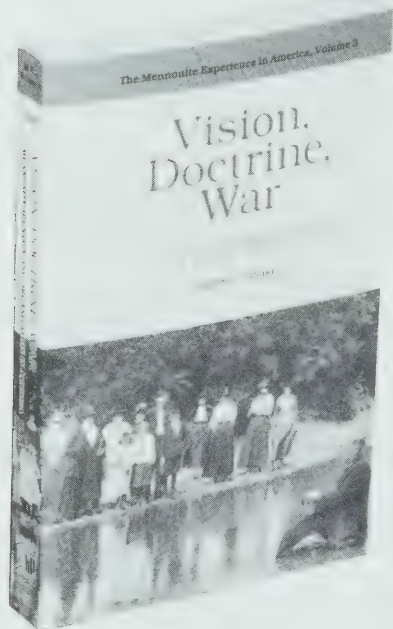
Vision, Doctrine, War: Mennonite Identity and Organization in America, 1890-1930,

James C. Juhnke. Herald Press, 1989. 384 pages, \$19.95.

Reviewed by Jim Mininger

Juhnke's penchant for storytelling delights the reader of this latest contribution to the Mennonite Experience in America series. The book focuses on a period in which Mennonites busily organized church institutions in order to preserve their unique heritage and community. Ironically, the movement toward bureaucracy was itself an imitation of American denominationalism, pulling Mennonites into the mainstream.

The author chooses to use an analytical rather than a chronological approach to the period, sorting out the various groups of Mennonites and the relationships between them. A professor of history at Bethel (Kansas) College, Juhnke has a



keen sense of historical irony, particularly regarding the three groups of Mennonites. The "Old" Mennonites attempted to be old and new at the same time. Although concerned with preservation, they acted more like American Protestants than like their Anabaptist forbears. The General Conference Mennonites left Russia to come to the U.S. for freedom to continue their threatened corporate existence. "The openness and pluralism [in America]," says Juhnke, "challenged their faith and life as surely as had persecution and migration in Europe." The Old Order communities were committed to being a people of stability, even though that order had been created by a revolutionary people.

Some groups discovered renewal in adapting to American culture and civiliza-

tion. Others were renewed through appeal to their heritage and history.

Juhnke's writing is clearly set in the context of present discussion regarding the potential merger of Mennonite groups. The original General Conference Mennonite goal of merging all Mennonites (p. 51) comes through with great clarity.

The use of the term "progressives" is somewhat troubling. Does this refer to progressivism as understood in American history? If not, it seems a pejorative term to be used in this type of history. Certainly, one must be sympathetic with Juhnke's dilemma. In a volume which is to be good history and a contribution to the denomination, how can various groups be described?

In reading *Vision, Doctrine, War*, I am reminded of earlier volumes in this series. As in the colonial period, war reestablishes the uniqueness of Mennonite identity. Recognizing this motif, the reader must ask whether war is the only circumstance which holds this people together and "apart" from the world.

The uncertain relationship between Christ and culture marks the central struggle of the 1890-1930 period and continues to be the key to understanding the varieties of Mennonites today. Juhnke's introduction to the volume states his struggle with the same elements while writing the book. This is the central issue related to present discussion of merger. Ironically, the institutions created during this period are the very elements which make present merger difficult.

Jim Mininger is Academic Dean and Instructor of History at Hesston College, Hesston, Kansas.

FQ price — \$15.96

(Regular price — 19.95)

Mennonite Society, Calvin Redekop. Johns Hopkins University Press, 1989. 397 pages, \$14.95.

Reviewed by J. Lawrence Burkholder

Is it possible to describe North American Mennonite society, given its heterogeneity? Probably not. But Redekop has produced a book that transcends many of the limitations imposed by cultural, religious and geographical diversity. Its credibility is enhanced not only by meticulous documentation but by the author's long personal involvement with various groups of Mennonites and by his frank acknowledgment of subjective bias.

This volume is so comprehensive as to qualify as a reference book. Its 18 chapters cover such themes as Mennonite history, ethos, institutional life and stress and changes. The author devotes two chapters to external and internal threats to Mennonite identity, arising primarily out of its doctrine of non-conformity to the world. He is frank in discussing the Mennonite proclivity for schism and suppression of intellectual and aesthetic experience.

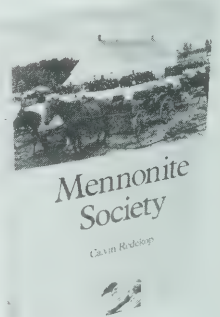
I recommend *Mennonite Society* for scholarly as well as general interest. As portrayed here, Mennonites may be characterized as a righteous but hardly a happy lot. They suffer from what Redekop calls "Mennonite sickness," rooted primarily in the tension between their "Utopian idealism" and reality. Redekop does not omit some of the achievements of missions, relief work and institutional development, but every adjustment to modernity, it appears, is qualified by its departure from a normative original vision.

It would seem that sociological interpretations of Mennonite society should be followed by theological and philosophical examinations of Mennonite presuppositions. Surely Christianity should be more joyful than Redekop's portrayal of Mennonite society would suggest.

J. Lawrence Burkholder, Goshen, Indiana, has served as a pastor, China relief administrator, professor at Harvard Divinity school and president of Goshen College.

FQ price — \$13.46

(Regular price — 14.95)



None But Saints: The Transformation of Mennonite Life in Russia, 1789–1889, James Urry. Hyperion Press, 1989. 322 pages, \$21.20 (U.S.).

Reviewed by Sam Steiner

Once or so in a generation some brave soul writes a national historical overview that grapples with and synthesizes the mountain of academic articles and dissertations that have appeared since the previous synthesis. The world of Mennonite history-writing is no exception. The Mennonite Experience in America series is currently such a U.S. synthesis. Frank H. Epp began such a work in two volumes of his *Mennonites in Canada*. The only person who attempted such a chore on a global scale was C. Henry Smith in his *Story of the Mennonites*.

James Urry, an anthropologist who teaches in New Zealand, has attempted the first such survey of the Mennonite experience in Russia. He is no novice to Russian Mennonite history, having done a massive doctoral dissertation on the topic at Oxford University in 1978.

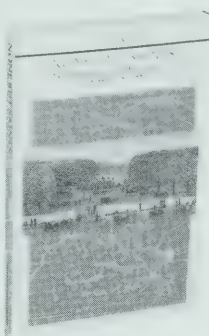
Urry begins with the first settlers still conscious of differences in their Frisian and Flemish Mennonite backgrounds; traces the economic development driven by the "Prophet of Progress" Johann Cornies; analyzes divisions (Kleine Gemeinde, later Mennonite Brethren/Kirchliche) rooted in religious differences and economic disparities; contextualizes the emigration of 15,000 Mennonites to North America in the 1870s; and suggests the emergence of a Mennonite self-understanding as a unique commonwealth within Russian society by the 1880s.

This bold sweep largely succeeds. The Mennonite experience during and after the Russian Revolution has been popularized and fictionalized in many books. Typically Mennonites know much less about the background of that "idyllic" community that has suffered so much in this century. Anyone wanting to know what happened before the Revolution needs to start with Urry's very readable offering.

Sam Steiner is the Librarian and Archivist at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

FQ price—\$16.96

(Regular price—21.20)



Bioethics and the Beginning of Life, edited by Roman J. Miller and Beryl H. Brubaker. Herald Press, 1989. 224 pages, \$14.95.

Reviewed by Alberto Quintela, Jr.

Abortion is the focus of *Bioethics and the Beginning of Life*, a collection of papers presented at a seminar at Eastern Mennonite College in November 1987.

The first chapters should be required reading for anyone old enough to become sexually active. For parents to be, Chapter 3 provides valuable information on the control and modification of the reproductive process.

Issues such as artificial insemination, genetic engineering, in vitro fertilization and embryo transfer are also addressed throughout the book.

The chapter on Biblical Perspectives is the most helpful on developing a Christian position on these issues. The weakest of these papers are the ones dealing with the maternal, psychological and legal perspectives.

The relationship between the mother and the unborn is entitled to more attention than it is given here. More discussion also is needed on the fact that women for the most part carry the burden of contraception.

The paper on legal perspectives gives the impression that legal opinions occur in a vacuum. Of importance here is the fact that the legal system is attempting to deal with morality.

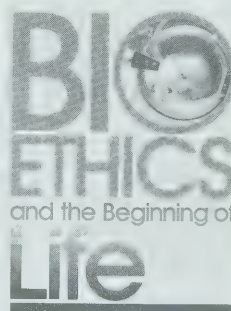
As Christians, we cannot join the jurists and politicians who have staked their positions on abortion on the slippery slope of emerging medical technology that has continued to push back the boundaries of human fetus viability. The question, "Must we obey Caesar?" is never addressed.

Nevertheless, this book is an excellent beginning in addressing the lack of written materials by Anabaptist writers on a variety of reproductive topics.

Alberto Quintela is a lawyer in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is coordinator of the Many Peoples Program of the General Conference Mennonite Church.

FQ Price—\$11.96

(Regular price—14.95)



Edited by
Roman J. Miller & Beryl H. Brubaker

Reflections of an Hispanic Mennonite, José Ortiz and David Graybill. Good Books, 1989. 92 pages, \$6.95.

Reviewed by Allan Yoder

I was delighted to see a book about the life and ministry of José Ortiz. Ortiz helped lead in my ordination service and has provided helpful counsel since.

The review of Ortiz' life and ministry is intertwined with his reflections, which give the reader a sense of Ortiz' integrity.

Ortiz and Graybill alternated chapters. At points this allowed for statements about Ortiz and his ministry (by Graybill) which may have been bypassed as being inappropriate for Ortiz to write about himself. At other points, it seemed repetitious and disjointed.

The strength of this book is the perceptive analysis of various facets of the Mennonite church. One which stood out for me was Ortiz' description of how the Mennonites developed ministry in La Plata (p. 26), using the resources on hand and being assertive.

A second description which has continuing validity came in chapters 8 and 13 with Ortiz' reflections on being caught between two world views as an Hispanic leader in the Mennonite church.

After finishing *Reflections of an Hispanic Mennonite*, I placed it on my bookshelf where it belonged . . . between *Anabaptist Portraits* (John Allen Moore) and *Revolucionarios del Siglo XVI* (William R. Estep), the Spanish translation of *The Anabaptist Story*.

Perhaps some day my shelf of Anabaptist books will include many more such books as *Reflections*. Until then, this book will serve as a reminder that the Anabaptist movement in the two-thirds world is growing faster than that represented in most Anabaptist literature and books.

Allan Yoder is Conference Minister for California (Southwest Mennonite Conference) and serves as President of the Council of Anabaptists in Los Angeles.

FQ price—\$5.56

(Regular price—6.95)



Plain and Simple: A Woman's Journey to the Amish, Sue Bender. Harper & Row, 1989. 152 pages, \$16.95.

Reviewed by Arlene M. Mark

When Sue Bender first saw Amish quilts, she became obsessed with them: the warm, deep colors; the connecting of all the parts to the whole; the calmness and intensity side by side. As an artist, she needed to know who put these powerful creations together, and why and how.

She researched the Amish and lived briefly in two different Amish households, sharing their very different world, savoring their values and joys. This book is her carefully selected, honestly presented construct of Amish life as she experienced it. "The quilts," she says, "were only guides" leading to an answer to her ultimate question, "Is there another way to lead a good life?"

Bender's own life was a "crazy quilt," out of control and frantic, with no unifying thread to hold it together. She saw that the Amish lived as they made their quilts: each person complemented and harmoniously enriched the whole without competition, individualism or personal ambition. Their faith was the thread that held everything together.

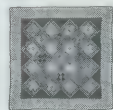
That couldn't work for Bender; the trade-offs were too costly. For her, plain was not simple. And so her subtitle defines the limits of her connectedness to the Amish. But she "pieced" together a verbal quilt: nine chapters (nine-patch?) that give us a tender and reflective account of her journey of the spirit and creates for us all a respect for the beauty and decency of *Plain and Simple*.

Arlene M. Mark is a writer, private tutor and teacher of English as a Second Language (ESL) in the Elkhart Public Schools, Elkhart, Indiana.

FQ price—\$14.41

(Regular price—16.95)

PLAIN
and
SIMPLE



A
Woman's
Journey
to
the
Amish
SUE BENDER

Torches Rekindled, Merrill Mow. Plough Publishing House, 1989. 309 pages, \$10.50.

Reviewed by John K. Stoner

Torches Rekindled tells the story of the Bruderhof communities from 1935 to 1975, with brief comments through 1988. Dramatic conflict, heart-rending pain, recurring joy and lighthearted humor—the gamut of life's emotions fill the book, which was written by a member of the community.

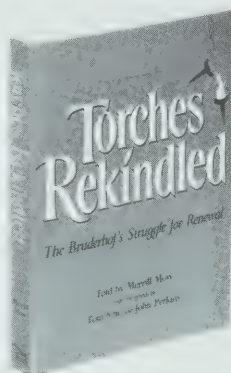
"Bruderhof" is a German word meaning home or place of the brothers. It was adopted as the name of an intentional Christian community started in post-World War I Germany, which in its early years sought contact (and then united) with the Hutterian communities in western Canada and the United States. In 1955 the Bruderhof was excluded from the Hutterian Church, and was not reunited until 1974. The reasons for the exclusion and the struggle for reunion are part of this story.

I found the book inspiring, troubling and challenging. The Eastern Hutterians' (Bruderhof) commitment to follow the teachings of Jesus in the midst of the American Babylon of consumerism, individualism and nationalism is a vividly inspiring example of faith. The concrete form of their discipleship, however, I find troubling in two ways. It troubles me in a good way by holding a mirror to my life and showing me my shortcomings. It troubles me in a different way by portraying a church which denies women the role of community leadership in the stewardship of God's word. The challenge of the book is to address the issues which it raises in my own Christian community, toward the goal of a more faithful witness to God's truth in the world.

John K. Stoner, Akron, Pa., has been a pastor and executive secretary of Mennonite Central Committee's U.S. Peace Section. Currently he writes on peace church evangelism and leads retreats in a ministry called God-Quest.

FQ price—\$8.40

(Regular price—10.50)



Critical Choices: A Journey With the Filipino People, Dorothy Friesen. Eerdmans, 1988. 284 pages, \$12.95.

Reviewed by Pat Hostetter Martin

For readers who know relatively little about the Philippines, Dorothy Friesen's book is a good introduction.

Critical Choices: A Journey With the Filipino People takes us on a journey that is both historical and personal. We discover things that we never learned in our history—that half a million Filipinos died at the turn of the century resisting American conquest; that even as the U.S. government granted independence to the Philippines in 1946, it extracted long-term agreements that were highly favorable to the United States in trade and the use of military bases.

We travel with the author during her personal sojourns in the barrios and cities of the Philippines, beginning in 1977 when she and her husband, Gene Stoltzfus, first went to the Pacific nation as country representatives for Mennonite Central Committee.

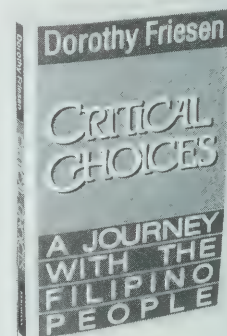
Friesen introduces us to courageous, generous and compassionate Filipinos who have chosen to struggle, and sometimes die, in hope of a better future for themselves and their children. We are sometimes moved, sometimes angry, but in the end totally persuaded that our own liberation is somehow bound up in the liberation for which the Filipino people are struggling.

Critical Choices is particularly written for those of us who consider ourselves Christian and pacifist. It challenges us to make the difficult political and spiritual choices that we must make if we are to walk alongside those who long for wholeness in their lives.

Pat Hostetter Martin lived with her family in the Philippines from 1979 to 1982 as a Mennonite Central Committee worker. She now shares the administration of MCC's East Asia program with her husband, Earl.

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Quiz #5 for Thoughtful Christians

Please read the ten statements below and circle the letter to the left which best represents your opinion and feelings.

- | Not Sure | Agree | Strongly Agree | Disagree | Strongly Disagree | |
|----------|-------|----------------|----------|-------------------|--|
| A | B | C | D | E | 1. Tradition is basically a negative word. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 2. Children need boundaries more than adults do. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 3. Jesus came to abolish legalism and tradition. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 4. A Mennonite Christian should be able to maintain and nurture a personal belief and conviction, even if most everyone in her or his fellowship does not hold to that belief or conviction. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 5. Sometimes when we try to revitalize symbols, we end up with something less meaningful than before. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 6. Traditions and symbols keep life from being fresh and invigorating. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 7. Professionalism in the church is a good thing because it encourages formality, tradition and ritual. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 8. There is little difference between a conviction and a tradition. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 9. Families who resort to traditions at holiday time are exhibiting a lack of creativity. |
| A | B | C | D | E | 10. It is possible to be a Christian without other people knowing it. |

—Phyllis and Merle Good

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WHAT'S COOKING?

Church, Challenge and Yogurt

by Glenda Knepp

Do you have a recipe for raising a child? Could it be a nursery rhyme—"sugar and spice" for girls, "snips and snails and puppy dog tails" for boys?

Or would it be that famous "If" poem? If you can be and do all this, then "you'll be a man" (or a woman).

I think, too, of the passage from Micah: "And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

We've had a man in the making now for 18 years, ever since that snowy March gift of Firstborn Son. Yet I wonder, how many roads must he walk down before we call him a man? Which ways, which experiences, will bring him to wisdom and stature and to favor with both God and others?

At a baby shower years back, I asked my Aunt Grace for mothering secrets. Even now, there are times I'd like a recipe for perfection, precise guidelines on appropriating the grace of our Lord for living and becoming. What should such a list include? I would begin it with fellowship and challenge.

Hillcrest Mennonite Church of New Hamburg, Ontario, offers an example of fellowship. Enjoying a Shakespearean weekend at nearby Stratford, we discovered the group several months ago. What did it matter that we were foreigners who had missed most of the morning service? Their warm hands of welcome were ex-

tended for 45 minutes afterward.

The ingredient of challenge is exemplified by Rosedale Bible Institute, where we left our first fledgling this past fall. I was excited when Chad called to say, "I've found the kind of teachers that I hoped for but didn't know if they were here—challenging both spiritually and intellec-

tually." Then our empty nest seemed warm again.

As growing to maturity involves other people, so do recipes for food. Several columns ago I yearned for a recipe for vanilla yogurt. Well, sister Colleen has developed such a recipe, which I'm pleased to share with you:

Colleen's Vanilla Yogurt

Whisk together:

9 C. water

5 C. instant dry milk.

Heat six minutes in microwave.

In separate container mix:

1 C. water

2 T. unflavored gelatin

1/2 C. sugar OR 6 gr. saccharin or equivalent.

Heat 1-2 minutes in microwave, until thoroughly dissolved.

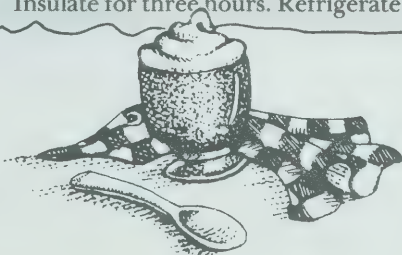
Combine the two mixtures and heat as needed to reach 112 to 115 degrees F.

Then add:

1 C. yogurt

2 T. vanilla.

Insulate for three hours. Refrigerate to chill and finish firming. It's wonderful!



Glenda Knepp lives in Turner, Michigan, near Lake Huron. She is the mother of two sons.

Beyond "Icy Mountains"

by Mary K. Oyer

I had occasion recently to delve into the history of mission hymns. I have avoided that subject for many years, probably because of memories of singing about "heathen" bowing down to "wood and stone," with little reflection on the possibility of idols of metal or plastic. I remember how I only gradually recognized the condescending stance suggested by a hymn we sang hundreds of times—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains";

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

I decided to look for the earliest mission hymn. Perhaps it was the 1719 Isaac Watts versification of Psalm 72, in which Watts identified the psalmist's king as Christ, whose reign extended as far as the sun's "successive journeys run": "His kingdom stretch from shore to shore/Till moons shall wax and wane no more." In another stanza Watts became more specific about geography. His usual global, even cosmic, outlook led him naturally to think in terms of other peoples of the world:

There [at Christ's feet] Persia glorious
to behold;
There India stands in Easter gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit and bow and own their Lord.

Charles Wesley's "O for a Thousand Tongues"—an 18-stanza hymn written in 1740 on the first anniversary of his conversion—explored his inner experience for eight stanzas, then gradually opened to the outside world. By stanza 13 he said:

Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone;
Be justified by grace!

But the first burst of energy for writing poems designated by their authors as mission hymns came in the last decade of the 18th century. Erik Routley links this intense interest with the Romantic movement and its urge to explore unknown and faraway places—as far as the South Seas.

The London Missionary Society was founded in 1795. One of its directors, William Shrubsole, wrote a mission hymn in that same year:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!

Put on thy strength, the nations
shake. . .

Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone";
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

And a radical journalist, James Montgomery, turned his attention and talents to the lively new field of missions. His "Hail to the Lord's Anointed" appears as an Advent hymn (#113) in the *Mennonite Hymnal*. Although its themes of the fruitful earth and of support for the poor and oppressed are appropriate for Advent, Montgomery intended the hymn for missions. He talked of Christ's kingdom ("His kingdom still increasing,/A kingdom without end") and of conquering the enemy ("O'er every foe victorious/He on his throne shall rest"). One wonders whether thoughts of conquering kingdoms of this world—the expanding British Empire, for example—might have lurked beneath the surface for the people who sang the hymn.

Light and darkness as well emerged as prominent themes in Montgomery, in John Marriott's "Thou whose Almighty Word," 1813, and in Heber's "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," 1819.

Just as these hymns were appearing in Britain, a remarkable and unique hymn was composed in South Africa. When conflict between the Xhosa and the white settlers was especially intense, a Xhosa man named Ntsikana was converted to Christianity. His experience of a great wind and a vision of light turned him to preaching Christian truths and writing songs for daily worship. Ntsikana's Great Hymn of 1821 expressed praise in African terms:

He is the Great God, who is in heaven.
Thou art Thou, True Shield.
Thou art Thou, Stronghold of truth.
Thou art Thou, Thicket of truth.
Thou art Thou who dwellest in the highest.
He, who created life (below), created (life) above.
That Creator who created, created heaven.
This Maker of the stars and the Pleiades.
A star flashed forth, it was telling us.
The Maker of the blind, does he not make them of purpose?
The trumpet sounded; it has called us.
As for the chase, he hunts for souls.
He, who reconciles flocks that fight each other.

He the leader, who has led us.
He is the Great Blanket we put on.
Those hands of thine, they are wounded.
Those feet of thine, they are wounded?
Thy blood, why is it streaming?
This great price, are we worthy?
This home of thine, are we worthy?

(Anonymous literal translation, not versified for use with the tune)

Ntsikana's hymn is still in use among the Xhosa. But for some reason it did not seem valuable to the missionaries in South Africa in his day. Perhaps the music was too repetitious for the Europeans, or it lent itself to the use of traditional instruments rather than the organ. There, as in many parts of the world, Western hymns translated into local languages formed the repertoire for worship, even when the Western tunes made nonsense of the inflections of the local language. It was a kind of cultural domination which deprived both the missionaries and those missionized of mutual insights into worship.

I believe that we develop a theology of missions through the hymns we sing. Mennonites began to print mission hymns in their hymnals around 1900—all of them Western in concept and character of both texts and music. But one of the exciting and hopeful aspects of missions today is the growing interchange of modes of praise. The *Mennonite World Conference Songbook* of 1978 was a remarkable pioneering example of such sharing. A revision is to come out this year. Also, collections such as the 1982 Cheyenne Mennonite hymnbook have a message of great importance for the majority culture.



Mary Oyer's career has included teaching, hymnal editing and Mennonite Central Committee work in Africa. She currently is Interim Professor of Church Music at the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana.

Dinosaur Palaces

by Kenton K. Brubaker

The dinosaur *Brachiosaurus* has been described as a 50-ton giant with a walnut-sized brain. Additional ganglia further down its 80-foot spinal column probably helped coordinate this plant-eating monster as it waded through the Jurassic swamps. Today similar monsters guided by a single human brain slice through the hills of Appalachia and glide across the skies. One huge strip mining shovel has a dipper that can take a bite of 188 tons of overburden and dump it 420 feet away. A Boeing 747 weighs over 340 tons when loaded with 500 people and their baggage (a payload of 111 tons). To observe such gigantic machines responding to the will of a single human brain is an awesome sight.

But the modern dinosaur which caught my attention recently was the huge "recreational vehicle" (RV) which seemed to block out a major portion of the landscape as it rested along a city street. Driving a 45-foot "leisure mobile home" must give the owner a considerable thrill, especially as she wheels the supervan into a camp-

vans have mushroomed into a \$14.5 billion industry. Some 30 percent of RV owners are over 55 years old.

Why do I question the RV as a means of transportation? Quite simply, it represents an unjust demand on world resources. To carry one's house on one's back at 70 miles an hour violates all laws of turtle biology. In the first place, it demands an excessive share of precious fuel. Most of these modified trucks get less than 10 miles per gallon. To eliminate frequent fuel stops, the 40-foot Wanderlodge has a 300-gallon tank.

Second, these things are dangerous. Driven at high speed by relatively untrained drivers, RVs can produce appalling devastation when they crash. I well remember the sight of a huge accident on Interstate 64, in which clothing and debris were spread all over the highway. Does one really move with any safety or economy in these mobile tourist traps? I seriously doubt it.

Finally, these behemoths are a profound insult to the hundreds of itinerants

To carry one's house on one's back at seventy miles an hour violates all laws of turtle biology.

ground full of pickups and minivans. The hum of the 350 horsepower, V8 engine must produce spasms of envy in the heart of fellow vagabonds as they watch from their K-Mart folding chairs. The giant assemblage of bedrooms, bath with Jacuzzi, kitchen with dishwasher, entertainment center with satellite dish, closets of clothing, and food supplies for the entire winter jockeys into a premium site, complete with water and electricity. The connections are made, and the underslung patio is extended. The inhabitants are ready to rough it another night in the wild.

What prompts the *nouveau-riche* and their imitators to purchase and drive these \$350,000 mobile palaces? Is it only the thrill of having the biggest and best? There may be many reasons. Perhaps some travelers wish to insulate themselves from the germs and vermin of hotels and boarding houses. Others may fear mingling with strangers in the hall or lobby of a motel. Some may find that using a suitcase is too much trouble; the closets of the RV ensure unwrinkled clothes. Still others may be unable to eat the food offered by restaurants along the way. Whatever the reasons, sales of air-conditioned luxury

they pass who are forced to travel and sleep in their '72 sedans. In a country that has thousands of homeless people, the luxury home, whether stationary or on wheels, is another symbol of social self-destruction.

We wonder at the scale of our modern dinosaurs. Will three-acre aircraft carriers continue to expand? Can the 747 be doubled in length? Will strip mining monsters continue to move larger and larger mountains? And finally, is the human brain sufficiently large to guide these monstrosities? Or will we all face extinction like the *Brachiosaurus* and her kin?



Kenton Brubaker is professor of biology at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

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Nutrition in the Sacred Order

by Keith Helmuth

Why is it that farmers are so often portrayed as "hicks" and "hayseeds?" Why do we have to continually contend with low cultural status, as if the work we do were marginal to the real concerns of society? I have an idea that, in part, it goes a long way back in our culture to the point where mind and body got disconnected, where spiritual and material were divorced into separate realms. The concerns of mind and spirit were made "high" and the concerns of body and Earth were made "low."

This world view has a number of sources, including Greek idealism and Christian dualism, but it was the French philosopher Descartes who formalized the modern dichotomy between mind and body. This is the dichotomy from which we must now free ourselves if we are ever to understand the unity of Earth Process, and the appropriate manner of human adaptation within this unity, this Sacred Order. We also must move beyond this mind/body split if whole, nutritious food is ever to be recognized for the foundational role it plays in mental functioning and emotional balance.

I have recently been turning my attention to nutrition education as a natural extension of farming, prompted by the realization that the increasing incidence of deficiency-related, degenerative disease syndromes in our society means more than just poor physical health; it means that mental clarity and emotional poise are also on the skids for increasing numbers of people, and not just for older people. In-

deed, as one looks around and surveys the news, a sense of widespread, mounting craziness is hard to avoid.

That we are still laboring under a dualistic understanding of Life Process is clearly demonstrated by the conventional medical assumption that the body, in disease, suffers from one set of problems, and the mind, in disease, from another. It is as if the cells of neurological tissue were thought to be sustained by a different system of nourishment than the cells of muscle and vital organ tissue. But of course they are not. The food provided by farming, fishing, stock keeping, hunting, gardening and gathering nourishes every cell in the body in precisely appropriate ways.

For example, consider the compounds known as vitamins. Most of them are neatly packaged in a variety of natural forms which farmers and other food providers make ready for our tables. Once ingested, these compounds know just what to do. Faithfully following their "original instructions," they behave like helpful little spirits, invading every cell in our bodies, triggering and regulating metabolic process. These amazing compounds, and certain minerals, are needed in appropriate concentrations for normal cell function. Nutrient deficiency negatively affects brain function, endocrine balance and nerve impulse transmission, and thus impacts directly mental ability and emotional balance, areas of life which together make up the spiritual dimension of the human person.

So the good farmer considers first and last the quality of the soil, source of most nutrients. She or he works to build soil fertility and plans for well fed livestock, knowing this work, well done, means nourishment of the spirit center as well as body components.

The complexity of the farming vocation is not the type that requires prodigious mental powers. It is rather the subtle complexities of intuition, aesthetic judgment and cultural memory which come into play. Healthy soil feels and smells "right." Healthy animals have a certain look in their eyes and a certain manner of movement. It is the type of complexity that can remain satisfactorily hidden, imparting a sense of mystery, a sense of Divine Order, a sense of being embedded in the community of the land.

In 1951 Aldo Leopold, author of *The Sand County Almanac* and principal architect of the contemporary ecology movement, argued that the recognition of the "land community" is the preeminent discovery of modern science. That may seem

curious to our ears when such a dramatic array of discoveries, especially those made since his time, could be accorded this honor. But if we think carefully about this, I believe we will see he is correct and will continue to be correct. The recognition of

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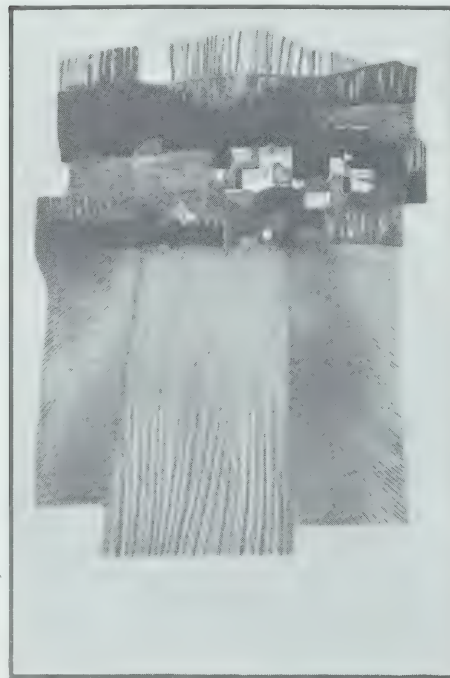
the land community* as the fundamental context of life, and understanding the critical factors of ecosystem integrity, must be central to all considerations of human adaptation and well being. The same cannot be said, for example, of genetic engineering, space exploration, nuclear energy, lasers or micro-surgery.

We have a word for the recognition that Earth is enveloped in a unified Life Process—"Gaia." We now need a word for the unity of mind and body, a concept of unified functioning which transcends the old dualism and recognizes that nutrition is a concern of the spirit as well as the body.

But most of all, it seems to me, we need a deep and abiding sense of the Sacred Order of Creation—a sense of the Sacred Order which reaches, for example, from the function of vitamins and minerals at the cellular level to the work of rain forests as the lungs of Earth at the planetary level.

It is as close and easy as standing each morning in the rising sun and feeling the energy of life pouring across the landscape and through our veins, and being mindful at each meal of mutual sacrifice—the action of making holy—in which we all have the opportunity to be engaged.

* More exactly, the biospheric community.



Winter Wheat by Allan Eitzen



Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale, diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."

Always—Snappy script and top-drawer acting invigorate this smokey tale of a firefighting daredevil (Richard Dreyfuss) who dies saving a buddy, only to return as an unseen presence commissioned to help his wife (Holly Hunter) find happiness. Poignant. (7)

Back to the Future Part II—Unfunny sequel, flitting forward and backward in time, with characters meeting other versions of themselves. (3)

The Bear—A totally original documentary adventure about a bear cub and a full-grown grizzly. From the animals' point of view. Captivating. Young children may be overwhelmed by the realism. (7)

Blaze—Paul Newman portrays Earl K. Long, the flamboyant governor of Louisiana in the 1950s who falls for a stripper. Uneven. (5)

Born on the Fourth of July—Oliver Stone directs with imagination and emotive energy, but why do I always feel manipulated? Tom Cruise stars as Ron Kovic, the young Marine who was wounded in Vietnam and became an activist. (7)

Camille Claudel—Isabelle Adjani fills this French film with superb presence and acting. The story of the sculptress who became the mistress of Rodin. (7)

Dad—Sentimental yarn about an elderly father trying to patch up things with his son. Too syrupy. (4)

Driving Miss Daisy—See inset. (9)

Enemies, a Love Story—A superb Paul Mazursky film, based on the 1973 novel by I.B. Singer. Survivors of the Nazi Holocaust, adrift in New York, find freedom and life in lustful sensuality. Herman finds himself caught between three women, perplexed and lonely. (8)

Family Business—Three generations of men respond variously to the call of the most attractive thing in their lives—the seduction of crime. Strong acting but a less than terrific script. Too many jumps. (5)

Glory—A brave picture, full of feeling, about the first black regiment raised in the North during the Civil War. Never becomes the epic it could be. Still, it's very moving. (7)

Hard to Kill—Good cop comes out of seven-year coma and uses karate to bob the mob. Ho-hum. (2)

Heart Condition—A twist on switched identities. A bigoted cop has a heart transplant, only to discover it is the heart of his enemy, a black lawyer. Too big a reach. (3)

Henry V—A monumental achievement for 28-year-old Irish actor Kenneth Branagh (who also directed). Shakespeare's war drama comes

alive with passion and shrewd power. Absolutely absorbing. (9)

Internal Affairs—Richard Gere's acting's as awful as always in this sleazy flick about a sleazy cop. (2)

The Little Mermaid—Imaginative animated adventure of the mermaid who falls in love with the seafaring prince. Funny and engaging for all ages. (7)



Driving Miss Daisy—For all the bad reputation attributed to Hollywood, it's gratifying to see an unlikely small picture by a topnotch director break into big box office, great reviews and Oscar attention.

Miss Daisy is a no-nonsense, somewhat grouchy, wealthy widow of German-Jewish descent living in the Old South. When her son decides that she's not safe behind the wheel of her own car any longer, he hires a chauffeur for her, a simple but self-reliant man with a refined flourish. Miss Daisy is not pleased.

The film unpeels the relationship of these two independent spirits, each knowing the brutality of being a minority, each getting older. And as we watch, the matron and the servant slowly evolve over the years into true friends. In spite of being a bit stilted and predictable, the movie is all charm.

Don't miss it. (9)

Loose Cannons—An embarrassingly amateur buddy cop picture about a hardboiled pro and a rookie with a split personality. (2)

Men Don't Leave—A gem. Jessica Lange plays a young widow who tries to cope by moving to the city to find work. She tries to raise her kids, she faces hardship and confusion, and she attracts eccentric rescuers. Tender and funny. (8)

Music Box—An American-born daughter who is a lawyer defends her father against charges of being a Fascist war criminal. Tense, yet somehow unfocused. (5)

My Left Foot—A must see. Based on the true story of Irish painter Christy Brown who was born with cerebral palsy. Incredibly involving without self-conscious sentiment. Daniel Day-Lewis as Christy is magnificent. (9)

The Plot Against Harry—This 1969, black-and-white film (which was lost and only recently found) exhibits imaginative bounce and uproarious humor. Harry comes out of prison to discover his rackets are in trouble. (7)

Revenge—Hard-to-believe tale about a man who goes to visit his older buddy in Mexico, only to fall in love with his restless wife, getting caught in a life-or-death struggle. (4)

Roger and Me—An intentionally one-sided but hilariously successful documentary about the corporate faults and greed of General Motors and GM chairman Roger Smith. Clever and entertaining, though clearly biased. (8)

She-Devil—A mildly funny story about a housewife plotting revenge against her husband when he falls in love with a beautiful romance novelist. (4)

Stanley and Iris—A disappointment. Martin Ritt directing Jane Fonda and Robert De Niro should be a winning combination but it's slow, old-fashioned and stiff. A young widow helps a man who can't read. Moving at times. (6)

Steel Magnolias—Six Southern white women gossip their way through this beauty parlor yarn. The excellent acting overshadows the weak character development and dialogue. (5)

Story of Women—A bleak French movie about the survival of a young woman during the Nazi Occupation. Based on an actual incident, the film is neither sympathetic nor moralistic. (4)

Tango and Cash—B-grade buddy cops in L.A. in D-grade flick. (1)

True Love—The final days before the big Italian wedding are filled with doubts, arguments and tears. Lacks feeling. (2)

The War of the Roses—An overwrought melodrama about a couple whose marriage unravels into absurd cruelty. Unbelievable. (4)

We're No Angels—David Mamet's writing lacks most everything in this tale of two escaped convicts disguised as priests. (4)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.

Soviet Humor? Da!

by Katie Funk Wiebe

Can the Soviets laugh at themselves? Certainly! In June 1989 while I was in the USSR, I found them to be a good-natured people, well able to laugh at their own foibles and to weather hardship with a light touch.

• Line stories are common, for the Soviets stand in line for nearly every purchase. To curb alcoholism, Party chairman Gorbachev has rationed sugar, bringing vodka production down. Two men were standing in a long line to buy some vodka. The one man found the waiting intolerable. Finally, in disgust, he dropped out of the line, saying to his friend, "I'm going to go shoot Gorbachev." After some time he returned to take up his place once again. "What happened?" asked his friend. "You should see *that* line!" was his response.

• There's a joke about the man who went into the fish store and asked for meat. "This is a fish store," said the saleswoman. "I want meat," the man persisted. "Across the street," the clerk replied. "That's the place where there's no meat."

• Another one has Capitalism, Socialism and Communism sitting around talking. Socialism says he's got to do an errand and goes off. Three hours later he's back with a small package. "What took you so long?" asks Capitalism. "I had to buy some *kolbasa* (sausage), and there was a long line," Socialism explains. "What's a line?" asks Capitalism. "What's kolbasa?" asks Communism.

• Our tourist guide, a remarkable young university graduate in architecture, told

the following story to bring a few of the more gullible among us back to earth.

A group of people had arrived in heaven, but found the place too boring for their tastes, so they asked if they could visit the other final dwelling place. Arrangements were made for the transfer at once. As they toured this place, they were much impressed with the unexpectedly pleasant arrangements and diversions they were shown. Back they went to the Pearly Gates to find out if they could stay below. "Of course," was the answer. When they returned to hell, they were ushered to the hot place they recognized immediately from their earlier understanding of the place of punishment. "How come?" they complained. Their host had a ready answer: "Before you came as tourists; now you are settlers!"

• The story used to circulate that former Party chairman Brezhnev made a ceremonial visit to the new Baikal-Amur railway line during a time when convict labor built the railroads. He began: "Dear comrade sailors . . ." An aide pulled on his coat. Brezhnev stopped, waved the man away and began again. "Dear comrade sailors . . ." Finally the aide drew close enough to whisper: "Comrade Brezhnev, those are not sailors. The stripes on sailors' uniforms go up and down, not across."



• While in the USSR we heard that the Soviets boast many firsts: the world's largest microchips, the fastest watches and the largest number of silent cars.

• Before the start of glasnost, a Soviet and an American were boasting about their freedom of speech. The American made extravagant statements about how he could stand in front of the White House and loudly criticize the president without fear of repercussions. The Soviet, not to be outdone, boasted that he could stand in front of the Kremlin and also loudly criticize the U.S. president without fear of being sent to prison.

The editors invite you to submit stories that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes—we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas 67063. She will credit contributors of the items she selects.



Katie Funk Wiebe is the author of many books and articles, and an English professor at Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas.

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Let's Invest More in the 'Life of the Mind'

by Norman Cousins

The procession is endless—novelists, playwrights, opera singers, concert musicians, actors, ballet dancers, artists. All are reaching out for a chance to display their skills. New York and Los Angeles are the heartbreak headquarters. They come to these culture centers from all over the country in search of the “big opportunity.” And all but a perilous few of them will be turned away.

Let me address myself to just one part of the parade of hopefuls—the writers.

Some years ago, when I was editor of *The Saturday Review*, I would be asked about the quality of writing in America. I had to reply that I had no way of knowing because I didn't know how many fine novels were written but not published. Most new authors have the notion—not illogically—that if only they write a book good enough, publication will follow. But their manuscripts are returned unread because most publishers prefer to deal with literary agents or to rely on their own scouts.

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Years ago, when Simon and Schuster was celebrating its 25th anniversary, the company actually boasted that every book was developed from within; that is, not a single manuscript came in “over the trans-

om.” When I asked Richard Simon whether this meant he had missed out on important unsolicited manuscripts routinely returned, he replied that it would be impossible for any book of genuine merit to go unrecognized by his firm.

It seemed to me the proposition might be worth testing. I had my secretary copy out the first two chapters of *War and Peace* which, accompanied by an outline of the rest of the book, was sent off to Simon and Schuster. It was returned several weeks later with a note saying it didn't fit into the firm's publishing plans. It was ironic that only a few weeks earlier Simon and Schuster had issued Tolstoy's classic in a new translation.

Thinking the rejection of *War and Peace* might be accidental, we typed 60 of Shakespeare's sonnets and shipped them off to S&S. Once again, the manuscript was returned, this time with a note referring to the difficulty of finding a market for poetry in America.

Not wanting to single out S&S, I suggested to students in a writing class that they copy out opening chapters accompanied by outlines of classics from the world's literature. Among the recent authors were Faulkner, Hemingway, Drieser, Thomas Wolfe, Sinclair Lewis. Past authors included Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Austen, Brontë, Molière, Cooper, Dickens. Samples and outlines were sent off to some 22 book publishers, many of whom had issued the same books in original or reprint editions. All the submissions except one were returned unrecognized. The exception was Alfred A. Knopf who “rejected” a Faulkner manuscript with a note hoping that the person who submitted the work could stay out of jail.

It is undoubtedly true that the vast majority of unsolicited manuscripts are unpublishable. It is also true that some authors, like Sinclair Lewis, Norman Mailer, Betty Smith, and Elizabeth Jordan, were finally able to find a home for their manuscripts after having been rejected by a dozen or more publishers. But the central fact is that uncourted authors of merit—and we have no way of knowing who they are—took the rejection notices as an authoritative evaluation of their work and gave up.

At a time when some “modern” painters are in high fashion and command tall prices for their work, thousands of artists of genuine talent have no outlet and try to sell through sidewalk exhibitions.

An analogous situation exists in the other arts. The restaurants of Los Angeles

are stocked with actors and actresses serving as waiters or entertainers. One enterprising restaurant in the city hires young opera singers to perform for its customers. The venture is commendable; the singers are nourished by the hope that some of the customers may be in a position to help. But such restaurants are not so much springboards to important careers as a dead end for most of the aspirants.

The condition of these performers is reminiscent of the poignant lot of their counterparts in the Soviet Union.

During recent travels in the Russian hinterland, I would attend concerts given by local artists. There were many thousands of these singers, instrumentalists, and dancers but only a precious few would make it all the way to the big cities and large performing companies. Their destiny would be decided even more by local Communist Party chiefs than by popular response to their talent. Life for them was largely a lottery and they had no way of breaking out of a closed circle.

I had to reflect that their melancholy situation was not so different from that being experienced by many American artists. While political factors may not figure in the fortunes of our own performers, sheer chance rather than ability often predominates.

The most valuable resources of nature are not minerals but human creativity. Yet a great deal of authentic talent in our country is going unused or unwanted. The losers are not just American artists but the entire culture. We can no more afford to squander creative splendor than petroleum or uranium or magnesium or agricultural products.

The National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities were designed to help prevent precisely this kind of costly waste, but the past decade has been marked by systematic government budget cutbacks in the arts. There is a fierce retreat from the notion that the life of the mind is important to a free society.

Meanwhile, billions of dollars have gone into military fraud or over-spending without any public outcries from the same officials who rush to the microphones at the slightest evidence that food stamps have been misused or that there may have been irregularities in funding for education and the arts.

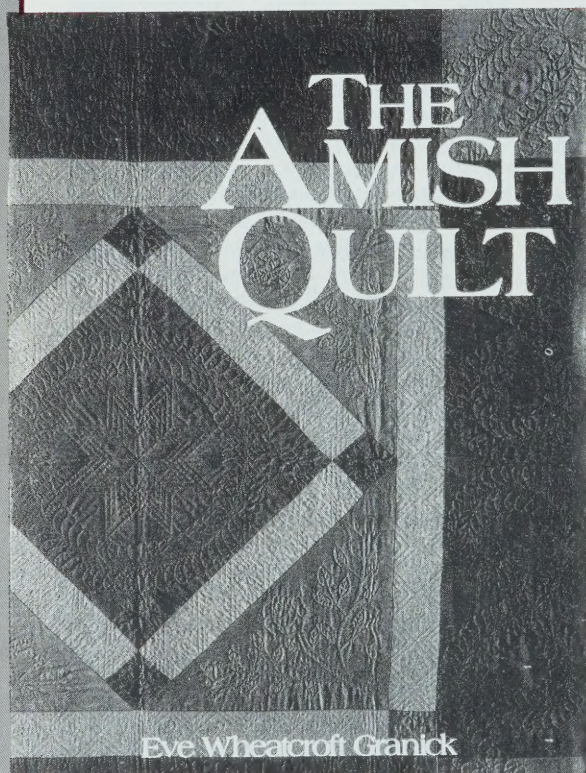
To paraphrase the widow at the grave of Willy Loman in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* attention must be paid.

Norman Cousins is on the faculty of the School of Medicine at UCLA.

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The beauty of Amish quilts was, in years past, a treasure known only to the Amish community. Collectors and museum exhibitions have changed that, making Amish quilts a part of our collective aesthetic consciousness.

In the rush to gather these quilts, however, little attention has been paid to the oral and written histories that belong to these textiles. From what imaginative well did these patterns and their myriad variations come? Why were certain colors popularly chosen and others routinely ignored? Why did specific patterns and fabrics become identified with particular Amish settlements? How did Amish quilting practices parallel or differ from those in other parts of America?

The Amish Quilt draws together the body of available information about the Amish and their textile traditions. Granick has unearthed facts through interviews and conversations with Amish families and with people whose lives have touched the Amish community, including many who sold fabrics to these seamstresses. Her research in county courthouse records provided other valuable data and insights. Finally, Granick observed thousands of quilts in Amish homes, talking to the women who made or owned them about these bedcovers' age and history.

Here are exquisite quilts, along with their stories and eras from which they come.

What reviewers say —

"An invaluable reference, with exquisite photographs of quilt after dazzling quilt."

— *Philadelphia Inquirer*

"The author succeeds in her purpose to inform us of the background of these particular quilts and greatly increases our appreciation of them and their creators."

— *Antique Review*